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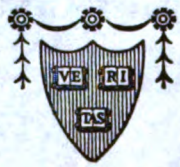

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FAUST

A TRAGEDY

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

The First Part

TRANSLATED, IN THE ORIGINAL METRES,

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen:
Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.

GOETHE

BOSTON
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.
1871

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PREFACE.

IT is twenty years since I first determined to attempt the translation of *Faust*, in the original metres. At that time, although more than a score of English translations of the First Part, and three or four of the Second Part, were in existence, the experiment had not yet been made. The prose version of Hayward seemed to have been accepted as the standard, in default of anything more satisfactory: the English critics, generally sustaining the translator in his views concerning the secondary importance of form in Poetry, practically discouraged any further attempt; and no one, familiar with rhythmical expression through the needs of his own nature, had devoted the necessary love and patience to an adequate reproduction of the great work of Goethe's life.

Mr. Brooks was the first to undertake the task, and the publication of his translation of the First Part (in 1856) induced me, for a time, to give up my own design. No previous English version exhibited such abnegation of the translator's own tastes and habits of thought, such reverent desire to present the original in its purest form. The care and conscience with which the work had been performed were so apparent, that I now state with reluctance what then seemed to me to be its only deficiencies, — a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in

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some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of words which are literal, but not equivalent. The plan of translation adopted by Mr. Brooks was so entirely my own, that when further residence in Germany and a more careful study of both parts of *Faust* had satisfied me that the field was still open, — that the means furnished by the poetical affinity of the two languages had not yet been exhausted, — nothing remained for me but to follow him in all essential particulars. His example confirmed me in the belief that there were few difficulties in the way of a nearly literal yet thoroughly rhythmical version of *Faust*, which might not be overcome by loving labor. A comparison of seventeen English translations, in the arbitrary metres adopted by the translators, sufficiently showed the danger of allowing license in this respect: the white light of Goethe's thought was thereby passed through the tinted glass of other minds, and assumed the coloring of each. Moreover, the plea of selecting different metres in the hope of producing a similar effect is unreasonable, where the identical metres are possible.

The value of form, in a poetical work, is the first question to be considered. No poet ever understood this question more thoroughly than Goethe himself, or expressed a more positive opinion in regard to it. The alternative modes of translation which he presents (reported by Riemer, quoted by Mrs. Austin, in her "Characteristics of Goethe," and accepted by Mr. Hayward),* are quite independent of his views concerning the value

* "'There are two maxims of translation,' says he: 'the one requires that the author, of a foreign nation, be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation,

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of form, which we find given elsewhere, in the clearest and most emphatic manner.* Poetry is not simply a fashion of expression: it is the form of expression absolutely required by a certain class of ideas. Poetry, indeed, may be distinguished from Prose by the single circumstance, that it is the utterance of whatever in man cannot be perfectly uttered in any other than a rhythmical form. It is useless to say that the naked meaning is independent of the form: on the contrary, the form contributes essentially to the fulness of the meaning. In Poetry

his mode of speaking, and his peculiarities. The advantages of both are sufficiently known to all instructed persons, from masterly examples.'"

Is it necessary, however, that there should always be this alternative? Where the languages are kindred, and equally capable of all varieties of metrical expression, may not both these "maxims" be observed in the same translation? Goethe, it is true, was of the opinion that *Faust* ought to be given, in French, in the manner of Clément Marot; but this was undoubtedly because he felt the inadequacy of modern French to express the naive, simple realism of many passages. The same objection does not apply to English. There are a few archaic expressions in *Faust*, but no more than are still allowed — nay, frequently encouraged — in the English of our day.

* "You are right," said Goethe; "there are great and mysterious agencies included in the various forms of Poetry. If the substance of my 'Roman Elegies' were to be expressed in the tone and measure of Byron's 'Don Juan,' it would really have an atrocious effect." — *Eckermann.*

"The rhythm," said Goethe, "is an unconscious result of the poetic mood. If one should stop to consider it mechanically, when about to write a poem, one would become bewildered and accomplish nothing of real poetical value." — *Ibid.*

"*All that is poetic in character should be rhythmically treated!* Such is my conviction; and if even a sort of poetic prose should be gradually introduced, it would only show that the distinction between prose and poetry had been completely lost sight of." — *Goethe to Schiller*, 1797.

Tycho Mommsen, in his excellent essay, *Die Kunst des Deutschen Uebersetzers aus neueren Sprachen*, goes so far as to say: "The metrical or rhymed modelling of a poetical work is so essentially the germ of its being, that, rather than by giving it up, we might hope to construct a similar work of art before the eyes of our countrymen, by giving up or changing the substance. The immeasurable result which has followed works wherein the form has been retained — such as the Homer of Voss, and the Shakespeare of Tieck and Schlegel — is an incontrovertible evidence of the vitality of the endeavor."

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which endures through its own inherent vitality, there is no forced union of these two elements. They are as intimately blended, and with the same mysterious beauty, as the sexes in the ancient Hermaphroditus. To attempt to represent Poetry in Prose, is very much like attempting to translate music into speech.*

The various theories of translation from the Greek and Latin poets have been admirably stated by Dryden in his Preface to the "Translations from Ovid's Epistles," and I do not wish to continue the endless discussion, — especially as our literature needs examples, not opinions. A recent expression, however, carries with it so much authority, that I feel bound to present some considerations which the accomplished scholar seems to have overlooked. Mr. Lewes† justly says: "The effect of poetry is a compound of music and suggestion; this music and this suggestion are intermingled in words, which to alter is to alter the effect. For words in poetry are not, as in prose, simple representatives of objects and ideas: they are parts of an organic whole, — they are tones in the harmony." He thereupon illustrates the effect of translation by changing certain well-known English stanzas into others, equivalent in meaning, but lacking their felicity of words, their grace and melody. I cannot accept this illustration as valid, because Mr. Lewes purposely omits the very quality which an honest translator should exhaust his skill in endeavoring to reproduce. He turns away from the *one best* word or phrase in the English lines he quotes, whereas

* "Goethe's poems exercise a great sway over me, not only by their meaning, but also by their rhythm. It is a language which stimulates me to composition." — *Beethoven.*

† Life of Goethe (Book VI.).

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the translator seeks precisely that one best word or phrase (having *all* the resources of his language at command), to represent what is said in *another* language. More than this, his task is not simply mechanical: he must feel, and be guided by, a secondary inspiration. Surrendering himself to the full possession of the spirit which shall speak through him, he receives, also, a portion of the same creative power. Mr. Lewes reaches this conclusion: "If, therefore, we reflect what a poem *Faust* is, and that it contains almost every variety of style and metre, it will be tolerably evident that no one unacquainted with the original can form an adequate idea of it from translation,"* which is certainly correct of any translation wherein something of the rhythmical variety and beauty of the original is not retained. That very much of the rhythmical character may be retained in English, was long ago shown by Mr. Carlyle,† in the passages which he translated, both literally and rhythmically, from the *Helena* (Part Second). In fact, we have so many instances of the possibility of reciprocally transferring the finest qualities of English and German poetry, that there is no sufficient excuse for an unmetrical translation of *Faust*. I refer especially to such subtile and melodious lyrics as "The Castle by the Sea," of Uhland, and the "Silent Land" of Salis, translated by Mr. Longfellow; Goethe's "Minstrel" and "Coptic Song," by Dr. Hedge; Heine's "Two Grenadiers," by Dr.

* Mr. Lewes gives the following advice: "The English reader would perhaps best succeed who should first read Dr. Anster's brilliant paraphrase, and then carefully go through Hayward's prose translation." This is singularly at variance with the view he has just expressed. Dr. Anster's version is an almost incredible dilution of the original, written in *other* metres; while Hayward's entirely omits the element of poetry.

† Foreign Review, 1828.

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Furness, and many of Heine's songs by Mr. Leland; and also to the German translations of English lyrics, by Freiligrath and Strodtmann.*

I have a more serious objection, however, to urge against Mr. Hayward's prose translation. Where all the restraints of verse are flung aside, we should expect, at least, as accurate a reproduction of the sense, spirit and tone of the original, as the genius of our language will permit. So far from having given us such a reproduction, Mr. Hayward not only occasionally mistakes the exact meaning of the German text,† but, wherever two phrases may be used to express the meaning with equal fidelity, he very frequently selects that which has the

* When Freiligrath can thus give us Walter Scott: —

"Kommt, wie der Wind kommt,
Wenn Wälder erzittern!
Kommt, wie die Brandung
Wenn Flotten zersplittern!
Schnell heran, schnell herab,
Schneller kommt Alle! —
Häuptling und Bub' und Knapp,
Herr und Vasalle!"

or Strodtmann thus reproduce Tennyson: —

"Es fällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal,
Und schneeige Gipfel, reich an Sagen;
Viel' Lichter wehn auf blauen Seen,
Bergab die Wasserstürze jagen!
Blas, Hüfthorn, blas, im Wiederhall erschallend:
Blas, Horn — antwortet, Echos, hallend, hallend, hallend!"

— it must be a dull ear which would be satisfied with the omission of rhythm and rhyme.

† On his second page, the line, *Mein Lied ertönt der unbekannten Menge*, "My song sounds to the unknown multitude," is translated: "My *sorrow* voices itself to the strange throng." Other English translators, I notice, have followed Mr. Hayward in mistaking *Lied* for *Leid*.

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less grace, strength, or beauty.* For there are few things which may not be said, in English, in a twofold manner — one poetic, and the other prosaic. In German, equally, a word which in ordinary use has a bare prosaic character may receive a fairer and finer quality from its place in verse. The prose translator should certainly be able to feel the manifestation of this law in both languages, and should so choose his words as to meet their reciprocal requirements. A man, however, who is not keenly sensible to the power and beauty and value of rhythm, is likely to overlook these delicate yet most necessary distinctions. The author's thought is stripped of a last grace in passing through his mind, and frequently presents very much the same resemblance to the original as an unhewn shaft to the fluted column. Mr. Hayward unconsciously illustrates his lack of a refined appreciation of verse, "in giving," as he says, "*a sort of rhythmical arrangement* to the lyrical parts," his object

* I take but one out of numerous instances, for the sake of illustration. The close of the Soldier's Song (Part I. Scene II.) is: —

"Kühn is das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn!
Und die Soldaten
Ziehen davon."

Literally:

Bold is the endeavor,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers
March away.

This Mr. Hayward translates: —

Bold the adventure,
Noble the reward —
And the soldiers
Are off.

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being "to convey some notion of the variety of versification which forms one great charm of the poem." A literal translation is always possible in the unrhymed passages; but even here Mr. Hayward's ear did not dictate to him the necessity of preserving the original rhythm.

While, therefore, I heartily recognize his lofty appreciation of *Faust*, — while I honor him for the patient and conscientious labor he has bestowed upon his translation, — I cannot but feel that he has himself illustrated the unsoundness of his argument. Nevertheless, the circumstance that his prose translation of *Faust* has received so much acceptance proves those qualities of the original work which cannot be destroyed by a test so violent. From the cold bare outline thus produced, the reader unacquainted with the German language would scarcely guess what glow of color, what richness of changeful life, what fluent grace and energy of movement have been lost in the process. We must, of course, gratefully receive such an outline, where a nearer approach to the form of the original is impossible, but, until the latter has been demonstrated, we are wrong to remain content with the cheaper substitute.

It seems to me that in all discussions upon this subject the capacities of the English language have received but scanty justice. The intellectual tendencies of our race have always been somewhat conservative, and its standards of literary taste or belief, once set up, are not varied without a struggle. The English ear is suspicious of new metres and unaccustomed forms of expression: there are critical detectives on the track of every author, and a violation of the accepted canons is followed by a summons to judgment. Thus the tendency is to

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contract rather than to expand the acknowledged excellences of the language.* The difficulties in the way of a nearly literal translation of *Faust* in the original metres have been exaggerated, because certain affinities between the two languages have not been properly considered. With all the splendor of versification in the work, it contains but few metres of which the English tongue is not equally capable. Hood has familiarized us with dactylic (triple) rhymes, and they are remarkably abundant and skilful in Mr. Lowell's "Fable for the Critics": even the unrhymed iambic hexameter of the *Helena* occurs now and then in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. It is true that the metrical foot into which the German language most naturally falls is the *trochaic*, while in English it is the *iambic:* it is true that German is rich, involved, and tolerant of new combinations, while English is simple, direct, and rather shy of compounds; but precisely these differences are so modified in the German

* I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passage from Jacob Grimm: — "No one of all the modern languages has acquired a greater force and strength than the English, through the derangement and relinquishment of its ancient laws of sound. The unteachable (nevertheless *learnable*) profusion of its middle-tones has conferred upon it an intrinsic power of expression, such as no other human tongue ever possessed. Its entire, thoroughly intellectual and wonderfully successful foundation and perfected development issued from a marvellous union of the two noblest tongues of Europe, the Germanic and the Romanic. Their mutual relation in the English language is well known, since the former furnished chiefly the material basis, while the latter added the intellectual conceptions. The English language, by and through which the greatest and most eminent poet of modern times — as contrasted with ancient classical poetry — (of course I can refer only to Shakespeare), was begotten and nourished, has a just claim to be called a language of the world; and it appears to be destined, like the English race, to a higher and broader sway in all quarters of the earth. For in richness, in compact adjustment of parts, and in pure intelligence, none of the living languages can be compared with it, — not even our German, which is divided even as we are divided, and which must cast off many imperfections before it can boldly enter on its career." — *Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache.*

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of *Faust* that there is a mutual approach of the two languages. In *Faust*, the iambic measure predominates; the style is compact; the many licenses which the author allows himself are all directed towards a shorter mode of construction. On the other hand, English metre compels the use of inversions, admits many verbal liberties prohibited to prose, and so inclines towards various flexible features of its sister-tongue that many lines of *Faust* may be repeated in English without the slightest change of meaning, measure, or rhyme. There are words, it is true, with so delicate a bloom upon them that it can in no wise be preserved; but even such words will always lose less when they carry with them their rhythmical atmosphere. The flow of Goethe's verse is sometimes so similar to that of the corresponding English metre, that not only its harmonies and cæsural pauses, but even its punctuation, may be easily retained.

I am satisfied that the difference between a translation of *Faust* in prose or metre is chiefly one of labor, — and of that labor which is successful in proportion as it is joyously performed. My own task has been cheered by the discovery, that the more closely I reproduced the language of the original, the more of its rhythmical character was transferred at the same time. If, now and then, there was an inevitable alternative of meaning or music, I gave the preference to the former. By the term "original metres" I do not mean a rigid, unyielding adherence to every foot, line, and rhyme of the German original, although this has very nearly been accomplished. Since the greater part of the work is written in an irregular measure, the lines varying from three to six feet, and the

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rhymes arranged according to the author's will, I do not consider that an occasional change in the number of feet, or order of rhyme, is any violation of the metrical plan. The single slight liberty I have taken with the lyrical passages is in Margaret's song, — "The King of Thule," — in which, by omitting the alternate feminine rhymes, yet retaining the metre, I was enabled to make the translation strictly literal. If, in two or three instances, I have left a line unrhymed, I have balanced the omission by giving rhymes to other lines which stand unrhymed in the original text. For the same reason, I make no apology for the imperfect rhymes, which are frequently a translation as well as a necessity. With all its supreme qualities, *Faust* is far from being a technically perfect work.*

The feminine and dactylic rhymes, which have been for the most part omitted by all metrical translators except Mr. Brooks, are indispensable. The characteristic tone of many passages would be nearly lost, without them. They give spirit and grace to the dialogue, point to the aphoristic portions (especially in the Second Part), and an ever-changing music to the lyrical passages. The English language, though not so rich as the German in such rhymes, is less deficient than is generally supposed. The difficulty to be overcome is one of construction rather than of the vocabulary. The present parti-

* "At present, everything runs in technical grooves, and the critical gentlemen begin to wrangle whether in a rhyme an *s* should correspond with an *s* and not with *ss*. If I were young and reckless enough, I would purposely offend all such technical caprices: I would use alliteration, assonance, false rhyme, just according to my own will or convenience — but, at the same time, I would attend to the main thing, and endeavor to say so many good things that every one would be attracted to read and remember them." — *Goethe*, in 1831.

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ciple can only be used to a limited extent, on account of its weak termination, and the want of an accusative form to the noun also restricts the arrangement of words in English verse. I cannot hope to have been always successful; but I have at least labored long and patiently, bearing constantly in mind not only the meaning of the original and the mechanical structure of the lines, but also that subtile and haunting music which seems to govern rhythm instead of being governed by it.

The Second Part of *Faust* has been translated five times into English (by Birch, Bernays, Macdonald, Archer Gurney, and Anster), but not one of the versions has ever been published in the United States. Inasmuch as this part was included in Goethe's original design, the First Part, although apparently complete as a tragic episode, is in reality but a fragment, wherein the deeper problems upon which the work is based are left unsolved. I consider, therefore, that the Second Part is necessary (as necessary, indeed, as the *Paradiso* to the *Divina Commedia* of Dante); and my aim, in the second volume of this translation, will be to make that necessity clear, alike to the English reader and to those who follow various German and English critics in disparaging the original.

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AN GOETHE.

I.

ERHABENER Geist, im Geisterreich verloren!
Wo immer Deine lichte Wohnung sey,
Zum höh'ren Schaffen bist Du neugeboren,
Und singest dort die voll're Litanei.
Von jenem Streben das Du auserkoren,
Vom reinsten Æther, drin Du athmest frei,
O neige Dich zu gnädigem Erwiedern
Des letzten Wiederhalls von Deinen Liedern!

II.

Den alten Musen die bestäubten Kronen
Nahmst Du, zu neuem Glanz, mit kühner Hand:
Du löst die Räthsel ältester Æonen
Durch jüngeren Glauben, helleren Verstand,
Und machst, wo rege Menschengeister wohnen,
Die ganze Erde Dir zum Vaterland;
Und Deine Jünger sehn in Dir, verwundert,
Verkörpert schon das werdende Jahrhundert.

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III.

Was Du gesungen, Aller Lust und Klagen,
Des Lebens Wiedersprüche, neu vermählt,—
Die Harfe tausendstimmig frisch geschlagen,
Die Shakspeare einst, die einst Homer gewählt,—
Darf ich in fremde Klänge übertragen
Das Alles, wo so Mancher schon gefehlt?
Lass Deinen Geist in meiner Stimme klingen,
Und was Du sangst, lass mich es Dir nachsingen!

B. T.

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DEDICATION.[1]

AGAIN ye come, ye hovering Forms! I find ye,
As early to my clouded sight ye shone!
Shall I attempt, this once, to seize and bind ye?
Still o'er my heart is that illusion thrown?
Ye crowd more near! Then, be the reign assigned ye,
And sway me from your misty, shadowy zone!
My bosom thrills, with youthful passion shaken,
From magic airs that round your march awaken.

Of joyous days ye bring the blissful vision;
The dear, familiar phantoms rise again,
And, like an old and half-extinct tradition,
First Love returns, with Friendship in his train.
Renewed is Pain: with mournful repetition
Life tracks his devious, labyrinthine chain,
And names the Good, whose cheating fortune tore them
From happy hours, and left me to deplore them.

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They hear no longer these succeeding measures,
The souls, to whom my earliest songs I sang:
Dispersed the friendly troop, with all its pleasures,
And still, alas! the echoes first that rang!
I bring the unknown multitude my treasures;
Their very plaudits give my heart a pang,
And those beside, whose joy my Song so flattered,
If still they live, wide through the world are scattered.

And grasps me now a long-unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn Spirit-Land:
My song, to faint Æolian murmurs turning,
Sways like a harp-string by the breezes fanned.
I thrill and tremble; tear on tear is burning,
And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned.
What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what I lost, grows real and undying.

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PRELUDE ON THE STAGE.[2]

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRY-ANDREW.

MANAGER.

YOU two, who oft a helping hand
Have lent, in need and tribulation,
Come, let me know your expectation
Of this, our enterprise, in German land!
I wish the crowd to feel itself well treated,
Especially since it lives and lets me live;
The posts are set, the booth of boards completed,[3]
And each awaits the banquet I shall give.
Already there, with curious eyebrows raised,
They sit sedate, and hope to be amazed.
I know how one the People's taste may flatter,
Yet here a huge embarrassment I feel:
What they 're accustomed to, is no great matter,
But then, alas! they 've read an awful deal.
How shall we plan, that all be fresh and new,—
Important matter, yet attractive too?

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For 't is my pleasure to behold them surging,
When to our booth the current sets apace,
And with tremendous, oft-repeated urging,
Squeeze onward through the narrow gate of grace:
By daylight even, they push and cram in
To reach the seller's box, a fighting host,
And as for bread, around a baker's door, in famine,
To get a ticket break their necks almost.
This miracle alone can work the Poet
On men so various: now, my friend, pray show it!

POET.

Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom but to see, puts out the fire of Song!
Hide from my view the surging crowd that passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along!
No, lead me where some heavenly silence glasses
The purer joys that round the Poet throng,—
Where Love and Friendship still divinely fashion
The bonds that bless, the wreaths that crown his passion!

Ah, every utterance from the depths of feeling
The timid lips have stammeringly expressed,—
Now failing, now, perchance, success revealing,—

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Gulps the wild Moment in its greedy breast;
Or oft, reluctant years its warrant sealing,
Its perfect stature stands at last confessed!
What dazzles, for the Moment spends its spirit:
What 's genuine, shall Posterity inherit.

MERRY-ANDREW.

Posterity! Don't name the word to me!
If *I* should choose to preach Posterity,
Where would you get cotemporary fun?
That men *will* have it, there 's no blinking:
A fine young fellow's presence, to my thinking,
Is something worth, to every one.
Who genially his nature can outpour,
Takes from the People's moods no irritation;
The wider circle he acquires, the more
Securely works his inspiration.
Then pluck up heart, and give us sterling coin!
Let Fancy be with her attendants fitted, —
Sense, Reason, Sentiment and Passion join, —
But have a care, lest Folly be omitted!

MANAGER.

Chiefly, enough of incident prepare!

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They come to look, and they prefer to stare.[4]
Reel off a host of threads before their faces,
So that they gape in stupid wonder: then
By sheer diffuseness you have won their graces,
And are, at once, most popular of men.
Only by mass you touch the mass; for any
Will finally, himself, his bit select:
Who offers much, brings something unto many,[5]
And each goes home content with the effect.
If you 've a piece, why, just in pieces give it:
A hash, a stew, will bring success, believe it!
'T is easily displayed, and easy to invent.
What use, a Whole compactly to present?
Your hearers pick and pluck, as soon as they receive it!

POET.

You do not feel, how such a trade debases;
How ill it suits the Artist, proud and true!
The botching work each fine pretender traces
Is, I perceive, a principle with you.

MANAGER.

Such a reproach not in the least offends;
A man who some result intends

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Must use the tools that best are fitting.
Reflect, soft wood is given to you for splitting,
And then, observe for whom you write!
If one comes bored, exhausted quite,
Another, satiate, leaves the banquet's tapers,
And, worst of all, full many a wight
Is fresh from reading of the daily papers.
Idly to us they come, as to a masquerade,
Mere curiosity their spirits warming:
The ladies with themselves, and with their finery, aid,
Without a salary their parts performing.
What dreams are yours in high poetic places?
You 're pleased, forsooth, full houses to behold?
Draw near, and view your patrons' faces!
The half are coarse, the half are cold.
One, when the play is out, goes home to cards;
A wild night on a wench's breast another chooses:
Why should you rack, poor, foolish bards,
For ends like these, the gracious Muses?
I tell you, give but more — more, ever more, they ask:
Thus shall you hit the mark of gain and glory.
Seek to confound your auditory!
To satisfy them is a task. —
What ails you now? Is 't suffering, or pleasure?

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POET.

Go, find yourself a more obedient slave!
What! shall the Poet that which Nature gave,
The highest right, supreme Humanity,
Forfeit so wantonly, to swell your treasure?
Whence o'er the heart his empire free?
The elements of Life how conquers he?
Is 't not his heart's accord, urged outward far and dim,
To wind the world in unison with him?
When on the spindle, spun to endless distance,
By Nature's listless hand the thread is twirled,
And the discordant tones of all existence
In sullen jangle are together hurled,
Who, then, the changeless orders of creation
Divides, and kindles into rhythmic dance?
Who brings the One to join the general ordination,
Where it may throb in grandest consonance?
Who bids the storm to passion stir the bosom?
In brooding souls the sunset burn above?
Who scatters every fairest April blossom
Along the shining path of Love?
Who braids the noteless leaves to crowns, requiting
Desert with fame, in Action's every field?
Who makes Olympus sure, the Gods uniting?
The might of Man, as in the Bard revealed.

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MERRY-ANDREW.

So, these fine forces, in conjunction,
Propel the high poetic function,
As in a love-adventure they might play!
You meet by accident; you feel, you stay,
And by degrees your heart is tangled;
Bliss grows apace, and then its course is jangled;
You 're ravished quite, then comes a touch of woe,
And there 's a neat romance, completed ere you know!
Let us, then, such a drama give!
Grasp the exhaustless life that all men live!
Each shares therein, though few may comprehend:
Where'er you touch, there 's interest without end.
In motley pictures little light,
Much error, and of truth a glimmering mite,
Thus the best beverage is supplied,
Whence all the world is cheered and edified.
Then, at your play, behold the fairest flower
Of youth collect, to hear the revelation!
Each tender soul, with sentimental power,
Sucks melancholy food from your creation;
And now in this, now that, the leaven works,
For each beholds what in his bosom lurks.
They still are moved at once to weeping or to laughter,

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Still wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see:
A mind, once formed, is never suited after;
One yet in growth will ever grateful be.

POET.

Then give me back that time of pleasures,
While yet in joyous growth I sang,—
When, like a fount, the crowding measures
Uninterrupted gushed and sprang!
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
In opening buds a marvel woke,
As I the thousand blossoms broke,
Which every valley richly bore me!
I nothing had, and yet enough for youth—
Joy in Illusion, ardent thirst for Truth.
Give, unrestrained, the old emotion,
The bliss that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of Hate, Love's deep devotion,—
O, give me back my youth again!

MERRY-ANDREW.

Youth, good my friend, you certainly require
When foes in combat sorely press you;
When lovely maids, in fond desire,

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Hang on your bosom and caress you;
When from the hard-won goal the wreath
Beckons afar, the race awaiting;
When, after dancing out your breath,
You pass the night in dissipating: —
But that familiar harp with soul
To play, — with grace and bold expression,
And towards a self-erected goal
To walk with many a sweet digression, —
This, aged Sirs, belongs to you,[6]
And we no less revere you for that reason:
Age childish makes, they say, but 't is not true;
We 're only genuine children still, in Age's season!

MANAGER.

The words you 've bandied are sufficient;
'T is deeds that I prefer to see:
In compliments you 're both proficient,
But might, the while, more useful be.
What need to talk of Inspiration?
'T is no companion of Delay.
If Poetry be your vocation,
Let Poetry your will obey!
Full well you know what here is wanting;

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The crowd for strongest drink is panting,
And such, forthwith, I 'd have you brew.
What 's left undone to-day, To-morrow will not do.
Waste not a day in vain digression:
With resolute, courageous trust
Seize every possible impression,
And make it firmly your possession;
You 'll then work on, because you must.
Upon our German stage, you know it,
Each tries his hand at what he will;
So, take of traps and scenes your fill,
And all you find, be sure to show it!
Use both the great and lesser heavenly light, —
Squander the stars in any number,
Beasts, birds, trees, rocks, and all such lumber,
Fire, water, darkness, Day and Night!
Thus, in our booth's contracted sphere,
The circle of Creation will appear,
And move, as we deliberately impel,
From Heaven, across the World, to Hell![7]

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PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.[8]

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS *Afterwards* MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*The* THREE ARCHANGELS *come forward.*)

RAPHAEL.

THE sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,

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Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea,
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in Creation's hour.[9]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,

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Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after[10]
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned:
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,
If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I 've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves, is all I 've noted.
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him,
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason — thence his power 's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lay among the grass he grows in!
Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose in.

THE LORD.

Hast thou, then, nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth, eternally?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things, there, still bad as they can be.
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I 've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

THE LORD.

Know'st Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor Faust?

THE LORD.

My servant, he!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars from Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.

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Sees not the gardener, even while buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet? There 's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give,
Gently upon *my* road to train him!

THE LORD.

As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.[11]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My thanks! I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks where ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
It goes with me, as with the cat the mouse.

THE LORD.

Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;

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To trap him, let thy snares be planted,
And him, with thee, be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.[12]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Agreed! But 't is a short probation.
About my bet I feel no trepidation.
If I fulfil my expectation,
You 'll let me triumph with a swelling breast:
Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,
As did a certain snake my near relation.

THE LORD.

Therein thou 'rt free, according to thy merits;
The like of thee have never moved My hate.
Of all the bold, denying Spirits,
The waggish knave least trouble doth create.
Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave;
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, excites, and must create, as Devil.
But ye, God's sons in love and duty,[13]

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Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!

(*Heaven closes: the* ARCHANGELS *separate.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*).

I like, at times, to hear The Ancient's word,
And have a care to be most civil:
It 's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanly to gossip with the Devil!

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FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY.

I.

NIGHT.

(*A lofty-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber.* FAUST, *in a chair at his desk, restless.*)

FAUST.[14]

I 'VE studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine, —
And even, alas! Theology, —
From end to end, with labor keen;
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I 'm Magister — yea, Doctor — hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long, with many woes,
I 've led my scholars by the nose, —
And see, that nothing can be known!
That knowledge cuts me to the bone.
I 'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers,

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Doctors and Magisters, Scribes and Preachers;
Neither scruples nor doubts come now to smite me,
Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.
For this, all pleasure am I foregoing;
I do not pretend to aught worth knowing,
I do not pretend I could be a teacher
To help or convert a fellow-creature.
Then, too, I 've neither lands nor gold,
Nor the world's least pomp or honor hold —
No dog would endure such a curst existence!
Wherefore, from Magic I seek assistance,
That many a secret perchance I reach
Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,
And thus the bitter task forego
Of saying the things I do not know, —
That I may detect the inmost force
Which binds the world, and guides its course;
Its germs, productive powers explore,
And rummage in empty words no more!

O full and splendid Moon, whom I
Have, from this desk, seen climb the sky
So many a midnight, — would thy glow
For the last time beheld my woe!

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Ever thine eye, most mournful friend,
O'er books and papers saw me bend;
But would that I, on mountains grand,
Amid thy blessed light could stand,
With spirits through mountain-caverns hover,
Float in thy twilight the meadows over,
And, freed from the fumes of lore that swathe me,
To health in thy dewy fountains bathe me!

Ah, me! this dungeon still I see,
This drear, accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But duskly through the painted panes.
Hemmed in by many a toppling heap
Of books worm-eaten, gray with dust,
Which to the vaulted ceiling creep,
Against the smoky paper thrust, —
With glasses, boxes, round me stacked,
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed —
Such is my world: and what a world!

And do I ask, wherefore my heart
Falters, oppressed with unknown needs?

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Why some inexplicable smart
All movement of my life impedes?
Alas! in living Nature's stead,
Where God His human creature set,
In smoke and mould the fleshless dead
And bones of beasts surround me yet!

Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land![15]
And this one Book of Mystery
From Nostradamus' very hand,[16]
Is 't not sufficient company?
When I the starry courses know,
And Nature's wise instruction seek,
With light of power my soul shall glow,
As when to spirits spirits speak.
'T is vain, this empty brooding here,
Though guessed the holy symbols be:
Ye, Spirits, come — ye hover near —
Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

(*He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.*)[17]

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this
I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing!

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I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss
In every vein and fibre newly glowing.
Was it a God, who traced this sign,
With calm across my tumult stealing,
My troubled heart to joy unsealing,
With impulse, mystic and divine,
The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing?
Am I a God? — so clear mine eyes!
In these pure features I behold
Creative Nature to my soul unfold.
What says the sage, now first I recognize:
"The spirit-world no closures fasten;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead:
Disciple, up! untiring, hasten
To bathe thy breast in morning-red!"

(*He contemplates the sign.*)

How each the Whole its substance gives,
Each in the other works and lives!
Like heavenly forces rising and descending,
Their golden urns reciprocally lending,
With wings that winnow blessing
From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing,
Filling the All with harmony unceasing!

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How grand a show! but, ah! a show alone.
Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own?
Where you, ye breasts? Founts of all Being, shining,
Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire,
Whereto our withered hearts aspire, —
Ye flow, ye feed: and am I vainly pining?

(*He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.*) [18]

How otherwise upon me works this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:
Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;
I glow, as drunk with new-made wine:
New strength and heart to meet the world incite me,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me,
And though the shock of storms may smite me,
No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!
Clouds gather over me —
The moon conceals her light —
The lamp 's extinguished! —
Mists rise, — red, angry rays are darting
Around my head! — There falls
A horror from the vaulted roof,
And seizes me!

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I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke!
Reveal thyself!
Ha! in my heart what rending stroke!
With new impulsion
My senses heave in this convulsion!
I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me:
Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!

(*He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST (*with averted head*).

Terrible to see!

SPIRIT.

Me hast thou long with might attracted,
Long from my sphere thy food exacted,
And now —

FAUST.

Woe! I endure not thee!

SPIRIT.

To view me is thine aspiration,
My voice to hear, my countenance to see;

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Thy powerful yearning moveth me,
Here am I! — what mean perturbation
Thee, superhuman, shakes? Thy soul's high calling, where?
Where is the breast, which from itself a world did bear,
And shaped and cherished — which with joy expanded,
To be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded?
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to me,
Who towards me pressed with all thine energy?
He art thou, who, my presence breathing, seeing,
Trembles through all the depths of being,
A writhing worm, a terror-stricken form?

FAUST.

Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?
Yes, I am Faust: I am thy peer!

SPIRIT.

In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,[19]
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free,
Birth and the Grave,
An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all-glowing,

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Thus at Time's humming loom 't is my hand prepares
The garment of Life which the Deity wears!

FAUST.

Thou, who around the wide world wendest,
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou 'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehendest,
Not me!

(*Disappears.*)

FAUST (*overwhelmed*).

Not thee!
Whom then?
I, image of the Godhead!
Not even like thee!

(*A knock.*)

O Death! — I know it — 't is my Famulus![20]
My fairest luck finds no fruition:
In all the fulness of my vision
The soulless sneak disturbs me thus!

(*Enter* WAGNER, *in dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns impatiently.*)

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WAGNER.[21]

Pardon, I heard your declamation;
'T was sure an old Greek tragedy you read?
In such an art I crave some preparation,
Since now it stands one in good stead.
I 've often heard it said, a preacher
Might learn, with a comedian for a teacher.

FAUST.

Yes, when the priest comedian is by nature,
As haply now and then the case may be.

WAGNER.

Ah, when one studies thus, a prisoned creature,
That scarce the world on holidays can see, —
Scarce through a glass, by rare occasion,
How shall one lead it by persuasion?

FAUST.

You 'll ne'er attain it, save you know the feeling,
Save from the soul it rises clear,
Serene in primal strength, compelling
The hearts and minds of all who hear.

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You sit forever gluing, patching;
You cook the scraps from others' fare;
And from your heap of ashes hatching
A starveling flame, ye blow it bare!
Take children's, monkeys' gaze admiring,
If such your taste, and be content;
But ne'er from heart to heart you 'll speak inspiring,
Save your own heart is eloquent!

WAGNER.

Yet through delivery orators succeed;
I feel that I am far behind, indeed.

FAUST.

Seek thou the honest recompense!
Beware, a tinkling fool to be!
With little art, clear wit and sense
Suggest their own delivery;
And if thou 'rt moved to speak in earnest,
What need, that after words thou yearnest?
Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper,[22]
Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow
The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapor!

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WAGNER.

Ah, God! but Art is long,[23]
And Life, alas! is fleeting.
And oft, with zeal my critic-duties meeting,
In head and breast there 's something wrong.
How hard it is to compass the assistance
Whereby one rises to the source!
And, haply, ere one travels half the course
Must the poor devil quit existence.

FAUST.

Is parchment, then, the holy fount before thee,
A draught wherefrom thy thirst forever slakes?
No true refreshment can restore thee,
Save what from thine own soul spontaneous breaks.

WAGNER.

Pardon! a great delight is granted
When, in the spirit of the ages planted,
We mark how, ere our time, a sage has thought,
And then, how far his work, and grandly, we have brought.

FAUST.

O yes, up to the stars at last!
Listen, my friend: the ages that are past

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Are now a book with seven seals protected:
What you the Spirit of the Ages call
Is nothing but the spirit of you all,
Wherein the Ages are reflected.
So, oftentimes, you miserably mar it!
At the first glance who sees it runs away.
An offal-barrel and a lumber-garret,
Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play,[24]
With maxims most pragmatical and hitting,
As in the mouths of puppets are befitting!

WAGNER.

But then, the world — the human heart and brain!
Of these one covets some slight apprehension.

FAUST.

Yes, of the kind which men attain!
Who dares the child's true name in public mention?
The few, who thereof something really learned,
Unwisely frank, with hearts that spurned concealing,
And to the mob laid bare each thought and feeling,
Have evermore been crucified and burned.[25]
I pray you, Friend, 't is now the dead of night;
Our converse here must be suspended.

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WAGNER.

I would have shared your watches with delight,
That so our learned talk might be extended.[26]
To-morrow, though, I 'll ask, in Easter leisure,
This and the other question, at your pleasure.
Most zealously I seek for erudition:
Much do I know — but to know all is my ambition.

[*Exit.*

FAUST (*solus*).

That brain, alone, not loses hope, whose choice is
To stick in shallow trash forevermore, —
Which digs with eager hand for buried ore,
And, when it finds an angle-worm, rejoices!

Dare such a human voice disturb the flow,
Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest?
And yet, this once my thanks I owe
To thee, of all earth's sons the poorest, dullest!
For thou hast torn me from that desperate state
Which threatened soon to overwhelm my senses:
The apparition was so giant-great,
It dwarfed and withered all my soul's pretences!

I, image of the Godhead, who began —
Deeming Eternal Truth secure in nearness —

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To sun myself in heavenly light and clearness,
And laid aside the earthly man; —
I, more than Cherub, whose free force had planned
To flow through Nature's veins in glad pulsation,
To reach beyond, enjoying in creation
The life of Gods, behold my expiation!
A thunder-word hath swept me from my stand.[27]

With thee I dare not venture to compare me.
Though I possessed the power to draw thee near me,
The power to keep thee was denied my hand.
When that ecstatic moment held me,
I felt myself so small, so great;
But thou hast ruthlessly repelled me
Back upon Man's uncertain fate.
What shall I shun? Whose guidance borrow?
Shall I accept that stress and strife?
Ah! every deed of ours, no less than every sorrow,
Impedes the onward march of life.

Some alien substance more and more is cleaving
To all the mind conceives of grand and fair;
When this world's Good is won by our achieving,
The Better, then, is named a cheat and snare.

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The fine emotions, whence our lives we mould,
Lie in the earthly tumult dumb and cold.
If hopeful Fancy once, in daring flight,
Her longings to the Infinite expanded,
Yet now a narrow space contents her quite,
Since Time's wild wave so many a fortune stranded.
Care at the bottom of the heart is lurking:
Her secret pangs in silence working,
She, restless, rocks herself, disturbing joy and rest:
In newer masks her face is ever drest,
By turns as house and land, as wife and child, presented,—
As water, fire, as poison, steel:
We dread the blows we never feel,
And what we never lose is yet by us lamented!

I am not like the Gods! That truth is felt too deep:
The worm am I, that in the dust doth creep,—
That, while in dust it lives and seeks its bread,
Is crushed and buried by the wanderer's tread.

Is not this dust, these walls within them hold,
The hundred shelves, which cramp and chain me,
The frippery, the trinkets thousandfold,
That in this mothy den restrain me?

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Here shall I find the help I need?
Shall here a thousand volumes teach me only
That men, self-tortured, everywhere must bleed, —
And here and there one happy man sits lonely?[28]
What mean'st thou by that grin, thou hollow skull,
Save that thy brain, like mine, a cloudy mirror,
Sought once the shining day, and then, in twilight dull,[29]
Thirsting for Truth, went wretchedly to Error?
Ye instruments, forsooth, but jeer at me
With wheel and cog, and shapes uncouth of wonder;
I found the portal, you the keys should be;
Your wards are deftly wrought, but drive no bolts asunder!
Mysterious even in open day,
Nature retains her veil, despite our clamors:
That which she doth not willingly display
Cannot be wrenched from her with levers, screws, and
hammers.
Ye ancient tools, whose use I never knew,
Here, since my father used ye, still ye moulder:
Thou, ancient scroll, hast worn thy smoky hue
Since at this desk the dim lamp wont to smoulder.
'T were better far, had I my little idly spent,
Than now to sweat beneath its burden, I confess it!
What from your fathers' heritage is lent,

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Earn it anew, to really possess it! [30]
What serves not, is a sore impediment:
The Moment's need creates the thing to serve and bless it!

Yet, wherefore turns my gaze to yonder point so lightly?
Is yonder flask a magnet for mine eyes?
Whence, all around me, glows the air so brightly,
As when in woods at night the mellow moonbeam lies?

I hail thee, wondrous, rarest vial!
I take thee down devoutly, for the trial:
Man's art and wit I venerate in thee.
Thou summary of gentle slumber-juices,
Essence of deadly finest powers and uses,
Unto thy master show thy favor free!
I see thee, and the stings of pain diminish;
I grasp thee, and my struggles slowly finish:
My spirit's flood-tide ebbeth more and more.
Out on the open ocean speeds my dreaming;
The glassy flood before my feet is gleaming,
A new day beckons to a newer shore!

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be

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To pierce the ether's high, unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity!
This godlike rapture, this supreme existence,
Do I, but now a worm, deserve to track?
Yes, resolute to reach some brighter distance,
On Earth's fair sun I turn my back![31]
Yes, let me dare those gates to fling asunder,
Which every man would fain go slinking by!
'T is time, through deeds this word of truth to thunder:
That with the height of Gods Man's dignity may vie!
Nor from that gloomy gulf to shrink affrighted,
Where Fancy doth herself to self-born pangs compel, —
To struggle toward that pass benighted,
Around whose narrow mouth flame all the fires of Hell, —
To take this step with cheerful resolution,
Though Nothingness should be the certain, swift conclusion!

And now come down, thou cup of crystal clearest!
Fresh from thine ancient cover thou appearest,
So many years forgotten to my thought!
Thou shon'st at old ancestral banquets cheery,
The solemn guests thou madest merry,
When one thy wassail to the other brought.

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The rich and skilful figures o'er thee wrought,
The drinker's duty, rhyme-wise to explain them,
Or in one breath below the mark to drain them,
From many a night of youth my memory caught.
Now to a neighbor shall I pass thee never,
Nor on thy curious art to test my wit endeavor:
Here is a juice whence sleep is swiftly born.
It fills with browner flood thy crystal hollow;
I chose, prepared it: thus I follow, —
With all my soul the final drink I swallow,
A solemn festal cup, a greeting to the morn!

[*He sets the goblet to his mouth.*

(*Chime of bells and choral song.*)

CHORUS OF ANGELS.[32]

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the Mortal One,
Whom the unmerited,
Clinging, inherited
Needs did imprison.

FAUST.

What hollow humming, what a sharp, clear stroke,
Drives from my lip the goblet's, at their meeting?

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Announce the booming bells already woke
The first glad hour of Easter's festal greeting?
Ye choirs, have ye begun the sweet, consoling chant,
Which, through the night of Death, the angels minis-
trant
Sang, God's new Covenant repeating?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices and precious
Balm, we arrayed him;
Faithful and gracious,
We tenderly laid him:
Linen to bind him
Cleanlily wound we:
Ah! when we would find him,
Christ no more found we!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him,—
Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!

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FAUST.

Why, here in dust, entice me with your spell,
Ye gentle, powerful sounds of Heaven?
Peal rather there, where tender natures dwell.
Your messages I hear, but faith has not been given;
The dearest child of Faith is Miracle.
I venture not to soar to yonder regions
Whence the glad tidings hither float;
And yet, from childhood up familiar with the note,
To Life it now renews the old allegiance.
Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss
Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;
And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church-bell slowly,
And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.[33]
A sweet, uncomprehended yearning
Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,
And while a thousand tears were burning,
I felt a world arise for me.
These chants, to youth and all its sports appealing,
Proclaimed the Spring's rejoicing holiday;
And Memory holds me now, with childish feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn way.

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Sound on, ye hymns of Heaven, so sweet and mild!
My tears gush forth: the Earth takes back her child!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Has He, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?[34]
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here.
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Out of Corruption's womb:
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!
Praising and pleading him,
Lovingly needing him,

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Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding Him,
Thus is the Master near, —
Thus is He here!

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II.

BEFORE THE CITY-GATE.[35]

(*Pedestrians of all kinds come forth.*)

SEVERAL APPRENTICES.

WHY do you go that way?

OTHERS.

We 're for the Hunters'-lodge, to-day.

THE FIRST.

We 'll saunter to the Mill, in yonder hollow.

AN APPRENTICE.

Go to the River Tavern, I should say.

SECOND APPRENTICE.

But then, it 's not a pleasant way.

THE OTHERS.

And what will *you?*

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A Third.

As goes the crowd, I follow.

A Fourth.

Come up to Burgdorf? There you 'll find good cheer,
The finest lasses and the best of beer,
And jolly rows and squabbles, trust me!

A Fifth.

You swaggering fellow, is your hide
A third time itching to be tried?
I won't go there, your jolly rows disgust me!

Servant-Girl.

No, — no! I 'll turn and go to town again.

Another.

We 'll surely find him by those poplars yonder.

The First.

That 's no great luck for me, 't is plain.
You 'll have him, when and where you wander:
His partner in the dance you 'll be, —
But what is all your fun to me?

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THE OTHER.

He 's surely not alone to-day:
He 'll be with Curly-head, I heard him say.

A STUDENT.

Deuce! how they step, the buxom wenches!
Come, Brother! we must see them to the benches.
A strong, old beer, a pipe that stings and bites,
A girl in Sunday clothes, — these three are my delights.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Just see those handsome fellows, there!
It 's really shameful, I declare; —
To follow servant-girls, when they
Might have the most genteel society to-day!

SECOND STUDENT (*to the First*).

Not quite so fast! Two others come behind, —
Those, dressed so prettily and neatly.
My neighbor 's one of them, I find,
A girl that takes my heart, completely.
They go their way with looks demure,
But they 'll accept us, after all, I 'm sure.

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THE FIRST.

No, Brother! not for me their formal ways.
Quick! lest our game escape us in the press:
The hand that wields the broom on Saturdays
Will best, on Sundays, fondle and caress.

CITIZEN.

He suits me not at all, our new-made Burgomaster!
Since he 's installed, his arrogance grows faster.
How has he helped the town, I say?
Things worsen, — what improvement names he?
Obedience, more than ever, claims he,
And more than ever we must pay!

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Good gentlemen and lovely ladies,
So red of cheek and fine of dress,
Behold, how needful here your aid is,
And see and lighten my distress!
Let me not vainly sing my ditty;
He 's only glad who gives away:
A holiday, that shows your pity,
Shall be for me a harvest-day!

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ANOTHER CITIZEN.

On Sundays, holidays, there 's naught I take delight in,
Like gossiping of war, and war's array,
When down in Turkey, far away,
The foreign people are a-fighting.
One at the window sits, with glass and friends,
And sees all sorts of ships go down the river gliding:
And blesses then, as home he wends
At night, our times of peace abiding.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Yes, Neighbor! that 's my notion, too:
Why, let them break their heads, let loose their passions,
And mix things madly through and through,
So, here, we keep our good old fashions!

OLD WOMAN (*to the Citizen's Daughter*).

Dear me, how fine! So handsome, and so young!
Who would n't lose his heart, that met you?
Don't be so proud! I 'll hold my tongue,
And what you 'd like I 'll undertake to get you.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha! I shun the witch's sight
Before folks, lest there be misgiving:

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'T is true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night,[36]
My future sweetheart, just as he were living.

THE OTHER.

She showed me mine, in crystal clear,[37]
With several wild young blades, a soldier-lover:
I seek him everywhere, I pry and peer,
And yet, somehow, his face I can't discover.

SOLDIERS.

Castles, with lofty
Ramparts and towers,
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
Both shall be ours!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing, —
Calling to pleasure,
Calling to ruin.
Stormy our life is;
Such is its boon!

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Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon.
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away!

FAUST AND WAGNER.

FAUST.

Released from ice are brook and river[38]
By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring;
The colors of hope to the valley cling,
And weak old Winter himself must shiver,
Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king:
Whence, ever retreating, he sends again
Impotent showers of sleet that darkle
In belts across the green o' the plain.
But the sun will permit no white to sparkle;
Everywhere form in development moveth;
He will brighten the world with the tints he loveth,
And, lacking blossoms, blue, yellow, and red,
He takes these gaudy people instead.
Turn thee about, and from this height

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Back on the town direct thy sight.
Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,
The motley throngs come forth elate:
Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,
To honor the Day of the Risen Lord!
They feel, themselves, their resurrection:
From the low, dark rooms, scarce habitable;
From the bonds of Work, from Trade's restriction;
From the pressing weight of roof and gable;
From the narrow, crushing streets and alleys;
From the churches' solemn and reverend night,
All come forth to the cheerful light.
How lively, see! the multitude sallies,
Scattering through gardens and fields remote,
While over the river, that broadly dallies,
Dances so many a festive boat;
And overladen, nigh to sinking,
The last full wherry takes the stream.
Yonder afar, from the hill-paths blinking,
Their clothes are colors that softly gleam.
I hear the noise of the village, even;
Here is the People's proper Heaven;
Here high and low contented see!
Here I am Man, — dare man to be!

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WAGNER.

To stroll with you, Sir Doctor, flatters;
'T is honor, profit, unto me.
But I, alone, would shun these shallow matters,
Since all that 's coarse provokes my enmity.
This fiddling, shouting, ten-pin rolling
I hate, — these noises of the throng:
They rave, as Satan were their sports controlling,
And call it mirth, and call it song!

PEASANTS, UNDER THE LINDEN-TREE.

(*Dance and Song.*)

All for the dance the shepherd dressed,[39]
In ribbons, wreath, and gayest vest
Himself with care arraying:
Around the linden lass and lad
Already footed it like mad:
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah — tarara-la!
The fiddle-bow was playing.

He broke the ranks, no whit afraid,
And with his elbow punched a maid,

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Who stood, the dance surveying:
The buxom wench, she turned and said:
"Now, you I call a stupid-head!"
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah — tarara-la!
"Be decent while you 're staying!"

Then round the circle went their flight,
They danced to left, they danced to right:
Their kirtles all were playing.
They first grew red, and then grew warm,
And rested, panting, arm in arm, —
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah — tarara-la!
And hips and elbows straying.

Now, don't be so familiar here!
How many a one has fooled his dear,
Waylaying and betraying!
And yet, he coaxed her soon aside,
And round the linden sounded wide:
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah — tarara-la!
And the fiddle-bow was playing.

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OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, it is good of you,[40]
That thus you condescend, to-day,
Among this crowd of merry folk,
A highly-learned man, to stray.
Then also take the finest can,
We fill with fresh wine, for your sake:
I offer it, and humbly wish
That not alone your thirst it slake, —
That, as the drops below its brink,
So many days of life you drink!

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
With thanks and health to all and each.

(*The People gather in a circle about him.*)

OLD PEASANT.

In truth, 't is well and fitly timed,
That now our day of joy you share,
Who heretofore, in evil days,
Gave us so much of helping care.
Still many a man stands living here,

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Saved by your father's skilful hand,
That snatched him from the fever's rage
And stayed the plague in all the land.
Then also you, though but a youth,[41]
Went into every house of pain:
Many the corpses carried forth,
But you in health came out again.
No test or trial you evaded:
A Helping God the helper aided.

ALL.

Health to the man, so skilled and tried,
That for our help he long may bide!

FAUST.

To Him above bow down, my friends,
Who teaches help, and succor sends!

(*He goes on with* WAGNER.)

WAGNER.

With what a feeling, thou great man, must thou
Receive the people's honest veneration!
How lucky he, whose gifts his station
With such advantages endow!

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Thou 'rt shown to all the younger generation:
Each asks, and presses near to gaze;
The fiddle stops, the dance delays.
Thou goest, they stand in rows to see,
And all the caps are lifted high;
A little more, and they would bend the knee
As if the Holy Host came by.

FAUST.

A few more steps ascend, as far as yonder stone! —
Here from our wandering will we rest contented.
Here, lost in thought, I 've lingered oft alone,
When foolish fasts and prayers my life tormented.
Here, rich in hope and firm in faith,
With tears, wrung hands and sighs, I 've striven,
The end of that far-spreading death
Entreating from the Lord of Heaven!
Now like contempt the crowd's applauses seem:
Couldst thou but read, within mine inmost spirit,
How little now I deem
That sire or son such praises merit!
My father's was a sombre, brooding brain,
Which through the holy spheres of Nature groped and wandered,

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And honestly, in his own fashion, pondered
With labor whimsical, and pain:
Who, in his dusky work-shop bending,
With proved adepts in company,
Made, from his recipes unending,
Opposing substances agree.
There was a Lion red, a wooer daring,[42]
Within the Lily's tepid bath espoused,
And both, tormented then by flame unsparing,
By turns in either bridal chamber housed.
If then appeared, with colors splendid,
The young Queen in her crystal shell,
This was the medicine — the patients' woes soon ended,
And none demanded: who got well?
Thus we, our hellish boluses compounding,
Among these vales and hills surrounding,
Worse than the pestilence, have passed.
Thousands were done to death from poison of my giving;
And I must hear, by all the living,
The shameless murderers praised at last!

WAGNER.

Why, therefore, yield to such depression?
A good man does his honest share

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In exercising, with the strictest care,
The art bequeathed to his possession!
Dost thou thy father honor, as a youth?
Then may his teaching cheerfully impel thee:
Dost thou, as man, increase the stores of truth?
Then may thine own son afterwards excel thee.

FAUST.

O happy he, who still renews
The hope, from Error's deeps to rise forever!
That which one does not know, one needs to use;
And what one knows, one uses never.
But let us not, by such despondence, so
The fortune of this hour embitter!
Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,
The green-embosomed houses glitter!
The glow retreats, done is the day of toil;
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!
Then would I see eternal Evening gild
The silent world beneath me glowing,
On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley filled,
The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.

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The mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,
Would then no more impede my godlike motion;
And now before mine eyes expands the ocean
With all its bays, in shining sleep!
Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking;
The new-born impulse fires my mind, —
I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
The Day before me and the Night behind,
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me, —
A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
Alas! the wings that lift the mind no aid
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
Of yearning onward, upward and away,
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
The lark sends down his flickering lay, —
When over crags and piny highlands
The poising eagle slowly soars,
And over plains and lakes and islands
The crane sails by to other shores.

WAGNER.

I 've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,
But never yet such impulse felt, as this is.

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One soon fatigues, on woods and fields to look,
Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:
How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book!
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,
All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you!

FAUST.

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
O, never seek to know the other!
Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces.
If there be airy spirits near,[43]
'Twixt Heaven and Earth on potent errands fleeing,
Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
And bear me forth to new and varied being!
Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,
To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,

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I would not for the costliest stores of treasure —
Not for a monarch's robe — the gift resign.

WAGNER.

Invoke not thus the well-known throng,
Which through the firmament diffused is faring,
And danger thousand-fold, our race to wrong,
In every quarter is preparing.
Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp[44]
Sweep down, and with their barbéd points assail you;
Then from the East they come, to dry and warp
Your lungs, till breath and being fail you:
If from the Desert sendeth them the South,
With fire on fire your throbbing forehead crowning,
The West leads on a host, to cure the drouth
Only when meadow, field, and you are drowning.
They gladly hearken, prompt for injury, —
Gladly obey, because they gladly cheat us;
From Heaven they represent themselves to be,
And lisp like angels, when with lies they meet us.
But, let us go! 'T is gray and dusky all:
The air is cold, the vapors fall.
At night, one learns his house to prize: —
Why stand you thus, with such astonished eyes?
What, in the twilight, can your mind so trouble?

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FAUST.

Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and stubble?[45]

WAGNER.

Long since: yet deemed him not important in the least.

FAUST.

Inspect him close: for what tak'st thou the beast?

WAGNER.

Why, for a poodle who has lost his master,
And scents about, his track to find.

FAUST.

Seest thou the spiral circles, narrowing faster,
Which he, approaching, round us seems to wind?
A streaming trail of fire, if I see rightly,
Follows his path of mystery.

WAGNER.

It may be that your eyes deceive you slightly;
Naught but a plain black poodle do I see.

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FAUST.

It seems to me that with enchanted cunning
He snares our feet, some future chain to bind.

WAGNER.

I see him timidly, in doubt, around us running,
Since, in his master's stead, two strangers doth he find.

FAUST.

The circle narrows: he is near!

WAGNER.

A dog thou seest, and not a phantom, here!
Behold him stop — upon his belly crawl —
His tail set wagging: canine habits, all!

FAUST.

Come, follow us! Come here, at least!

WAGNER.

'T is the absurdest, drollest beast.
Stand still, and you will see him wait;
Address him, and he gambols straight;

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If something 's lost, he 'll quickly bring it, —
Your cane, if in the stream you fling it.

FAUST.

No doubt you 're right: no trace of mind, I own,
Is in the beast: I see but drill, alone.

WAGNER.

The dog, when he 's well educated,
Is by the wisest tolerated.
Yes, he deserves your favor thoroughly, —
The clever scholar of the students, he!

(*They pass in the city-gate.*)

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III.

THE STUDY.

FAUST.

(*Entering, with the poodle.*)

BEHIND me, field and meadow sleeping,
I leave in deep, prophetic night,
Within whose dread and holy keeping
The better soul awakes to light.
The wild desires no longer win us,
The deeds of passion cease to chain;
The love of Man revives within us,
The love of God revives again.

Be still, thou poodle! make not such racket and riot!
Why at the threshold wilt snuffing be?
Behind the stove repose thee in quiet!
My softest cushion I give to thee.
As thou, up yonder, with running and leaping
Amused us hast, on the mountain's crest,

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So now I take thee into my keeping,
A welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when, within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows.
Then Hope again lends sweet assistance,
And Reason then resumes her speech:
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life, to reach.

Snarl not, poodle! To the sound that rises,
The sacred tones that my soul embrace,
This bestial noise is out of place.
We are used to see, that Man despises
What he never comprehends,
And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends,
Finding them often hard to measure:
Will the dog, like man, snarl *his* displeasure?

But ah! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,
Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.
Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,
And burning thirst again assail us?

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Therein I 've borne so much probation!
And yet, this want may be supplied us;
We call the Supernatural to guide us;
We pine and thirst for Revelation,
Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,
Than here, in our New Testament.
I feel impelled, its meaning to determine, —
With honest purpose, once for all,
The hallowed Original
To change to my beloved German.

(*He opens a volume, and commences.*)

'T is written: "In the Beginning was the *Word.*"[46]
Here am I balked: who, now, can help afford?
The *Word?* — impossible so high to rate it;
And otherwise must I translate it,
If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
Then thus: "In the Beginning was the *Thought.*"
This first line let me weigh completely,
Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed?
"In the Beginning was the *Power*," I read.
Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,
That I the sense may not have fairly tested.

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The Spirit aids me: now I see the light!
"In the Beginning was the *Act*," I write.

If I must share my chamber with thee,
Poodle, stop that howling, prithee!
Cease to bark and bellow!
Such a noisy, disturbing fellow
I 'll no longer suffer near me.
One of us, dost hear me!
Must leave, I fear me.
No longer guest-right I bestow;
The door is open, art free to go.
But what do I see in the creature?
Is that in the course of nature?
Is 't actual fact? or Fancy's shows?
How long and broad my poodle grows!
He rises mightily:
A canine form that cannot be!
What a spectre I 've harbored thus!
He resembles a hippopotamus,
With fiery eyes, teeth terrible to see:
O, now am I sure of thee!
For all of thy half-hellish brood
The Key of Solomon is good.[47]

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SPIRITS (*in the corridor*).

Some one, within, is caught!
Stay without, follow him not!
Like the fox in a snare,
Quakes the old hell-lynx there.
Take heed — look about!
Back and forth hover,
Under and over,
And he 'll work himself out.
If your aid can avail him,
Let it not fail him;
For he, without measure,
Has wrought for our pleasure.

FAUST.

First, to encounter the beast,
The Words of the Four be addressed: [48]
Salamander, shine glorious!
Wave, Undine, as bidden!
Sylph, be thou hidden!
Gnome, be laborious!

Who knows not their sense
(These elements), —

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Their properties
And power not sees, —
No mastery he inherits
Over the Spirits.

Vanish in flaming ether,
Salamander!
Flow foamingly together,
Undine!
Shine in meteor-sheen,
Sylph!
Bring help to hearth and shelf,
Incubus! Incubus!
Step forward, and finish thus!

Of the Four, no feature
Lurks in the creature.
Quiet he lies, and grins disdain:
Not yet, it seems, have I given him pain.
Now, to undisguise thee,[49]
Hear me exorcise thee!
Art thou, my gay one,
Hell 's fugitive stray-one?
The sign witness now,

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Before which they bow,
The cohorts of Hell!

With hair all bristling, it begins to swell.

Base Being, hearest thou?
Knowest and fearest thou
The One, unoriginate,[50]
Named inexpressibly,
Through all Heaven impermeate,
Pierced irredressibly!

Behind the stove still banned,
See it, an elephant, expand!
It fills the space entire,
Mist-like melting, ever faster.
'T is enough: ascend no higher, —
Lay thyself at the feet of the Master!
Thou seest, not vain the threats I bring thee:
With holy fire I 'll scorch and sting thee!
Wait not to know
The threefold dazzling glow!
Wait not to know
The strongest art within my hands!

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MEPHISTOPHELES [51]

(*while the vapor is dissipating, steps forth from behind the stove, in the costume of a Travelling Scholar*).

Why such a noise? What are my lord's commands?

FAUST.

This was the poodle's real core,
A travelling scholar, then? The *casus* is diverting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The learned gentleman I bow before:
You 've made me roundly sweat, that 's certain!

FAUST.

What is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A question small, it seems,
For one whose mind the Word so much despises;
Who, scorning all external gleams,
The depths of being only prizes.

FAUST.

With all you gentlemen, the name 's a test,
Whereby the nature usually is expressed.
Clearly the latter it implies

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In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.[52]
Who art thou, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power, not understood,
Which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good.

FAUST.

What hidden sense in this enigma lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that Denies![53]
And justly so: for all things, from the Void
Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:
'T were better, then, were naught created.
Thus, all which you as Sin have rated, —
Destruction, — aught with Evil blent, —
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, yet show'st complete to me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.

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If Man, that microcosmic fool, can see
Himself a whole so frequently,
Part of the Part am I, once All, in primal Night, —
Part of the Darkness which brought forth the Light,
The haughty Light, which now disputes the space,
And claims of Mother Night her ancient place.
And yet, the struggle fails; since Light, howe'er it weaves,
Still, fettered, unto bodies cleaves:
It flows from bodies, bodies beautifies;
By bodies is its course impeded;
And so, but little time is needed,
I hope, ere, as the bodies die, it dies!

FAUST.

I see the plan thou art pursuing:
Thou canst not compass general ruin,
And hast on smaller scale begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And truly 't is not much, when all is done.
That which to Naught is in resistance set, —
The Something of this clumsy world, — has yet,
With all that I have undertaken,
Not been by me disturbed or shaken:

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From earthquake, tempest, wave, volcano's brand,
Back into quiet settle sea and land!
And that damned stuff, the bestial, human brood, —
What use, in having that to play with?
How many have I made away with!
And ever circulates a newer, fresher blood.
It makes me furious, such things beholding:
From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,
A thousand germs break forth and grow,[54]
In dry, and wet, and warm, and chilly;
And had I not the Flame reserved, why, really,
There 's nothing special of my own to show!

FAUST.

So, to the actively eternal
Creative force, in cold disdain
You now oppose the fist infernal,
Whose wicked clench is all in vain!
Some other labor seek thou rather,
Queer Son of Chaos, to begin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, we 'll consider: thou canst gather

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My views, when next I venture in.
Might I, perhaps, depart at present?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I don't perceive.
Though our acquaintance is so recent,
For further visits thou hast leave.
The window 's here, the door is yonder;
A chimney, also, you behold.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess that forth I may not wander,
My steps by one slight obstacle controlled, —
The wizard's-foot, that on your threshold made is.[55]

FAUST.

The pentagram prohibits thee?
Why, tell me now, thou Son of Hades,
If that prevents, how cam'st thou in to me?
Could such a spirit be so cheated?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Inspect the thing: the drawing 's not completed.

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The outer angle, you may see,
Is open left — the lines don't fit it.

FAUST.

Well, — Chance, this time, has fairly hit it!
And thus, thou 'rt prisoner to me?
It seems the business has succeeded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poodle naught remarked, as after thee he speeded;
But other aspects now obtain:
The Devil can't get out again.

FAUST.

Try, then, the open window-pane!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For Devils and for spectres this is law:
Where they have entered in, there also they withdraw.
The first is free to us; we 're governed by the second.

FAUST.

In Hell itself, then, laws are reckoned?

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That 's well! So might a compact be
Made with you gentlemen — and binding, — surely?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that is promised shall delight thee purely;
No skinflint bargain shalt thou see.
But this is not of swift conclusion;
We 'll talk about the matter soon.
And now, I do entreat this boon —
Leave to withdraw from my intrusion.

FAUST.

One moment more I ask thee to remain,
Some pleasant news, at least, to tell me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Release me, now! I soon shall come again;
Then thou, at will, mayst question and compel me.

FAUST.

I have not snares around thee cast;
Thyself hast led thyself into the meshes.
Who traps the Devil, hold him fast!
Not soon a second time he 'll catch a prey so precious.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

An 't please thee, also I 'm content to stay,
And serve thee in a social station;
But stipulating, that I may
With arts of mine afford thee recreation.

FAUST.

Thereto I willingly agree,
If the diversion pleasant be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, thou 'lt win, past all pretences,
More in this hour to soothe thy senses,
Than in the year's monotony.
That which the dainty spirits sing thee,
The lovely pictures they shall bring thee,
Are more than magic's empty show.
Thy scent will be to bliss invited;
Thy palate then with taste delighted,
Thy nerves of touch ecstatic glow!
All unprepared, the charm I spin:
We 're here together, so begin!

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SPIRITS.[56]

Vanish, ye darkling
Arches above him!
Loveliest weather,
Born of blue ether,
Break from the sky!
O that the darkling
Clouds had departed!
Starlight is sparkling,
Tranquiller-hearted
Suns are on high.
Heaven's own children
In beauty bewildering,
Waveringly bending,
Pass as they hover;
Longing unending
Follows them over.
They, with their glowing
Garments, out-flowing,
Cover, in going,
Landscape and bower,
Where, in seclusion,
Lovers are plighted,

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Lost in illusion.
Bower on bower!
Tendrils unblighted!
Lo! in a shower
Grapes that o'ercluster
Gush into must, or
Flow into rivers
Of foaming and flashing
Wine, that is dashing
Gems, as it boundeth
Down the high places,
And spreading, surroundeth
With crystalline spaces,
In happy embraces,
Blossoming forelands,
Emerald shore-lands!
And the winged races
Drink, and fly onward —
Fly ever sunward
To the enticing
Islands, that flatter,
Dipping and rising
Light on the water!
Hark, the inspiring

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Sound of their quiring!
See, the entrancing
Whirl of their dancing!
All in the air are
Freer and fairer.
Some of them scaling
Boldly the highlands,
Others are sailing,
Circling the islands;
Others are flying;
Life-ward all hieing, —
All for the distant
Star of existent
Rapture and Love!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps! Enough, ye fays! your airy number
Have sung him truly into slumber:
For this performance I your debtor prove. —
Not yet art thou the man, to catch the Fiend and hold him! —
With fairest images of dreams infold him,
Plunge him in seas of sweet untruth!
Yet, for the threshold's magic which controlled him,

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The Devil needs a rat's quick tooth.
I use no lengthened invocation:
Here rustles one that soon will work my liberation.

The lord of rats and eke of mice,
Of flies and bed-bugs, frogs and lice,
Summons thee hither to the door-sill,
To gnaw it where, with just a morsel
Of oil, he paints the spot for thee: —
There com'st thou, hopping on to me!
To work, at once! The point which made me craven
Is forward, on the ledge, engraven.
Another bite makes free the door:
So, dream thy dreams, O Faust, until we meet once more!

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I again so foully cheated?
Remains there naught of lofty spirit-sway,
But that a dream the Devil counterfeited,
And that a poodle ran away?

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IV.

THE STUDY.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A KNOCK? Come in! Again my quiet broken?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice must the words be spoken.

FAUST.

Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus thou pleasest me.
I hope we 'll suit each other well;
For now, thy vapors to dispel,

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I come, a squire of high degree,[57]
In scarlet coat, with golden trimming,
A cloak in silken lustre swimming,
A tall cock's-feather in my hat,
A long, sharp sword for show or quarrel, —
And I advise thee, brief and flat,
To don the self-same gay apparel,
That, from this den released, and free,
Life be at last revealed to thee!

FAUST.

This life of earth, whatever my attire,
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.[58]
Too old am I to play with passion;
Too young, to be without desire.
What from the world have I to gain?
Thou shalt abstain — renounce — refrain!
Such is the everlasting song
That in the ears of all men rings, —
That unrelieved, our whole life long,
Each hour, in passing, hoarsely sings.
In very terror I at morn awake,
Upon the verge of bitter weeping,
To see the day of disappointment break,

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To no one hope of mine — not one — its promise keeping: —
That even each joy's presentiment
With wilful cavil would diminish,
With grinning masks of life prevent
My mind its fairest work to finish!
Then, too, when night descends, how anxiously
Upon my couch of sleep I lay me:
There, also, comes no rest to me,[59]
But some wild dream is sent to fray me.
The God that in my breast is owned
Can deeply stir the inner sources;
The God, above my powers enthroned,
He cannot change external forces.
So, by the burden of my days oppressed,
Death is desired, and Life a thing unblest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet is never Death a wholly welcome guest.

FAUST.

O fortunate, for whom, when victory glances,
The bloody laurels on the brow he bindeth!
Whom, after rapid, maddening dances,

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In clasping maiden-arms he findeth!
O would that I, before that spirit-power,
Ravished and rapt from life, had sunken!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, by some one, in that nightly hour,
A certain liquid was not drunken.

FAUST.

Eavesdropping, ha! thy pleasure seems to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient am I not; yet much is known to me.

FAUST.

Though some familiar tone, retrieving
My thoughts from torment, led me on,
And sweet, clear echoes came, deceiving
A faith bequeathed from Childhood's dawn,
Yet now I curse whate'er entices
And snares the soul with visions vain;
With dazzling cheats and dear devices
Confines it in this cave of pain!
Cursed be, at once, the high ambition

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Wherewith the mind itself deludes!
Cursed be the glare of apparition
That on the finer sense intrudes!
Cursed be the lying dream's impression
Of name, and fame, and laurelled brow!
Cursed, all that flatters as possession,
As wife and child, as knave and plow!
Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate!
Cursed when, for soft, indulgent leisures,
He lays for us the pillows straight!
Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar, —
The highest favor Love lets fall!
Cursed, also, Hope! — cursed Faith, the spectre!
And cursed be Patience most of all!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).[60]

Woe! woe!
Thou hast it destroyed,
The beautiful world,
With powerful fist:
In ruin 't is hurled,
By the blow of a demigod shattered!
The scattered

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Fragments into the Void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring.
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again,
In thine own bosom build it anew!
Bid the new career
Commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the small dependants
Who give me attendance.
Hear them, to deeds and passion
Counsel in shrewd old-fashion!
Into the world of strife,
Out of this lonely life
That of senses and sap has betrayed thee,
They would persuade thee.

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This nursing of the pain forego thee,
That, like a vulture, feeds upon thy breast!
The worst society thou find'st will show thee
Thou art a man among the rest.
But 't is not meant to thrust
Thee into the mob thou hatest!
I am not one of the greatest,
Yet, wilt thou to me entrust
Thy steps through life, I 'll guide thee, —
Will willingly walk beside thee, —
Will serve thee at once and forever
With best endeavor,
And, if thou art satisfied,
Will as servant, slave, with thee abide.

FAUST.

And what shall be my counter-service therefor?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The time is long: thou need'st not now insist.

FAUST.

No — no! The Devil is an egotist,
And is not apt, without a why or wherefore,
"For God's sake," others to assist.

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Speak thy conditions plain and clear!
With such a servant danger comes, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, an unwearied slave, I 'll wear thy tether,
And to thine every nod obedient be:
When *There* again we come together,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

The *There* my scruples naught increases.
When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
The other, then, its place may fill.
Here, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources;
Yon sun beholds my sorrows in his courses;
And when from these my life itself divorces,
Let happen all that can or will!
I 'll hear no more: 't is vain to ponder
If there we cherish love or hate,
Or, in the spheres we dream of yonder,
A High and Low our souls await.[61]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this sense, even, canst thou venture.
Come, bind thyself by prompt indenture,

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And thou mine arts with joy shalt see:
What no man ever saw, I 'll give to thee.

FAUST.

Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,
E'er understood by such as thou?
Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now, —
The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,
That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through, —
A game whose winnings no man ever knew, —
A maid, that, even from my breast,
Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,
And Honor's godlike zest,
The meteor that a moment dances, —
Show me the fruits that, ere they 're gathered, rot,[62]
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a demand alarms me not:
Such treasures have I, and can show them.
But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

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FAUST.

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see, —
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

And heartily!
When thus I hail the Moment flying:
"Ah, still delay — thou art so fair!" [63]
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!
Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then Time be finished unto me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well: my memory good is rated.

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FAUST.

Thou hast a perfect right thereto.
My powers I have not rashly estimated:
A slave am I, whate'er I do —
If thine, or whose? 't is needless to debate it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day,[64]
Will as a servant wait behind thee.
But one thing more! Beyond all risk to bind thee,
Give me a line or two, I pray.

FAUST.

Demand'st thou, Pedant, too, a document?
Hast never known a man, nor proved his word's intent?
Is 't not enough, that what I speak to-day
Shall stand, with all my future days agreeing?
In all its tides sweeps not the world away,
And shall a promise bind my being?
Yet this delusion in our hearts we bear:
Who would himself therefrom deliver?
Blest he, whose bosom Truth makes pure and fair!
No sacrifice shall he repent of ever.
Nathless a parchment, writ and stamped with care,

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A spectre is, which all to shun endeavor.
The word, alas! dies even in the pen,
And wax and leather keep the lordship then.
What wilt from me, Base Spirit, say? —
Brass, marble, parchment, paper, clay?
The terms with graver, quill, or chisel, stated?
I freely leave the choice to thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why heat thyself, thus instantly,
With eloquence exaggerated?
Each leaf for such a pact is good;
And to subscribe thy name thou 'lt take a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If thou therewith art fully satisfied,
So let us by the farce abide.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a juice of rarest quality.

FAUST.

Fear not that I this pact shall seek to sever!
The promise that I make to thee

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Is just the sum of mine endeavor.
I have myself inflated all too high;
My proper place is thy estate:
The Mighty Spirit deigns me no reply,
And Nature shuts on me her gate.
The thread of Thought at last is broken,
And knowledge brings disgust unspoken.
Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervors of glowing passion!
Let every marvel take form and fashion
Through the impervious veil it wore!
Plunge we in Time's tumultuous dance,
In the rush and roll of Circumstance!
Then may delight and distress,
And worry and success,
Alternately follow, as best they can:
Restless activity proves the man!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For you no bound, no term is set.
Whether you everywhere be trying,
Or snatch a rapid bliss in flying,
May it agree with you, what you get!
Only fall to, and show no timid balking.

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FAUST.

But thou hast heard, 't is not of joy we 're talking.
I take the wildering whirl, enjoyment's keenest pain,
Enamored hate, exhilarant disdain.
My bosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,
Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,
And all of life for all mankind created [65]
Shall be within mine inmost being tested:
The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,
And thus, my own sole self to all their selves expanded,
I too, at last, shall with them all be stranded!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, who for many a thousand year
The same tough meat have chewed and tested,
That from the cradle to the bier
No man the ancient leaven has digested!
Trust one of us, this Whole supernal
Is made but for a God's delight!
He dwells in splendor single and eternal,
But *us* he thrusts in darkness, out of sight,
And *you* he dowers with Day and Night.

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FAUST.

Nay, but I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good reply!
One only fear still needs repeating:
The art is long, the time is fleeting.
Then let thyself be taught, say I!
Go, league thyself with a poet,
Give the rein to his imagination,
Then wear the crown, and show it,
Of the qualities of his creation, —
The courage of the lion's breed,
The wild stag's speed,
The Italian's fiery blood,
The North's firm fortitude!
Let him find for thee the secret tether
That binds the Noble and Mean together,
And teach thy pulses of youth and pleasure
To love by rule, and hate by measure!
I 'd like, myself, such a one to see:
Sir Microcosm his name should be.

FAUST.

What am I, then, if 't is denied my part

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The crown of all humanity to win me,
Whereto yearns every sense within me?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, on the whole, thou 'rt — what thou art.
Set wigs of million curls upon thy head, to raise thee,
Wear shoes an ell in height, — the truth betrays thee,
And thou remainest — what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel, indeed, that I have made the treasure
Of human thought and knowledge mine, in vain;
And if I now sit down in restful leisure,
No fount of newer strength is in my brain:
I am no hair's-breadth more in height,
Nor nearer to the Infinite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good Sir, you see the facts precisely
As they are seen by each and all.
We must arrange them now, more wisely,
Before the joys of life shall pall.
Why, Zounds! Both hands and feet are, truly —
And head and virile forces — thine:

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Yet all that I indulge in newly,
Is 't thence less wholly mine?
If I 've six stallions in my stall,
Are not their forces also lent me?
I speed along, completest man of all,
As though my legs were four-and-twenty.
Take hold, then! let reflection rest,
And plunge into the world with zest!
I say to thee, a speculative wight
Is like a beast on moorlands lean,
That round and round some fiend misleads to evil plight,
While all about lie pastures fresh and green.

FAUST.

Then how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll try a wider sphere.

What place of martyrdom is here!
Is 't life, I ask, is 't even prudence,
To bore thyself and bore the students?
Let Neighbor Paunch to that attend!
Why plague thyself with threshing straw forever?
The best thou learnest, in the end

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Thou dar'st not tell the youngsters — never!
I hear one's footsteps, hither steering.

FAUST.

To see him now I have no heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So long the poor boy waits a hearing,
He must not unconsoled depart.
Thy cap and mantle straightway lend me!
I 'll play the comedy with art.

(*He disguises himself.*)

My wits, be certain, will befriend me.
But fifteen minutes' time is all I need;
For our fine trip, meanwhile, prepare thyself with speed!

[*Exit* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*In* FAUST'S *long mantle.*)

Reason and Knowledge only thou despise,
The highest strength in man that lies!
Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee
With magic works and shows that blind thee,

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And I shall have thee fast and sure! [66]—
Fate such a bold, untrammelled spirit gave him,
As forwards, onwards, ever must endure;
Whose over-hasty impulse drave him
Past earthly joys he might secure.
Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,
Through flat and stale indifference;
With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him
That, to his hot, insatiate sense,
The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him:
Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore —
Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could save him,
Still were he lost forevermore!

(*A* STUDENT *enters.*)

STUDENT.

A short time, only, am I here,
And come, devoted and sincere,
To greet and know the man of fame,
Whom men to me with reverence name.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy doth flatter me:

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You see a man, as others be.
Have you, perchance, elsewhere begun?

STUDENT.

Receive me now, I pray, as one
Who comes to you with courage good,
Somewhat of cash, and healthy blood:
My mother was hardly willing to let me;
But knowledge worth having I fain would get me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you have reached the right place now.

STUDENT.

I 'd like to leave it, I must avow;
I find these walls, these vaulted spaces
Are anything but pleasant places.
'T is all so cramped and close and mean;
One sees no tree, no glimpse of green,
And when the lecture-halls receive me,
Seeing, hearing, and thinking leave me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that depends on habitude.
So from its mother's breasts a child

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At first, reluctant, takes its food,
But soon to seek them is beguiled.
Thus, at the breasts of Wisdom clinging,
Thou 'lt find each day a greater rapture bringing.

STUDENT.

I 'll hang thereon with joy, and freely drain them;
But tell me, pray, the proper means to gain them.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, before you further speak,
The special faculty you seek.

STUDENT.

I crave the highest erudition;
And fain would make my acquisition
All that there is in Earth and Heaven,
In Nature and in Science too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is the genuine path for you;
Yet strict attention must be given.

STUDENT.

Body and soul thereon I 'll wreak;
Yet, truly, I 've some inclination

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On summer holidays to seek
A little freedom and recreation.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time! It flies so swiftly from us;
But time through order may be won, I promise.
So, Friend, (my views to briefly sum,)
First, the *collegium logicum.*
There will your mind be drilled and braced,
As if in Spanish boots 't were laced,
And thus, to graver paces brought,
'T will plod along the path of thought,
Instead of shooting here and there,
A will-o'-the-wisp in murky air.
Days will be spent to bid you know,
What once you did at a single blow,
Like eating and drinking, free and strong, —
That one, two, three! thereto belong.
Truly the fabric of mental fleece
Resembles a weaver's masterpiece,
Where a thousand threads one treadle throws,
Where fly the shuttles hither and thither,
Unseen the threads are knit together,
And an infinite combination grows.

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Then, the philosopher steps in
And shows, no otherwise it could have been:
The first was so, the second so,
Therefore the third and fourth are so;
Were not the first and second, then
The third and fourth had never been.
The scholars are everywhere believers,
But never succeed in being weavers.
He who would study organic existence,
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
But the spiritual link is lost, alas!
Encheiresin naturæ, this Chemistry names,[67]
Nor knows how herself she banters and blames!

STUDENT.

I cannot understand you quite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your mind will shortly be set aright,
When you have learned, all things reducing,
To classify them for your using.

STUDENT.

I feel as stupid, from all you 've said,
As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

And after — first and foremost duty —
Of Metaphysics learn the use and beauty!
See that you most profoundly gain
What does not suit the human brain!
A splendid word to serve, you 'll find
For what goes in — or won't go in — your mind.
But first, at least this half a year,
To order rigidly adhere;
Five hours a day, you understand,
And when the clock strikes, be on hand!
Prepare beforehand for your part
With paragraphs all got by heart,
So you can better watch, and look
That naught is said but what is in the book:
Yet in thy writing as unwearied be,
As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee![68]

STUDENT.

No need to tell me twice to do it!
I think, how useful 't is to write;
For what one has, in black and white,
One carries home and then goes through it.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet choose thyself a faculty!

STUDENT.

I cannot reconcile myself to Jurisprudence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor can I therefore greatly blame you students:
I know what science this has come to be.
All rights and laws are still transmitted
Like an eternal sickness of the race, —
From generation unto generation fitted,
And shifted round from place to place.
Reason becomes a sham, Beneficence a worry:
Thou art a grandchild, therefore woe to thee!
The right born with us, ours in verity,
This to consider, there 's, alas! no hurry.

STUDENT.

My own disgust is strengthened by your speech:
O lucky he, whom you shall teach!
I 've almost for Theology decided.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I should not wish to see you here misguided:
For, as regards this science, let me hint
'T is very hard to shun the false direction;
There 's so much secret poison lurking in 't,
So like the medicine, it baffles your detection.
Hear, therefore, one alone, for that is best, in sooth,
And simply take your master's words for truth.
On *words* let your attention centre![69]
Then through the safest gate you 'll enter
The temple-halls of Certainty.

STUDENT.

Yet in the word must some idea be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! But only shun too over-sharp a tension,
For just where fails the comprehension,
A word steps promptly in as deputy.
With words 't is excellent disputing;
Systems to words 't is easy suiting;
On words 't is excellent believing;
No word can ever lose a jot from thieving.

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STUDENT.

Pardon! With many questions I detain you,
Yet must I trouble you again.
Of Medicine I still would fain
Hear one strong word that might explain you.
Three years is but a little space,
And, God! who can the field embrace?
If one some index could be shown,
'T were easier groping forward, truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I 'm tired enough of this dry tone, —
Must play the Devil again, and fully.

(*Aloud.*)

To grasp the spirit of Medicine is easy:
Learn of the great and little world your fill,
To let it go at last, so please ye,
Just as God will!
In vain that through the realms of science you may drift;
Each one learns only — just what learn he can:
Yet he who grasps the Moment's gift,
He is the proper man.
Well-made you are, 't is not to be denied,

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The rest a bold address will win you;
If you but in yourself confide,
At once confide all others in you.
To lead the women, learn the special feeling!
Their everlasting aches and groans,
In thousand tones,
Have all one source, one mode of healing;
And if your acts are half discreet,
You 'll always have them at your feet.
A title first must draw and interest them,
And show that yours all other arts exceeds;
Then, as a greeting, you are free to touch and test them,
While, thus to do, for years another pleads.
You press and count the pulse's dances,
And then, with burning sidelong glances,
You clasp the swelling hips, to see
If tightly laced her corsets be.

STUDENT.

That 's better, now! The How and Where, one sees.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My worthy friend, gray are all theories,
And green alone Life's golden tree.

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STUDENT.

I swear to you, 't is like a dream to me.
Might I again presume, with trust unbounded,
To hear your wisdom thoroughly expounded?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most willingly, to what extent I may.

STUDENT.

I cannot really go away:
Allow me that my album first I reach you, —
Grant me this favor, I beseech you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Assuredly.

(*He writes, and returns the book.*)

STUDENT (*reads*).

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(*Closes the book with reverence, and withdraws.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Follow the ancient text, and the snake thou wast ordered to trample!
With all thy likeness to God, thou 'lt yet be a sorry example!

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(FAUST *enters.*)

FAUST.

Now, whither shall we go?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As best it pleases thee.
The little world, and then the great, we 'll see.[70]
With what delight, what profit winning,
Shalt thou sponge through the term beginning!

FAUST.

Yet with the flowing beard I wear,
Both ease and grace will fail me there.
The attempt, indeed, were a futile strife;
I never could learn the ways of life.
I feel so small before others, and thence
Should always find embarrassments.[71]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, thou soon shalt lose all such misgiving:
Be thou but self-possessed, thou hast the art of living!

FAUST.

How shall we leave the house, and start?
Where hast thou servant, coach and horses?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll spread this cloak with proper art,
Then through the air direct our courses.
But only, on so bold a flight,
Be sure to have thy luggage light.
A little burning air, which I shall soon prepare us,
Above the earth will nimbly bear us,
And, if we 're light, we 'll travel swift and clear:
I gratulate thee on thy new career![72]

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V.

AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.[73]

CAROUSAL OF JOLLY COMPANIONS.

FROSCH.

IS no one laughing? no one drinking?
I 'll teach you how to grin, I 'm thinking.
To-day you 're like wet straw, so tame;
And usually you 're all aflame.

BRANDER.

Now that 's your fault; from you we nothing see,
No beastliness and no stupidity.

FROSCH.

(*Pours a glass of wine over Brander's head.*)

There 's both together!

BRANDER.

Twice a swine!

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FROSCH.

You wanted them: I 've given you mine.

SIEBEL.

Turn out who quarrels — out the door!
With open throat sing chorus, drink and roar!
Up! holla! ho!

ALTMAYER.

Woe 's me, the fearful bellow!
Bring cotton, quick! He 's split my ears, that fellow.

SIEBEL.

When the vault echoes to the song,
One first perceives the bass is deep and strong.

FROSCH.

Well said! and out with him that takes the least offence!
Ah, tara, lara, da!

ALTMAYER.

Ah, tara, lara, da!

FROSCH.

The throats are tuned, commence!

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(*Sings.*)

The dear old holy Roman realm,
How does it hold together?

BRANDER.

A nasty song! Fie! a political song[74] —
A most offensive song! Thank God, each morning, therefore,
That you have not the Roman realm to care for!
At least, I hold it so much gain for me,
That I nor Chancellor nor Kaiser be.
Yet also we must have a ruling head, I hope,
And so we 'll choose ourselves a Pope.
You know the quality that can
Decide the choice, and elevate the man.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale![75]
Ten thousand times my sweetheart hail!

SIEBEL.

No, greet my sweetheart not! I tell you, I 'll resent it.

FROSCH.

My sweetheart greet and kiss! I dare you to prevent it!

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(*Sings.*)

Draw the latch! the darkness makes:
Draw the latch! the lover wakes.
Shut the latch! the morning breaks.

SIEBEL.

Yes, sing away, sing on, and praise, and brag of her!
I 'll wait my proper time for laughter:
Me by the nose she led, and now she 'll lead you after.
Her paramour should be an ugly gnome,
Where four roads cross, in wanton play to meet her:
An old he-goat, from Blocksberg coming home,
Should his good-night in lustful gallop bleat her!
A fellow made of genuine flesh and blood
Is for the wench a deal too good.
Greet her? Not I: unless, when meeting,
To smash her windows be a greeting!

BRANDER (*pounding on the table*).

Attention! Hearken now to me!
Confess, Sirs, I know how to live.
Enamored persons here have we,
And I, as suits their quality,
Must something fresh for their advantage give.

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Take heed! 'T is of the latest cut, my strain,
And all strike in at each refrain!

(*He sings.*)

There was a rat in the cellar-nest,[76]
Whom fat and butter made smoother:
He had a paunch beneath his vest
Like that of Doctor Luther.
The cook laid poison cunningly,
And then as sore oppressed was he
As if he had love in his bosom.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if he had love in his bosom!

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched the house throughout,
But nothing cured his raving.
He whirled and jumped, with torment mad,
And soon enough the poor beast had,
As if he had love in his bosom.

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CHORUS.

As if he had love in his bosom!

BRANDER.

And driven at last, in open day,
He ran into the kitchen,
Fell on the hearth, and squirming lay,
In the last convulsion twitching.
Then laughed the murderess in her glee:
"Ha! ha! he 's at his last gasp," said she,
"As if he had love in his bosom!"

CHORUS.

As if he had love in his bosom!

SIEBEL.

How the dull fools enjoy the matter!
To me it is a proper art
Poison for such poor rats to scatter.

BRANDER.

Perhaps you 'll warmly take their part?

ALTMAYER.

The bald-pate pot-belly I have noted:
Misfortune tames him by degrees;

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For in the rat by poison bloated
His own most natural form he sees.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before all else, I bring thee hither
Where boon companions meet together,
To let thee see how smooth life runs away.
Here, for the folk, each day 's a holiday:
With little wit, and ease to suit them,
They whirl in narrow, circling trails,
Like kittens playing with their tails;
And if no headache persecute them,
So long the host may credit give,
They merrily and careless live.

BRANDER.

The fact is easy to unravel,
Their air 's so odd, they 've just returned from travel:
A single hour they 've not been here.

FROSCH.

You 've verily hit the truth! Leipzig to me is dear:
Paris in miniature, how it refines its people![77]

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SIEBEL.

Who are the strangers, should you guess?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! I 'll set them first to drinking,
And then, as one a child's tooth draws, with cleverness,
I 'll worm their secret out, I 'm thinking.
They 're of a noble house, that 's very clear:
Haughty and discontented they appear.

BRANDER.

They 're mountebanks, upon a revel.

ALTMAYER.

Perhaps.

FROSCH.

Look out, I 'll smoke them now!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Not if he had them by the neck, I vow,
Would e'er these people scent the Devil!

FAUST.

Fair greeting, gentlemen!

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SIEBEL.

Our thanks: we give the same.

(*Murmurs, inspecting* MEPHISTOPHELES *from the side.*)

In one foot is the fellow lame?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted that we share your leisure?
In place of cheering drink, which one seeks vainly here,
Your company shall give us pleasure.

ALTMAYER.

A most fastidious person you appear.

FROSCH.

No doubt 't was late when you from Rippach started?[78]
And supping there with Hans occasioned your delay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We passed, without a call, to-day.
At our last interview, before we parted
Much of his cousins did he speak, entreating
That we should give to each his kindly greeting.

(*He bows to* FROSCH.)

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ALTMAYER (*aside*).

You have it now! he understands.

SIEBEL.

A knave sharp-set!

FROSCH.

Just wait awhile: I 'll have him yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am right, we heard the sound
Of well-trained voices, singing chorus;
And truly, song must here rebound
Superbly from the arches o'er us.

FROSCH.

Are you, perhaps, a virtuoso?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O no! my wish is great, my power is only so-so.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you desire, a number.

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SIEBEL.

So that it be a bran-new strain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 've just retraced our way from Spain,
The lovely land of wine, and song, and slumber.

(*Sings.*)

There was a king once reigning,[79]
Who had a big black flea —

FROSCH.

Hear, hear! A flea! D' ye rightly take the jest?
I call a flea a tidy guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

There was a king once reigning,
Who had a big black flea,
And loved him past explaining,
As his own son were he.
He called his man of stitches;
The tailor came straightway:
Here, measure the lad for breeches,
And measure his coat, I say!

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BRANDER.

But mind, allow the tailor no caprices:
Enjoin upon him, as his head is dear,
To most exactly measure, sew and shear,
So that the breeches have no creases!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and velvet gleaming
He now was wholly drest —
Had a coat with ribbons streaming,
A cross upon his breast.
He had the first of stations,
A minister's star and name;
And also all his relations
Great lords at court became.

And the lords and ladies of honor
Were plagued, awake and in bed;
The queen she got them upon her,
The maids were bitten and bled.
And they did not dare to brush them,
Or scratch them, day or night:
We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite.

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CHORUS (*shouting*).

We crack them and we crush them,
At once, whene'er they bite!

FROSCH.

Bravo! bravo! that was fine.

SIEBEL.

Every flea may it so befall!

BRANDER.

Point your fingers and nip them all!

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for Freedom! Hurrah for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fain would drink with you, my glass to Freedom clinking,
If 't were a better wine that here I see you drinking.

SIEBEL.

Don't let us hear that speech again!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Did I not fear the landlord might complain,
I 'd treat these worthy guests, with pleasure,
To some from out our cellar's treasure.

SIEBEL.

Just treat, and let the landlord me arraign!

FROSCH.

And if the wine be good, our praises shall be ample.
But do not give too very small a sample;
For, if its quality I decide,
With a good mouthful I must be supplied.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

They 're from the Rhine! I guessed as much, before.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet here!

BRANDER.

What shall therewith be done?
You 've not the casks already at the door?

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ALTMAYER.

Yonder, within the landlord's box of tools, there 's one!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*).

(*To* FROSCH.)

Now, give me of your taste some intimation?

FROSCH.

How do you mean? Have you so many kinds?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The choice is free: make up your minds.

ALTMAYER (*to* FROSCH).

Aha! you lick your chops, from sheer anticipation.

FROSCH.

Good! if I have the choice, so let the wine be Rhenish!
Our Fatherland can best the sparkling cup replenish.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where* FROSCH *sits*).

Get me a little wax, to make the stoppers, quick!

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ALTMAYER.

Ah! I perceive a juggler's trick.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* BRANDER).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne shall be my wine,
And let it sparkle fresh and fine!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*bores: in the mean time one has made the wax stoppers, and plugged the holes with them*).

BRANDER.

What 's foreign one can't always keep quite clear of,
For good things, oft, are not so near;
A German can't endure the French to see or hear of,[80]
Yet drinks their wines with hearty cheer.

SIEBEL

(*as* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches his seat*).

For me, I grant, sour wine is out of place;
Fill up my glass with sweetest, will you?

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring*).

Tokay shall flow at once, to fill you!

ALTMAYER.

No — look me, Sirs, straight in the face!
I see you have your fun at our expense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O no! with gentlemen of such pretence,
That were to venture far, indeed.
Speak out, and make your choice with speed!
With what a vintage can I serve you?

ALTMAYER.

With any — only satisfy our need.

(*After the holes have been bored and plugged.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*with singular gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stem bears,
Horns the he-goat wears!
The grapes are juicy, the vines are wood,
The wooden table gives wine as good!

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Into the depths of Nature peer, —
Only believe, there 's a miracle here!

Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill![81]

ALL

(*as they draw out the stoppers, and the wine which has been desired flows into the glass of each*).

O beautiful fountain, that flows at will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But have a care, that you nothing spill!

(*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

As 't were five hundred hogs, we feel
So cannibalic jolly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See, now, the race is happy — it is free!

FAUST.

To leave them is my inclination.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take notice, first! their bestiality
Will make a brilliant demonstration.

SIEBEL

(*drinks carelessly: the wine spills upon the earth, and turns to flame*).

Help! Fire! Help! Hell-fire is sent!

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*charming away the flame*).

Be quiet, friendly element!

(*To the revellers.*)

A bit of purgatory 't was for this time, merely.

SIEBEL.

What mean you? Wait! — you 'll pay for 't dearly!
You 'll know us, to your detriment.

FROSCH.

Don't try that game a second time upon us!

ALTMAYER.

I think we 'd better send him packing quietly.

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SIEBEL.

What, Sir! you dare to make so free,
And play your hocus-pocus on us!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still, old wine-tub.

SIEBEL.

Broomstick, you!
You face it out, impertinent and heady?

BRANDER.

Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

ALTMAYER

(*draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies in his face*).

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL.

T is magic! Strike —
The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

(*They draw their knives, and rush upon* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*with solemn gestures*).

False word and form of air,

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Change place, and sense ensnare![82]
Be here — and there!

(*They stand amazed and look at each other.*)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a lovely land!

FROSCH.

Vines? Can I trust my eyes?

SIEBEL.

And purple grapes at hand!

BRANDER.

Here, over this green arbor bending,
See, what a vine! what grapes depending!

(*He takes* SIEBEL *by the nose: the others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as above*).

Loose, Error, from their eyes the band,
And how the Devil jests, be now enlightened!

(*He disappears with* FAUST: *the revellers start and separate.*)

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SIEBEL.

What happened?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose I tightened?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL).

And yours that still I have in hand?

ALTMAYER.

It was a blow that went through every limb!
Give me a chair! I sink! my senses swim.

FROSCH.

But what has happened, tell me now?

SIEBEL.

Where is he? If I catch the scoundrel hiding,
He shall not leave alive, I vow.

ALTMAYER.

I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding

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Out of the cellar-door, just now.
Still in my feet the fright like lead is weighing.

(*He turns towards the table.*)

Why! If the fount of wine should still be playing?

SIEBEL.

'T was all deceit, and lying, false design!

FROSCH.

And yet it seemed as I were drinking wine.

BRANDER.

But with the grapes how was it, pray?

ALTMAYER.

Shall one believe no miracles, just say!

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VI.

WITCHES' KITCHEN.[83]

[*Upon a low hearth stands a great caldron, under which a fire is burning. Various figures appear in the vapors which rise from the caldron. An ape sits beside it, skims it, and watches lest it boil over. The he-ape, with the young ones, sits near and warms himself. Ceiling and walls are covered with the most fantastic witch-implements.*]

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

THESE crazy signs of witches' craft repel me!
I shall recover, dost thou tell me,
Through this insane, chaotic play?
From an old hag shall I demand assistance?
And will her foul mess take away
Full thirty years from my existence?[84]
Woe 's me, canst thou naught better find!
Another baffled hope must be lamented:
Has Nature, then, and has a noble mind
Not any potent balsam yet invented?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Once more, my friend, thou talkest sensibly.
There is, to make thee young, a simpler mode and apter;
But in another book 't is writ for thee,
And is a most eccentric chapter.

FAUST.

Yet will I know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! the method is revealed
Without or gold or magic or physician.
Betake thyself to yonder field,
There hoe and dig, as thy condition;
Restrain thyself, thy sense and will
Within a narrow sphere to flourish;
With unmixed food thy body nourish;
Live with the ox as ox, and think it not a theft
That thou manur'st the acre which thou reapest;—
That, trust me, is the best mode left,
Whereby for eighty years thy youth thou keepest!

FAUST.

I am not used to that; I cannot stoop to try it—

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To take the spade in hand, and ply it.
The narrow being suits me not at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then to thine aid the witch must call.

FAUST.

Wherefore the hag, and her alone?
Canst thou thyself not brew the potion?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were a charming sport, I own:
I 'd build a thousand bridges meanwhile, I 've a notion.
Not Art and Science serve, alone;
Patience must in the work be shown.
Long is the calm brain active in creation;
Time, only, strengthens the fine fermentation.
And all, belonging thereunto,
Is rare and strange, howe'er you take it:
The Devil taught the thing, 't is true,
And yet the Devil cannot make it.

(*Perceiving the Animals.*)

See, what a delicate race they be!
That is the maid! the man is he!

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(*To the Animals.*)

It seems the mistress has gone away?

THE ANIMALS.

Carousing, to-day!
Off and about,
By the chimney out!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What time takes she for dissipating?

THE ANIMALS.

While we to warm our paws are waiting.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

How findest thou the tender creatures?

FAUST.

Absurder than I ever yet did see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, just such talk as this, for me,
Is that which has the most attractive features!

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(*To the Animals.*)

But tell me now, ye curséd puppets,
Why do ye stir the porridge so?

THE ANIMALS.

We 're cooking watery soup for beggars.[85]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then a great public you can show.

THE HE-APE

(*comes up and fawns on* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

O cast thou the dice!
Make me rich in a trice,
Let me win in good season!
Things are badly controlled,
And had I but gold,
So had I my reason.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How would the ape be sure his luck enhances,
Could he but try the lottery's chances!

(*In the mean time the young apes have been playing with a large ball, which they now roll forward.*)

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THE HE-APE.

The world 's the ball:
Doth rise and fall,
And roll incessant:
Like glass doth ring,
A hollow thing, —
How soon will 't spring,
And drop, quiescent?
Here bright it gleams,
Here brighter seems:
I live at present!
Dear son, I say,
Keep thou away!
Thy doom is spoken!
'T is made of clay,
And will be broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What means the sieve?

THE HE-APE (*taking it down*).

Wert thou the thief,[86]
I 'd know him and shame him.

(*He runs to the* SHE-APE, *and lets her look through it.*)

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Look through the sieve!
Know'st thou the thief,
And darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And what 's this pot?

HE-APE AND SHE-APE.

The fool knows it not!
He knows not the pot,
He knows not the kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Impertinent beast!

THE HE-APE.

Take the brush here, at least,
And sit down on the settle!

(*He invites* MEPHISTOPHELES *to sit down.*)

FAUST

(*who during all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching and now retreating from it*).

What do I see? What heavenly form revealed[87]
Shows through the glass from Magic's fair dominions!

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O lend me, Love, the swiftest of thy pinions,
And bear me to her beauteous field!
Ah, if I leave this spot with fond designing,
If I attempt to venture near,
Dim, as through gathering mist, her charms appear! —
A woman's form, in beauty shining!
Can woman, then, so lovely be?
And must I find her body, there reclining,
Of all the heavens the bright epitome?
Can Earth with such a thing be mated?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, surely, if a God first plagues Himself six days,
Then, self-contented, *Bravo!* says,
Must something clever be created.
This time, thine eyes be satiate!
I 'll yet detect thy sweetheart and ensnare her,
And blest is he, who has the lucky fate,
Some day, as bridegroom, home to bear her.

(FAUST *gazes continually in the mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES, *stretching himself out on the settle, and playing with the brush, continues to speak.*)

So sit I, like the King upon his throne:
I hold the sceptre, here, — and lack the crown alone.

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THE ANIMALS

(*who up to this time have been making all kinds of fantastic movements together, bring a crown to* MEPHISTOPHELES *with great noise*).

O be thou so good,
With sweat and with blood
The crown to belime!

(*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces, with which they spring around.*)

'T is done, let it be!
We speak and we see,
We hear and we rhyme![88]

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe 's me! I fear to lose my wits.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the Animals*).

My own head, now, is really nigh to sinking.

THE ANIMALS.

If lucky our hits,
And everything fits,
'T is thoughts, and we 're thinking!

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FAUST (*as above*).

My bosom burns with that sweet vision;
Let us, with speed, away from here!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same attitude*).

One must, at least, make this admission —
They 're poets, genuine and sincere.

(*The caldron, which the* SHE-APE *has up to this time neglected to watch, begins to boil over: there ensues a great flame, which blazes out the chimney. The* WITCH *comes careering down through the flame, with terrible cries.*)

THE WITCH.

Ow! ow! ow! ow!
The damnéd beast — the curséd sow!
To leave the kettle, and singe the Frau!
Accurséd fere!

(*Perceiving* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

What is that here?
Who are you here?
What want you thus?
Who sneaks to us?

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The fire-pain
Burn bone and brain!

(*She plunges the skimming-ladle into the caldron, and scatters flames towards* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and the Animals. The Animals whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*reversing the brush, which he has been holding in his hand, and striking among the jars and glasses*).

In two! in two!
There lies the brew!
There lies the glass!
The joke will pass,
As time, foul ass!
To the singing of thy crew.

(*As the* WITCH *starts back, full of wrath and horror:*)

Ha! know'st thou me? Abomination, thou!
Know'st thou, at last, thy Lord and Master?
What hinders me from smiting now
Thee and thy monkey-sprites with fell disaster?
Hast for the scarlet coat no reverence?
Dost recognize no more the tall cock's-feather?

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Have I concealed this countenance? —
Must tell my name, old face of leather?

THE WITCH.

O pardon, Sir, the rough salute!
Yet I perceive no cloven foot;
And both your ravens, where are *they* now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This time, I 'll let thee 'scape the debt;
For since we two together met,
'T is verily full many a day now.
Culture, which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the Devil sticks.
The days of that old Northern phantom now are over:
Where canst thou horns and tail and claws discover?
And, as regards the foot, which I can't spare, in truth,
'T would only make the people shun me;
Therefore I 've worn, like many a spindly youth,
False calves these many years upon me.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

Reason and sense forsake my brain,
Since I behold Squire Satan here again!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, from such a name refrain!

THE WITCH.

Why so? What has it done to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It 's long been written in the Book of Fable;[89]
Yet, therefore, no whit better men we see:
The Evil One has left, the evil ones are stable.
Sir Baron call me thou, then is the matter good;
A cavalier am I, like others in my bearing.
Thou hast no doubt about my noble blood:
See, here 's the coat-of-arms that I am wearing!

(*He makes an indecent gesture.*)

THE WITCH (*laughs immoderately*).

Ha! ha! That 's just your way, I know:
A rogue you are, and you were always so.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

My friend, take proper heed, I pray!
To manage witches, this is just the way.

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THE WITCH.

Wherein, Sirs, can I be of use?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Give us a goblet of the well-known juice!
But, I must beg you, of the oldest brewage;
The years a double strength produce.

THE WITCH.

With all my heart! Now, here 's a bottle,
Wherefrom, sometimes, I wet my throttle,
Which, also, not the slightest, stinks;
And willingly a glass I 'll fill him.

(*Whispering.*)

Yet, if this man without due preparation drinks,
As well thou know'st, within an hour 't will kill him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend of mine, with whom it will agree,
And he deserves thy kitchen's best potation:
Come, draw thy circle, speak thine adjuration,
And fill thy goblet full and free!

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THE WITCH

(*with fantastic gestures draws a circle and places mysterious articles therein; meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and make a musical accompaniment. Finally she brings a great book, and stations in the circle the Apes, who are obliged to serve as reading-desk, and to hold the torches. She then beckons* FAUST *to approach*).

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Now, what shall come of this? the creatures antic,
The crazy stuff, the gestures frantic, —
All the repulsive cheats I view, —
Are known to me, and hated, too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O, nonsense! That 's a thing for laughter;
Don't be so terribly severe!
She juggles you as doctor now, that, after,
The beverage may work the proper cheer.

(*He persuades* FAUST *to step into the circle.*)

THE WITCH

(*begins to declaim, with much emphasis, from the book*).

See, thus it 's done!
Make ten of one,

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And two let be,
Make even three,
And rich thou 'lt be.
Cast o'er the four!
From five and six
(The witch's tricks)
Make seven and eight,
'T is finished straight!
And nine is one,
And ten is none.
This is the witch's once-one's-one![90]

FAUST.

She talks like one who raves in fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou 'lt hear much more before we leave her.
'T is all the same: the book I can repeat,
Such time I 've squandered o'er the history:
A contradiction thus complete[91]
Is always for the wise, no less than fools, a mystery.
The art is old and new, for verily
All ages have been taught the matter,—
By Three and One, and One and Three,

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Error instead of Truth to scatter.
They prate and teach, and no one interferes;
All from the fellowship of fools are shrinking.
Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking!

THE WITCH (*continues*).

The lofty skill
Of Science, still
From all men deeply hidden:
Who takes no thought,
To him 't is brought,
'T is given unsought, unbidden!

FAUST.

What nonsense she declaims before us!
My head is nigh to split, I fear:
It seems to me as if I hear
A hundred thousand fools in chorus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O Sibyl excellent, enough of adjuration!
But hither bring us thy potation,
And quickly fill the beaker to the brim!

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This drink will bring my friend no injuries;
He is a man of manifold degrees,
And many draughts are known to him.

(*The* WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup; as* FAUST *sets it to his lips, a light flame arises.*)

Down with it quickly! Drain it off!
'T will warm thy heart with new desire:
Art with the Devil hand and glove,
And wilt thou be afraid of fire?

(*The* WITCH *breaks the circle:* FAUST *steps forth.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And now, away! Thou dar'st not rest.

THE WITCH.

And much good may the liquor do thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the* WITCH).

Thy wish be on Walpurgis Night expressed;
What boon I have, shall then be given unto thee.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song, which, if you sometimes sing,
You 'll find it of peculiar operation.

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come, walk at once! A rapid occupation
Must start the needful perspiration,
And through thy frame the liquor's potence fling.
The noble indolence I 'll teach thee then to treasure,[92]
And soon thou 'lt be aware, with keenest thrills of pleasure,
How Cupid stirs and leaps, on light and restless wing.

FAUST.

One rapid glance within the mirror give me
How beautiful that woman-form!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, no! The paragon of all, believe me,
Thou soon shalt see, alive and warm.

(*Aside.*)

Thou 'lt find, this drink thy blood compelling,
Each woman beautiful as Helen!

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VII.

A STREET.

FAUST. MARGARET (*passing by*).

FAUST.

FAIR lady, let it not offend you,
That arm and escort I would lend you!

MARGARET.[93]

I 'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care.

[*She releases herself, and exit.*

FAUST.

By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair!
Of all I 've seen, beyond compare;
So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure!
The lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn,
I 'll not forget while the world rolls on!

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How she cast down her timid eyes,
Deep in my heart imprinted lies:
How short and sharp of speech was she,[94]
Why, 't was a real ecstasy!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

FAUST.

Hear, of that girl I 'd have possession!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which, then?

FAUST.

The one who just went by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She, there? She 's coming from confession,
Of every sin absolved; for I,
Behind her chair, was listening nigh.
So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she had no need.
I have no power o'er souls so green.

FAUST.

And yet, she 's older than fourteen.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now! You 're talking like Jack Rake,
Who every flower for himself would take,
And fancies there are no favors more,
Nor honors, save for him in store;
Yet always does n't the thing succeed.

FAUST.

Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed![95]
Let not a word of moral law be spoken!
I claim, I tell thee, all my right;
And if that image of delight
Rest not within mine arms to-night,
At midnight is our compact broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But think, the chances of the case!
I need, at least, a fortnight's space,
To find an opportune occasion.

FAUST.

Had I but seven hours for all,
I should not on the Devil call,
But win her by my own persuasion.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

You almost like a Frenchman prate;
Yet, pray, don't take it as annoyance!
Why, all at once, exhaust the joyance?
Your bliss is by no means so great
As if you 'd use, to get control,
All sorts of tender rigmarole,
And knead and shape her to your thought,
As in Italian tales 't is taught.[96]

FAUST.

Without that, I have appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, leave jesting out of sight!
I tell you, once for all, that speed
With this fair girl will not succeed:
By storm she cannot captured be;
We must make use of strategy.

FAUST.

Get me something the angel keeps!
Lead me thither where she sleeps!

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Get me a kerchief from her breast, —
A garter that her knee has pressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may see how much I 'd fain
Further and satisfy your pain,
We will no longer lose a minute;
I 'll find her room to-day, and take you in it.

FAUST.

And shall I see — possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!
Unto a neighbor she must go,
And meanwhile thou, alone, mayst glow
With every hope of future pleasure,
Breathing her atmosphere in fullest measure.

FAUST.

Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is too early yet.

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FAUST.

A gift for her I bid thee get!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents at once? That 's good: he 's certain to get at her!
Full many a pleasant place I know,
And treasures, buried long ago:
I must, perforce, look up the matter.

[*Exit.*

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VIII.

EVENING.

A Small, neatly kept Chamber.

Margaret

(*plaiting and binding up the braids of her hair*).

I 'D something give, could I but say
Who was that gentleman, to-day.
Surely a gallant man was he,
And of a noble family;
So much could I in his face behold, —
And he would n't, else, have been so bold!

[*Exit.*

Mephistopheles. Faust.

Mephistopheles.

Come in, but gently: follow me!

Faust (*after a moment's silence*).

Leave me alone, I beg of thee!

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*).

Not every girl keeps things so neat.

FAUST (*looking around*).

O welcome, twilight soft and sweet,[97]
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine!
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content!
This poverty what bounty blesses!
What bliss within this narrow den is pent!

(*He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.*)

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain wert wont to gather!
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father!
Perchance my love, amid the childish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
I feel, O maid! thy very soul
Of order and content around me whisper, —

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Which leads thee with its motherly control,
The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee unroll,
The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.
O dearest hand, to thee 't is given
To change this hut into a lower heaven!
And here!

(*He lifts one of the bed-curtains.*)

What sweetest thrill is in my blood!
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying:
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.

Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer presence,
The form diviner beings wear!

And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved, this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?
Miserable Faust! I know thee now no more.

Is there a magic vapor here?
I came, with lust of instant pleasure,

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And lie dissolved in dreams of love's sweet leisure!
Are we the sport of every changeful atmosphere?

And if, this moment, came she in to me,
How would I for the fault atonement render!
How small the giant lout would be,
Prone at her feet, relaxed and tender!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be quick! I see her there, returning.

FAUST.

Go! go! I never will retreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, not unmeet,
Which elsewhere I have just been earning.
Here, set it in the press, with haste!
I swear, 't will turn her head, to spy it:
Some baubles I therein had placed,
That you might win another by it.
True, child is child, and play is play.

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FAUST.

I know not, should I do it?[98]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ask you, pray?
Yourself, perhaps, would keep the bubble?
Then I suggest, 't were fair and just
To spare the lovely day your lust,
And spare to me the further trouble.
You are not miserly, I trust?
I rub my hands, in expectation tender —

(*He places the casket in the press, and locks it again.*)

Now quick, away!
The sweet young maiden to betray,
So that by wish and will you bend her;
And you look as though
To the lecture-hall you were forced to go, —
As if stood before you, gray and loath,
Physics and Metaphysics both!
But away!

[*Exeunt.*

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

It is so close, so sultry, here!

(*She opens the window.*)

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And yet 't is not so warm outside.
I feel, I know not why, such fear! —
Would mother came! — where can she bide?
My body 's chill and shuddering, —
I 'm but a silly, fearsome thing!

(*She begins to sing, while undressing.*)

There was a King in Thule,[99]
Was faithful till the grave, —
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,

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In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!

(*She opens the press in order to arrange her clothes, and perceives the casket of jewels.*)

How comes that lovely casket here to me?
I locked the press, most certainly.
'T is truly wonderful! What can within it be?
Perhaps 't was brought by some one as a pawn,
And mother gave a loan thereon?
And here there hangs a key to fit:
I have a mind to open it.
What is that? God in Heaven! Whence came
Such things? Never beheld I aught so fair!

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Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
On highest holidays might wear!
How would the pearl-chain suit my hair?
Ah, who may all this splendor own?

(*She adorns herself with the jewelry, and steps before the mirror.*)

Were but the ear-rings mine, alone!
One has at once another air.
What helps one's beauty, youthful blood?
One may possess them, well and good;
But none the more do others care.
They praise us half in pity, sure:
To gold still tends,
On gold depends
All, all! Alas, we poor!

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IX.

PROMENADE.

(FAUST, *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY all love ever rejected! By hell-fire hot and unsparing!
I wish I knew something worse, that I might use it for swearing!

FAUST.

What ails thee? What is 't gripes thee, elf?
A face like thine beheld I never.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would myself unto the Devil deliver,
If I were not a Devil myself!

FAUST.

Thy head is out of order, sadly:
It much becomes thee to be raving madly.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think, the pocket of a priest should get
The trinkets left for Margaret!
The mother saw them, and, instanter,
A secret dread began to haunt her.
Keen scent has she for tainted air;
She snuffs within her book of prayer,
And smells each article, to see
If sacred or profane it be;
So here she guessed, from every gem,
That not much blessing came with them.
"My child," she said, "ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.
Before the Mother of God we 'll lay it;
With heavenly manna she 'll repay it!" [100]
But Margaret thought, with sour grimace,
"A gift-horse is not out of place,
And, truly! godless cannot be
The one who brought such things to me."
A parson came, by the mother bidden:
He saw, at once, where the game was hidden,
And viewed it with a favor stealthy.
He spake: "That is the proper view, —

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Who overcometh, winneth too.
The Holy Church has a stomach healthy:
Hath eaten many a land as forfeit,
And never yet complained of surfeit:
The Church alone, beyond all question,
Has for ill-gotten goods the right digestion."

FAUST.

A general practice is the same,
Which Jew and King may also claim.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then bagged the spangles, chains, and rings,
As if but toadstools were the things,
And thanked no less, and thanked no more
Than if a sack of nuts he bore, —
Promised them fullest heavenly pay,
And deeply edified were they.

FAUST.

And Margaret?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sits unrestful still,
And knows not what she should, or will;

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Thinks on the jewels, day and night,
But more on him who gave her such delight.

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow gives me pain.
Get thou a set for her again!
The first was not a great display.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

O yes, the gentleman finds it all child's-play!

FAUST.

Fix and arrange it to my will;
And on her neighbor try thy skill!
Don't be a Devil stiff as paste,
But get fresh jewels to her taste!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, gracious Sir, in all obedience!

[*Exit* FAUST.

Such an enamored fool in air would blow
Sun, moon, and all the starry legions,
To give his sweetheart a diverting show.

[*Exit.*

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X.

THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.[101]

MARTHA (*solus*).

GOD forgive my husband, yet he
Has n't done his duty by me!
Off in the world he went straightway,—
Left me lie in the straw where I lay,
And, truly, I did naught to fret him:
God knows I loved, and can't forget him!

(*She weeps.*)

Perhaps he 's even dead! Ah, woe!—
Had I a certificate to show!

MARGARET (*comes*).

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Margaret! what 's happened thee?

MARGARET.

I scarce can stand, my knees are trembling!
I find a box, the first resembling,

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Within my press! Of ebony, —
And things, all splendid to behold,
And richer far than were the old.

MARTHA.

You must n't tell it to your mother!
'T would go to the priest, as did the other.

MARGARET.

Ah, look and see — just look and see!

MARTHA (*adorning her*).

O, what a blessed luck for thee!

MARGARET.

But, ah! in the streets I dare not bear them,
Nor in the church be seen to wear them.

MARTHA.

Yet thou canst often this way wander,
And secretly the jewels don,
Walk up and down an hour, before the mirror yonder, —
We 'll have our private joy thereon.

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And then a chance will come, a holiday,
When, piece by piece, can one the things abroad display,
A chain at first, then other ornament:
Thy mother will not see, and stories we 'll invent.

MARGARET.

Whoever could have brought me things so precious?
That something 's wrong, I feel suspicious.

(*A knock.*)

Good Heaven! My mother can that have been?

MARTHA (*peeping through the blind*).

'T is some strange gentleman. — Come in!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I so boldly introduce me,
I beg you, ladies, to excuse me.

(*Steps back reverently, on seeing* MARGARET.)

For Martha Schwerdtlein I 'd inquire!

MARTHA.

I 'm she: what does the gentleman desire?

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

It is enough that you are she:
You 've a visitor of high degree.
Pardon the freedom I have ta'en, —
Will after noon return again.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Of all things in the world! Just hear —
He takes thee for a lady, dear!

MARGARET.

I am a creature young and poor:
The gentleman 's too kind, I 'm sure.
The jewels don't belong to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, not alone the jewelry!
The look, the manner, both betray —
Rejoiced am I that I may stay!

MARTHA.

What is your business? I would fain —

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would I had a more cheerful strain!
Take not unkindly its repeating:
Your husband 's dead, and sends a greeting.

MARTHA.

Is dead? Alas, that heart so true!
My husband dead! Let me die, too!

MARGARET.

Ah, dearest dame, let not your courage fail!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hear me relate the mournful tale!

MARGARET.

Therefore I 'd never love, believe me!
A loss like this to death would grieve me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy follows woe, woe after joy comes flying.

MARTHA.

Relate his life's sad close to me!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

In Padua buried, he is lying
Beside the good Saint Antony,[102]
Within a grave well consecrated,
For cool, eternal rest created.

MARTHA.

He gave you, further, no commission?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, one of weight, with many sighs:
Three hundred masses buy, to save him from perdition!
My hands are empty, otherwise.

MARTHA.

What! Not a pocket-piece? no jewelry?
What every journeyman within his wallet spares,
And as a token with him bears,
And rather starves or begs, than loses?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, it is a grief to me;
Yet, on my word, his cash was put to proper uses.
Besides, his penitence was very sore,
And he lamented his ill fortune all the more.

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MARGARET.

Alack, that men are so unfortunate!
Surely for his soul's sake full many a prayer I 'll proffer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You well deserve a speedy marriage-offer:
You are so kind, compassionate.

MARGARET.

O, no! As yet, it would not do.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a beau for you!
It is the greatest heavenly blessing,
To have a dear thing for one's caressing.

MARGARET.

The country's custom is not so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom, or not! It happens, though.

MARTHA.

Continue, pray!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood beside his bed of dying.
'T was something better than manure, —
Half-rotten straw: and yet, he died a Christian, sure,
And found that heavier scores to his account were lying.
He cried: "I find my conduct wholly hateful!
To leave my wife, my trade, in manner so ungrateful!
Ah, the remembrance makes me die!
Would of my wrong to her I might be shriven!"

MARTHA (*weeping*).

The dear, good man! Long since was he forgiven.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Yet she, God knows! was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

He lied! What! On the brink of death he slandered?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the last throes his senses wandered,
If I such things but half can judge.
He said: "I had no time for play, for gaping freedom:
First children, and then work for bread to feed 'em, —

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For bread, in the widest sense, to drudge,
And could not even eat my share in peace and quiet!"

MARTHA.

Had he all love, all faith forgotten in his riot?
My work and worry, day and night?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so: the memory of it touched him quite.
Said he: "When I from Malta went away
My prayers for wife and little ones were zealous,
And such a luck from Heaven befell us,
We made a Turkish merchantman our prey,
That to the Soldan bore a mighty treasure.
Then I received, as was most fit,
Since bravery was paid in fullest measure,
My well-apportioned share of it."

MARTHA.

Say, how? Say, where? If buried, did he own it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows, now, whither the four winds have blown it?
A fair young damsel took him in her care,

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As he in Naples wandered round, unfriended;
And she much love, much faith to him did bear,
So that he felt it till his days were ended.

MARTHA.

The villain! From his children thieving!
Even all the misery on him cast
Could not prevent his shameful way of living!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But see! He 's dead therefrom, at last.
Were I in *your* place, do not doubt me,
I 'd mourn him decently a year,
And for another keep, meanwhile, my eyes about me.

MARTHA.

Ah, God! another one so dear
As was my first, this world will hardly give me.
There never was a sweeter fool than mine,
Only he loved to roam and leave me,
And foreign wenches and foreign wine,
And the damned throw of dice, indeed.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, well! That might have done, however,
If he had only been as clever,
And treated *your* slips with as little heed.
I swear, with this condition, too,
I would, myself, change rings with you.

MARTHA.

The gentleman is pleased to jest.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I 'll cut away, betimes, from here:
She 'd take the Devil at his word, I fear.

(*To* MARGARET.)

How fares the heart within your breast?

MARGARET.

What means the gentleman?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Sweet innocent, thou art!

(*Aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell!

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MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

A moment, ere we part!
I 'd like to have a legal witness,
Where, how, and when he died, to certify with fitness.
Irregular ways I 've always hated;
I want his death in the weekly paper stated.[103]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, my good dame, a pair of witnesses
Always the truth establishes.
I have a friend of high condition,
Who 'll also add his deposition.
I 'll bring him here.

MARTHA.

Good Sir, pray do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady will be present, too?
A gallant youth! has travelled far:
Ladies with him delighted are.

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MARGARET.

Before him I should blush, ashamed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no king that could be named!

MARTHA.

Behind the house, in my garden, then,
This eve we 'll expect the gentlemen.

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XI.

STREET.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

HOW is it? under way? and soon complete?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, bravo! Do I find you burning?
Well, Margaret soon will still your yearning:
At Neighbor Martha's you 'll this evening meet.
A fitter woman ne'er was made
To ply the pimp and gypsy trade!

FAUST.

'T is well.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet something is required from us.

FAUST.

One service pays the other thus.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 've but to make a deposition valid
That now her husband's limbs, outstretched and pallid,
At Padua rest, in consecrated soil.

FAUST.

Most wise! And first, of course, we 'll make the journey thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! no need of such a toil;
Depose, with knowledge or without it, either!

FAUST.

If you 've naught better, then, I tear your pretty plan!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, there you are! O holy man!
Is it the first time in your life you 're driven
To bear false witness in a case?
Of God, the world and all that in it has a place,
Of Man, and all that moves the being of his race,
Have you not terms and definitions given
With brazen forehead, daring breast?

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And, if you 'll probe the thing profoundly,
Knew you so much — and you 'll confess it roundly! —
As here of Schwerdtlein's death and place of rest?

FAUST.

Thou art, and thou remain'st, a sophist, liar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, knew I not more deeply thy desire.
For wilt thou not, no lover fairer,
Poor Margaret flatter, and ensnare her,
And all thy soul's devotion swear her?

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is very fine!
Thine endless love, thy faith assuring,
The one almighty force enduring, —
Will that, too, prompt this heart of thine?

FAUST.

Hold! hold! It will! — If such my flame,
And for the sense and power intense

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I seek, and cannot find, a name;
Then range with all my senses through creation,
Craving the speech of inspiration,
And call this ardor, so supernal,
Endless, eternal and eternal, —
Is that a devilish lying game?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet I 'm right!

FAUST.

Mark this, I beg of thee!
And spare my lungs henceforth: whoever
Intends to have the right, if but his tongue be clever,
Will have it, certainly.
But come: the further talking brings disgust,
For thou art right, especially since I must.[104]

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XII.

GARDEN.

(MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm.* MARTHA *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*)

MARGARET.

I FEEL, the gentleman allows for me,
Demeans himself, and shames me by it:
A traveller is so used to be
Kindly content with any diet.
I know too well that my poor gossip can
Ne'er entertain such an experienced man.

FAUST.

A look from thee, a word, more entertains
Than all the lore of wisest brains.

(*He kisses her hand.*)

MARGARET.

Don't incommode yourself! How could you ever kiss it?
It is so ugly, rough to see!

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What work I do, — how hard and steady is it!
Mother is much too close with me.

[*They pass.*

MARTHA.

And you, Sir, travel always, do you not?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas, that trade and duty us so harry!
With what a pang one leaves so many a spot,
And dares not even now and then to tarry!

MARTHA.

In young, wild years it suits your ways,
This round and round the world in freedom sweeping;
But then come on the evil days,
And so, as bachelor, into his grave a-creeping,
None ever found a thing to praise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I dread to see how such a fate advances.

MARTHA.

Then, worthy Sir, improve betimes your chances!

[*They pass.*

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MARGARET.

Yes, out of sight is out of mind!
Your courtesy an easy grace is;
But you have friends in other places,
And sensibler than I, you 'll find.

FAUST.

Trust me, dear heart! what men call sensible
Is oft mere vanity and narrowness.

MARGARET.

How so?

FAUST.

Ah, that simplicity and innocence ne'er know
Themselves, their holy value, and their spell!
That meekness, lowliness, the highest graces
Which Nature portions out so lovingly —

MARGARET.

Think but a little moment's space on me!
To think on you I have all times and places.[105]

FAUST.

No doubt you 're much alone?

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MARGARET.

Yes, for our household small has grown,
Yet must be cared for, you will own.
We have no maid: I do the knitting, sewing, sweeping,
The cooking, early work and late, in fact;
And mother, in her notions of housekeeping,
Is so exact!
Not that she needs so much to keep expenses down:
We, more than others, might take comfort, rather:
A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house, a little garden near the town.
But now my days have less of noise and hurry;
My brother is a soldier,
My little sister 's dead.
True, with the child a troubled life I led,
Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worry,
So very dear was she.

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee!

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and it was fond of me.
Father had died before it saw the light,
And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,

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So weak and miserable she lay;
And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.
She could not think, herself, of giving
The poor wee thing its natural living;
And so I nursed it all alone
With milk and water: 't was my own.
Lulled in my lap with many a song,
It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST.

The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARGARET.

But surely, also, many a weary hour.
I kept the baby's cradle near
My bed at night: if 't even stirred, I 'd guess it,
And waking, hear.
And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,
And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake,
And dandling back and forth the restless creature take,
Then at the wash-tub stand, at morning's break;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending,
Day after day, the same thing, never-ending.

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One's spirits, Sir, are thus not always good,
But then one learns to relish rest and food.

[*They pass.*

MARTHA.

Yes, the poor women are bad off, 't is true:
A stubborn bachelor there 's no converting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It but depends upon the like of you,
And I should turn to better ways than flirting.

MARTHA.

Speak plainly, Sir, have you no one detected?
Has not your heart been anywhere subjected?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says: One's own warm hearth
And a good wife, are gold and jewels worth.

MARTHA.

I mean, have you not felt desire, though ne'er so slightly?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 've everywhere, in fact, been entertained politely.

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MARTHA.

I meant to say, were you not touched in earnest, ever?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One should allow one's self to jest with ladies never.

MARTHA.

Ah, you don't understand!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm sorry I 'm so blind:
But I am sure — that you are very kind.

[*They pass.*

FAUST.

And me, thou angel! didst thou recognize,
As through the garden-gate I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

And thou forgiv'st my freedom, and the blame
To my impertinence befitting,
As the Cathedral thou wert quitting?

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MARGARET.

I was confused, the like ne'er happened me;
No one could ever speak to my discredit.
Ah, thought I, in my conduct has he read it —
Something immodest or unseemly free?
He seemed to have the sudden feeling
That with this wench 't were very easy dealing.
I will confess, I knew not what appeal
On your behalf, here, in my bosom grew;
But I was angry with myself, to feel
That I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST.

Sweet darling!

MARGARET.

Wait a while!

(*She plucks a star-flower,*[106] *and pulls off the leaves, one after the other.*)

FAUST.

Shall that a nosegay be?

MARGARET.

No, it is just in play.

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FAUST.

How?

MARGARET.

Go! you 'll laugh at me.

(*She pulls off the leaves and murmurs.*)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET (*half aloud*).

He loves me — loves me not.

FAUST.

Thou sweet, angelic soul!

MARGARET (*continues*).

Loves me — not — loves me — not —

(*plucking the last leaf, she cries with frank delight:*)

He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes, child! and let this blossom-word
For thee be speech divine! He loves thee!
Ah, know'st thou what it means? He loves thee!

(*He grasps both her hands.*)

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MARGARET.

I 'm all a-tremble!

FAUST.

O tremble not! but let this look,
Let this warm clasp of hands declare thee
What is unspeakable!
To yield one wholly, and to feel a rapture
In yielding, that must be eternal!
Eternal! — for the end would be despair.
No, no, — no ending! no ending!

MARTHA (*coming forward*).

The night is falling.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! we must away.

MARTHA.

I 'd ask you, longer here to tarry,
But evil tongues in this town have full play.
It 's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry,[107]
Nor other labor,
But spying all the doings of one's neighbor:
And one becomes the talk, do whatsoe'er one may.
Where is our couple now?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Flown up the alley yonder,
The wilful summer-birds!

MARTHA.

He seems of her still fonder.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she of him. So runs the world away!

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XIII.

A GARDEN-ARBOR.

(MARGARET *comes in, conceals herself behind the door, puts her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crack.*)

MARGARET.

HE comes!

FAUST (*entering*).

Ah, rogue! a tease thou art:
I have thee!

(*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET

(*clasping him, and returning the kiss*).

Dearest man! I love thee from my heart.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)

FAUST (*stamping his foot*).

Who 's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

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FAUST.

A beast!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is time to separate.

MARTHA (*coming*).

Yes, Sir, 't is late.

FAUST.

May I not, then, upon you wait?

MARGARET.

My mother would — farewell!

FAUST.

Ah, can I not remain?

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

And soon to meet again!

[*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

Dear God! However is it, such

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A man can think and know so much?
I stand ashamed and in amaze,
And answer "Yes" to all he says,
A poor, unknowing child! and he—
I can't think what he finds in me!

[*Exit.*

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XIV.

FOREST AND CAVERN.[108]

FAUST (*solus*).

SPIRIT sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I prayed. Not unto me in vain
Hast thou thy countenance revealed in fire.
Thou gav'st me Nature as a kingdom grand,
With power to feel and to enjoy it. Thou
Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
But grantest, that in her profoundest breast
I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
The ranks of living creatures thou dost lead
Before me, teaching me to know my brothers
In air and water and the silent wood.
And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,
The giant firs, in falling, neighbor boughs
And neighbor trunks with crushing weight bear down,
And falling, fill the hills with hollow thunders, —
Then to the cave secure thou leadest me,
Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast

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The deep, mysterious miracles unfold.
And when the perfect moon before my gaze
Comes up with soothing light, around me float
From every precipice and thicket damp
The silvery phantoms of the ages past,
And temper the austere delight of thought.

That nothing can be perfect unto Man
I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
Which brings me near and nearer to the Gods,
Thou gav'st the comrade, whom I now no more
Can do without, though, cold and scornful, he
Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
A word, transforms thy gifts to nothingness.
Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form:
Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not led this life quite long enough?
How can a further test delight you?

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'T is very well, that once one tries the stuff,
But something new must then requite you.

FAUST.

Would there were other work for thee!
To plague my day auspicious thou returnest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! I 'll engage to let thee be:
Thou darest not tell me so in earnest.
The loss of thee were truly very slight, —
A comrade crazy, rude, repelling:
One has one's hands full all the day and night;
If what one does, or leaves undone, is right,
From such a face as thine there is no telling.

FAUST.

There is, again, thy proper tone! —
That thou hast bored me, I must thankful be!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor Son of Earth, how couldst thou thus alone
Have led thy life, bereft of me?

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I, for a time, at least, have worked thy cure;
Thy fancy's rickets plague thee not at all:
Had I not been, so hadst thou, sure,
Walked thyself off this earthly ball.
Why here to caverns, rocky hollows slinking,
Sit'st thou, as 't were an owl a-blinking?
Why suck'st, from sodden moss and dripping stone,
Toad-like, thy nourishment alone?
A fine way, this, thy time to fill!
The Doctor 's in thy body still.

FAUST.

What fresh and vital forces, canst thou guess,
Spring from my commerce with the wilderness?
But, if thou hadst the power of guessing,
Thou wouldst be devil enough to grudge my soul the blessing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A blessing drawn from supernatural fountains!
In night and dew to lie upon the mountains;
All Heaven and Earth in rapture penetrating;
Thyself to Godhood haughtily inflating;
To grub with yearning force through Earth's dark marrow,

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Compress the six days' work within thy bosom narrow —
To taste, I know not what, in haughty power,
Thine own ecstatic life on all things shower,
Thine earthly self behind thee cast,
And then the lofty instinct, thus —

(*With a gesture:*)

at last, —
I dare n't say how — to pluck the final flower!

FAUST.

Shame on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, thou findest that unpleasant!
Thou hast the moral right to cry me "shame!" at present.
One dares not that before chaste ears declare,[109]
Which chaste hearts, notwithstanding, cannot spare;
And, once for all, I grudge thee not the pleasure
Of lying to thyself in moderate measure.
But such a course thou wilt not long endure;
Already art thou o'er-excited,
And, if it last, wilt soon be plighted
To madness and to horror, sure.

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Enough of that! Thy love sits lonely yonder,[110]
By all things saddened and oppressed;
Her thoughts and yearnings seek thee, tenderer, fonder,—
A mighty love is in her breast.
First came thy passion's flood and poured around her
As when from melted snow a streamlet overflows;
Thou hast therewith so filled and drowned her,
That now *thy* stream all shallow shows.
Methinks, instead of in the forests lording,
The noble Sir should find it good,
The love of this young silly blood
At once to set about rewarding.
Her time is miserably long;
She haunts her window, watching clouds that stray
O'er the old city-wall, and far away.
"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song,[111]
Day long, and half night long.
Now she is lively, mostly sad,
Now, wept beyond her tears;
Then again quiet she appears,—
Always love-mad.

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Ha! do I trap thee?

FAUST.

Get thee away with thine offences,
Reprobate! Name not that fairest thing,
Nor the desire for her sweet body bring
Again before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldst thou, then? She thinks that thou art flown;
And half and half thou art, I own.

FAUST.

Yet am I near, and love keeps watch and ward;
Though I were ne'er so far, it cannot falter:
I envy even the Body of the Lord
The touching of her lips, before the altar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is very well! *My* envy oft reposes
On your twin-pair, that feed among the roses.[112]

FAUST.

Away, thou pimp!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

You rail, and it is fun to me.
The God, who fashioned youth and maid,
Perceived the noblest purpose of His trade,
And also made their opportunity.
Go on! It is a woe profound!
'T is for your sweetheart's room you 're bound,
And not for death, indeed.

FAUST.

What are, within her arms, the heavenly blisses?
Though I be glowing with her kisses,
Do I not always share her need?
I am the fugitive, all houseless roaming,
The monster without aim or rest,
That like a cataract, down rocks and gorges foaming,
Leaps, maddened, into the abyss's breast!
And side-wards she, with young unwakened senses,
Within her cabin on the Alpine field
Her simple, homely life commences,
Her little world therein concealed.
And I, God's hate flung o'er me,
Had not enough, to thrust
The stubborn rocks before me

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And strike them into dust!
She and her peace I yet must undermine:
Thou, Hell, hast claimed this sacrifice as thine!
Help, Devil! through the coming pangs to push me;
What must be, let it quickly be!
Let fall on me her fate, and also crush me, —
One ruin whelm both her and me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Again it seethes, again it glows!
Thou fool, go in and comfort her!
When such a head as thine no outlet knows,
It thinks the end must soon occur.
Hail him, who keeps a steadfast mind!
Thou, else, dost well the devil-nature wear:
Naught so insipid in the world I find
As is a devil in despair.

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XV.

MARGARET'S ROOM.

MARGARET [113]

(*at the spinning-wheel, alone*).

MY peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,
The grave is here;
The world is gall
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
Is racked and crazed;
My thought is lost,
My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:

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I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,
At the pane I sit;
To meet him, him only,
The house I quit.

His lofty gait,
His noble size,
The smile of his mouth,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his talk, the bliss
In the clasp of his hand,
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore:
I never shall find it,
Ah, nevermore!

My bosom yearns
For him alone;

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Ah, dared I clasp him,
And hold, and own!

And kiss his mouth,
To heart's desire,
And on his kisses
At last expire!

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XVI.

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARGARET.

PROMISE me, Henry!—

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How is 't with thy religion, pray?
Thou art a dear, good-hearted man,
And yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

FAUST.

Leave that, my child! Thou know'st my love is tender;
For love, my blood and life would I surrender,
And as for Faith and Church, I grant to each his own.

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MARGARET.

That 's not enough: we must believe thereon.

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Would that I had some influence!
Then, too, thou honorest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST.

I honor them.

MARGARET.

Desiring no possession.
'T is long since thou hast been to mass or to confession.
Believest thou in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who shall dare
"I believe in God!" to say?
Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,
And it will seem a mocking play,
A sarcasm on the asker.

MARGARET.

Then thou believest not!

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FAUST.

Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance![114]
Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him,
Saying: I believe in Him!
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not!
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds he not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches not there the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
And rise not, on us shining,
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
And feel'st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, round thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
Call it, then, what thou wilt,—

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Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name to give it!
Feeling is all in all:
The Name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARGARET.

All that is fine and good, to hear it so:
Much the same way the preacher spoke,
Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST.

The same thing, in all places,
All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day —
Each in its language — say;
Then why not I, in mine, as well?

MARGARET.

To hear it thus, it may seem passable;
And yet, some hitch in 't there must be
For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST.

Dear love!

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MARGARET.

I 've long been grieved to see
That thou art in such company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who with thee goes, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.
In all my life there 's nothing
Has given my heart so keen a pang of loathing,
As his repulsive face has done.

FAUST.

Nay, fear him not, my sweetest one!

MARGARET.

I feel his presence like something ill.
I 've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
The secret horror of him returneth;
And I think the man a knave, as I live!
If I do him wrong, may God forgive!

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FAUST.

There must be such queer birds, however.

MARGARET.

Live with the like of him, may I never!
When once inside the door comes he,
He looks around so sneeringly,
And half in wrath:
One sees that in nothing no interest he hath:
'T is written on his very forehead
That love, to him, is a thing abhorréd.
I am so happy on thine arm,
So free, so yielding, and so warm,
And in his presence stifled seems my heart.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel that thou art!

MARGARET.

It overcomes me in such degree,
That wheresoe'er he meets us, even,
I feel as though I 'd lost my love for thee.
When he is by, I could not pray to Heaven.

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That burns within me like a flame,
And surely, Henry, 't is with thee the same.

FAUST.

There, now, is thine antipathy!

MARGARET.

But I must go.

FAUST.

Ah, shall there never be
A quiet hour, to see us fondly plighted,
With breast to breast, and soul to soul united?

MARGARET.

Ah, if I only slept alone!
I 'd draw the bolts to-night, for thy desire;
But mother's sleep so light has grown,
And if we were discovered by her,
'T would be my death upon the spot!

FAUST.

Thou angel, fear it not!
Here is a phial: in her drink

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But three drops of it measure,
And deepest sleep will on her senses sink.

MARGARET.

What would I not, to give thee pleasure?
It will not harm her, when one tries it?

FAUST.

If 't would, my love, would I advise it?

MARGARET.

Ah, dearest man, if but thy face I see,
I know not what compels me to thy will:
So much have I already done for thee,
That scarcely more is left me to fulfil.

[*Exit.*

(*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Hast played the spy again?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 've heard, most fully, how she drew thee.
The Doctor has been catechised, 't is plain;
Great good, I hope, the thing will do thee.
The girls have much desire to ascertain
If one is prim and good, as ancient rules compel:
If there he 's led, they think, he 'll follow them as well.

FAUST.

Thou, monster, wilt nor see nor own
How this pure soul, of faith so lowly,
So loving and ineffable, —
The faith alone
That her salvation is, — with scruples holy
Pines, lest she hold as lost the man she loves so well!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou, full of sensual, super-sensual desire,
A girl by the nose is leading thee.

FAUST.

Abortion, thou, of filth and fire!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then, how masterly she reads physiognomy!
When I am present she 's impressed, she knows not how;
She in my mask a hidden sense would read:
She feels that surely I 'm a genius now, —
Perhaps the very Devil, indeed!
Well, well, — to-night —?

FAUST.

What 's that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet my delight 't will also be!

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XVII.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.[115]

MARGARET *and* LISBETH *with pitchers.*

LISBETH.

HAST nothing heard of Barbara?

MARGARET.

No, not a word. I go so little out.

LISBETH.

It 's true, Sibylla said, to-day.
She 's played the fool at last, there 's not a doubt.
Such taking-on of airs!

MARGARET.

How so?

LISBETH.

It stinks!
She 's feeding two, whene'er she eats and drinks.

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MARGARET.

Ah!

LISBETH.

And so, at last, it serves her rightly.
She clung to the fellow so long and tightly!
That was a promenading!
At village and dance parading!
As the first they must everywhere shine,
And he treated her always to pies and wine,
And she made a to-do with her face so fine;
So mean and shameless was her behavior,
She took all the presents the fellow gave her.
'T was kissing and coddling, on and on!
So now, at the end, the flower is gone.

MARGARET.

The poor, poor thing!

LISBETH.

Dost pity her, at that?
When one of us at spinning sat,
And mother, nights, ne'er let us out the door
She sported with her paramour.
On the door-bench, in the passage dark,

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The length of the time they 'd never mark.
So now her head no more she 'll lift,
But do church-penance in her sinner's shift!

MARGARET.

He 'll surely take her for his wife.

LISBETH.

He 'd be a fool! A brisk young blade
Has room, elsewhere, to ply his trade.
Besides, he 's gone.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

LISBETH.

If him she gets, why let her beware!
The boys shall dash her wreath on the floor,
And we 'll scatter chaff before her door![116]

[*Exit.*

MARGARET (*returning home*).

How scornfully I once reviled,
When some poor maiden was beguiled!
More speech than any tongue suffices

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I craved, to censure others' vices.
Black as it seemed, I blackened still,
And blacker yet was in my will;
And blessed myself, and boasted high, —
And now — a living sin am I!
Yet — all that drove my heart thereto,
God! was so good, so dear, so true!

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XVIII.

DONJON.[117]

(*In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater Dolorosa. Pots of flowers before it.*)

MARGARET

(*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

INCLINE, O Maiden,
Thou sorrow-laden,
Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword Thy heart in,
With anguish smarting,
Thou lookest up to where Thy Son is slain!

Thou seest the Father;
Thy sad sighs gather,
And bear aloft Thy sorrow and His pain!

Ah, past guessing,
Beyond expressing,

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The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
Why this anxious heart so burneth,
Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
Knowest Thou, and Thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
What woe, what woe and sorrow
Within my bosom aches!
Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
I 'm weeping, weeping, weeping,
The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
Alas! my tears did wet,
As in the early morning
For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
The morning sun shone red:
I sat, in utter sorrow,
Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
O Maiden!
Thou sorrow-laden,
Incline Thy countenance upon my pain!

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XIX.

NIGHT.

STREET BEFORE MARGARET'S DOOR.

VALENTINE [118]

(*a soldier*, MARGARET'S *brother*).

WHEN I have sat at some carouse,
Where each to each his brag allows,
And many a comrade praised to me
His pink of girls right lustily,
With brimming glass that spilled the toast,
And elbows planted as in boast:
I sat in unconcerned repose,
And heard the swagger as it rose.
And stroking then my beard, I 'd say,
Smiling, the bumper in my hand:
"Each well enough in her own way,
But is there one in all the land
Like sister Margaret, good as gold, —
One that to her can a candle hold?"

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Cling! clang! "Here 's to her!" went around
The board: "He speaks the truth!" cried some;
"In her the flower o' the sex is found!"
And all the swaggerers were dumb.
And now! — I could tear my hair with vexation,
And dash out my brains in desperation!
With turned-up nose each scamp may face me,
With sneers and stinging taunts disgrace me,
And, like a bankrupt debtor sitting,
A chance-dropped word may set me sweating!
Yet, though I thresh them all together,
I cannot call them liars, either.

But what comes sneaking, there, to view?
If I mistake not, there are two.
If *he* 's one, let me at him drive!
He shall not leave the spot alive.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from the window of the sacristy
Upward th' eternal lamp sends forth a glimmer,
That, lessening side-wards, fainter grows and dimmer,

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Till darkness closes from the sky!
The shadows thus within my bosom gather.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm like a sentimental tom-cat, rather,
That round the tall fire-ladders sweeps,
And stealthy, then, along the coping creeps:
Quite virtuous, withal, I come,
A little thievish and a little frolicsome.
I feel in every limb the presage
Forerunning the grand Walpurgis-Night:
Day after to-morrow brings its message,
And one keeps watch then with delight.

FAUST.

Meanwhile, may not the treasure risen be,
Which there, behind, I glimmering see?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shalt soon experience the pleasure,
To lift the kettle with its treasure.
I lately gave therein a squint —
Saw splendid lion-dollars in 't.[119]

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FAUST.

Not even a jewel, not a ring,
To deck therewith my darling girl?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw, among the rest, a thing
That seemed to be a chain of pearl.

FAUST.

That 's well, indeed! For painful is it
To bring no gift when her I visit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou shouldst not find it so annoying,
Without return to be enjoying.
Now, while the sky leads forth its starry throng,
Thou 'lt hear a masterpiece, no work completer:
I 'll sing her, first, a moral song,
The surer, afterwards, to cheat her.

(*Sings to the cither.*)

What dost thou here [120]
In daybreak clear,

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Kathrina dear,
Before thy lover's door?
Beware! the blade
Lets in a maid,
That out a maid
Departeth nevermore!

The coaxing shun
Of such an one!
When once 't is done
Good-night to thee, poor thing!
Love's time is brief:
Unto no thief
Be warm and lief,
But with the wedding-ring!

VALENTINE (*comes forward*).

Whom wilt thou lure? God's-element!
Rat-catching piper, thou! — perdition! [121]
To the Devil, first, the instrument!
To the Devil, then, the curst musician!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The cither 's smashed! For nothing more 't is fitting.

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VALENTINE.

There 's yet a skull I must be splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Sir Doctor, don't retreat, I pray!
Stand by: I 'll lead, if you 'll but tarry:
Out with your spit, without delay![122]
You 've but to lunge, and I will parry.

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not? 't is light.

VALENTINE.

That, too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course.

VALENTINE.

I think the Devil must fight!
How is it, then? my hand 's already lame.

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MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

O God!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now is the lubber tame!
But come, away! 'T is time for us to fly;
For there arises now a murderous cry.
With the police 't were easy to compound it,
But here the penal court will sift and sound it.

[*Exit with* FAUST.

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Come out! come out!

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*).

They swear and storm, they yell and fight!

PEOPLE.

Here lies one dead already — see!

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MARTHA (*coming from the house*).

The murderers, whither have they run?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lies here?

PEOPLE.

'T is thy mother's son!

MARGARET.

Almighty God! what misery!

VALENTINE.

I 'm dying! That is quickly said,
And quicker yet 't is done.
Why howl, you women there? Instead,
Come here and listen, every one!

(*All gather around him.*)

My Margaret, see! still young thou art,
But not the least bit shrewd or smart,
Thy business thus to slight:
So this advice I bid thee heed —
Now that thou art a whore indeed,
Why, be one then, outright!

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MARGARET.

My brother! God! such words to me?

VALENTINE.

In this game let our Lord God be!
What 's done 's already done, alas!
What follows it, must come to pass.
With one begin'st thou secretly,
Then soon will others come to thee,
And when a dozen thee have known,
Thou 'rt also free to all the town.

When Shame is born and first appears,
She is in secret brought to light,
And then they draw the veil of night
Over her head and ears;
Her life, in fact, they 're loath to spare her.
But let her growth and strength display,
She walks abroad unveiled by day,
Yet is not grown a whit the fairer.
The uglier she is to sight,
The more she seeks the day's broad light.

The time I verily can discern
When all the honest folk will turn

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From thee, thou jade! and seek protection,
As from a corpse that breeds infection.
Thy guilty heart shall then dismay thee,
When they but look thee in the face: —
Shalt not in a golden chain array thee,
Nor at the altar take thy place!
Shalt not, in lace and ribbons flowing,
Make merry when the dance is going!
But in some corner, woe betide thee!
Among the beggars and cripples hide thee;
And so, though even God forgive,
On earth a damned existence live!

MARTHA.

Commend your soul to God for pardon,
That you your heart with slander harden!

VALENTINE.

Thou pimp most infamous, be still!
Could I thy withered body kill,
'T would bring, for all my sinful pleasure,
Forgiveness in the richest measure.

MARGARET.

My brother! This is Hell's own pain!

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VALENTINE.

I tell thee, from thy tears refrain!
When thou from honor didst depart
It stabbed me to the very heart.
Now through the slumber of the grave
I go to God as a soldier brave.

(*Dies.*)

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XX.

CATHEDRAL.[123]

SERVICE, ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

(MARGARET *among much people: the* EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.)

EVIL SPIRIT.

HOW otherwise was it, Margaret,
When thou, still innocent,
Here to the altar cam'st,
And from the worn and fingered book
Thy prayers didst prattle,
Half sport of childhood,
Half God within thee!
Margaret!
Where tends thy thought?
Within thy bosom
What hidden crime?
Pray'st thou for mercy on thy mother's soul,
That fell asleep to long, long torment, and through thee?
Upon thy threshold whose the blood?

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And stirreth not and quickens
Something beneath thy heart,
Thy life disquieting
With most foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! woe!
Would I were free from the thoughts
That cross me, drawing hither and thither,
Despite me!

CHORUS.

Dies iræ, dies illa,[124]
Solvet sæclum in favilla!

(*Sound of the organ.*)

EVIL SPIRIT.

Wrath takes thee!
The trumpet peals!
The graves tremble!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
To fiery torments
Now again requickened,
Throbs to life!

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MARGARET.

Would I were forth!
I feel as if the organ here
My breath takes from me,
My very heart
Dissolved by the anthem!

CHORUS.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,[125]
Quidquid latet, adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I cannot breathe!
The massy pillars
Imprison me!
The vaulted arches
Crush me! — Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself! Sin and shame
Stay never hidden.
Air? Light?
Woe to thee!

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CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,[126]
Quem patronem rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

EVIL SPIRIT.

They turn their faces,
The glorified, from thee:
The pure, their hands to offer,
Shuddering, refuse thee!
Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

MARGARET.

Neighbor! your cordial![127]

(*She falls in a swoon.*)

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XXI.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.[128]

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

District of Schierke and Elend.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

DOST thou not wish a broomstick-steed's assistance?
The sturdiest he-goat I would gladly see:
The way we take, our goal is yet some distance.

FAUST.

So long as in my legs I feel the fresh existence,
This knotted staff suffices me.
What need to shorten so the way?
Along this labyrinth of vales to wander,
Then climb the rocky ramparts yonder,
Wherefrom the fountain flings eternal spray,
Is such delight, my steps would fain delay.
The spring-time stirs within the fragrant birches,

Digitized by Google

And even the fir-tree feels it now:
Should then our limbs escape its gentle searches?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I notice no such thing, I vow!
'T is winter still within my body:
Upon my path I wish for frost and snow.
How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,[129]
And lights so dimly, that, as one advances,
At every step one strikes a rock or tree!
Let us, then, use a Jack-o'-lantern's glances:
I see one yonder, burning merrily.
Ho, there! my friend! I 'll levy thine attendance:
Why waste so vainly thy resplendence?
Be kind enough to light us up the steep!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

My reverence, I hope, will me enable
To curb my temperament unstable;
For zigzag courses we are wont to keep.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Indeed? he 'd like mankind to imitate!

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Now, in the Devil's name, go straight,
Or I 'll blow out his being's flickering spark!

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

You are the master of the house, I mark,
And I shall try to serve you nicely.
But then, reflect: the mountain's magic-mad to-day,
And if a will-o'-the-wisp must guide you on the way,
You must n't take things too precisely.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, WILL-O'-THE-WISP

(*in alternating song*).

We, it seems, have entered newly
In the sphere of dreams enchanted.
Do thy bidding, guide us truly,
That our feet be forwards planted
In the vast, the desert spaces!

See them swiftly changing places,
Trees on trees beside us trooping,
And the crags above us stooping,
And the rocky snouts, outgrowing, —
Hear them snoring, hear them blowing! [130]

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O'er the stones, the grasses, flowing
Stream and streamlet seek the hollow.
Hear I noises? songs that follow?
Hear I tender love-petitions?
Voices of those heavenly visions?
Sounds of hope, of love undying!
And the echoes, like traditions
Of old days, come faint and hollow.

Hoo-hoo! Shoo-hoo! Nearer hover
Jay and screech-owl, and the plover, —
Are they all awake and crying?
Is 't the salamander pushes,
Bloated-bellied, through the bushes?
And the roots, like serpents twisted,
Through the sand and boulders toiling,
Fright us, weirdest links uncoiling
To entrap us, unresisted:
Living knots and gnarls uncanny
Feel with polypus-antennæ
For the wanderer. Mice are flying,
Thousand-colored, herd-wise hieing
Through the moss and through the heather!
And the fire-flies wink and darkle,

Digitized by Google

Crowded swarms that soar and sparkle,
And in wildering escort gather!

Tell me, if we still are standing,
Or if further we 're ascending?
All is turning, whirling, blending,
Trees and rocks with grinning faces,
Wandering lights that spin in mazes,
Still increasing and expanding!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp my skirt with heart undaunted!
Here a middle-peak is planted,
Whence one seëth, with amaze,
Mammon in the mountain blaze.

FAUST.

How strangely glimmers through the hollows
A dreary light, like that of dawn!
Its exhalation tracks and follows
The deepest gorges, faint and wan.
Here steam, there rolling vapor sweepeth;
Here burns the glow through film and haze:
Now like a tender thread it creepeth,
Now like a fountain leaps and plays.

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Here winds away, and in a hundred
Divided veins the valley braids:
There, in a corner pressed and sundered,
Itself detaches, spreads and fades.
Here gush the sparkles incandescent
Like scattered showers of golden sand;—
But, see! in all their height, at present,
The rocky ramparts blazing stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Has not Sir Mammon grandly lighted
His palace for this festal night?
'T is lucky thou hast seen the sight;
The boisterous guests approach that were invited.

FAUST.

How raves the tempest through the air![131]
With what fierce blows upon my neck 't is beating!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Under the old ribs of the rock retreating,
Hold fast, lest thou be hurled down the abysses there!
The night with the mist is black;
Hark! how the forests grind and crack!
Frightened, the owlets are scattered:

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Hearken! the pillars are shattered,
The evergreen palaces shaking!
Boughs are groaning and breaking,
The tree-trunks terribly thunder,
The roots are twisting asunder!
In frightfully intricate crashing
Each on the other is dashing,
And over the wreck-strewn gorges
The tempest whistles and surges!
Hear'st thou voices higher ringing?
Far away, or nearer singing?
Yes, the mountain's side along,
Sweeps an infuriate glamouring song!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The witches ride to the Brocken's top,[132]
The stubble is yellow, and green the crop.
There gathers the crowd for carnival:
Sir Urian sits over all.
And so they go over stone and stock;
The witch she ——s, and ——s the buck.

A VOICE.

Alone, old Baubo 's coming now;[133]
She rides upon a farrow-sow.

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CHORUS.

Then honor to whom the honor is due!
Dame Baubo first, to lead the crew!
A tough old sow and the mother thereon,
Then follow the witches, every one.

A VOICE.

Which way com'st thou hither?

VOICE.

O'er the Ilsen-stone.

I peeped at the owl in her nest alone:
How she stared and glared!

VOICE.

Betake thee to Hell!
Why so fast and so fell?

VOICE.

She has scored and has flayed me:
See the wounds she has made me!

WITCHES (*chorus*).

The way is wide, the way is long:
See, what a wild and crazy throng!

Digitized by Google

The broom it scratches, the fork it thrusts,
The child is stifled, the mother bursts.

WIZARDS (*semichorus*).

As doth the snail in shell, we crawl:
Before us go the women all.
When towards the Devil's House we tread,
Woman 's a thousand steps ahead.[134]

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

We do not measure with such care:
Woman in thousand steps is there,
But howsoe'er she hasten may,
Man in one leap has cleared the way.

VOICE (*from above*).

Come on, come on, from Rocky Lake!

VOICE (*from below*).

Aloft we 'd fain ourselves betake.
We 've washed, and are bright as ever you will,
Yet we 're eternally sterile still.[135]

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is hushed, the star shoots by,
The dreary moon forsakes the sky;

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The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.[136]

VOICE (*from below*).

Halt, there! Ho, there!

VOICE (*from above*).

Who calls from the rocky cleft below there?

VOICE (*below*).

Take me, too! take me, too!
I 'm climbing now three hundred years,[137]
And yet the summit cannot see:
Among my equals I would be.

BOTH CHORUSES.

Bears the broom and bears the stock,
Bears the fork and bears the buck:
Who cannot raise himself to-night
Is evermore a ruined wight.

HALF-WITCH (*below*).

So long I stumble, ill bestead,
And the others are now so far ahead!

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At home I 've neither rest nor cheer,
And yet I cannot gain them here.

CHORUS OF WITCHES

To cheer the witch will salve avail;
A rag will answer for a sail;
Each trough a goodly ship supplies;
He ne'er will fly, who now not flies.

BOTH CHORUSES.

When round the summit whirls our flight,
Then lower, and on the ground alight;
And far and wide the heather press
With witchhood's swarms of wantonness!

(*They settle down.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They crowd and push, they roar and clatter!
They whirl and whistle, pull and chatter!
They shine, and spirt, and stink, and burn!
The true witch-element we learn.
Keep close! or we are parted, in our turn.
Where art thou?

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FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! whirled so far astray?
Then house-right I must use, and clear the way.
Make room! Squire Voland comes![138] Room, gentle rabble, room!
Here, Doctor, hold to me: in one jump we 'll resume
An easier space, and from the crowd be free:
It 's too much, even for the like of me.
Yonder, with special light, there 's something shining clearer
Within those bushes; I 've a mind to see.
Come on! we 'll slip a little nearer.

FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction! On! I 'll follow straight.
'T is planned most wisely, if I judge aright:
We climb the Brocken's top in the Walpurgis-Night,
That arbitrarily, here, ourselves we isolate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But see, what motley flames among the heather!

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There is a lively club together:
In smaller circles one is not alone.

FAUST.

Better the summit, I must own:
There fire and whirling smoke I see.
They seek the Evil One in wild confusion:
Many enigmas there might find solution.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But there enigmas also knotted be.
Leave to the multitude their riot!
Here will we house ourselves in quiet.
It is an old, transmitted trade,
That in the greater world the little worlds are made.
I see stark-nude young witches congregate,
And old ones, veiled and hidden shrewdly:
On my account be kind, nor treat them rudely!
The trouble's small, the fun is great.
I hear the noise of instruments attuning, —
Vile din! yet one must learn to bear the crooning.
Come, come along! It *must* be, I declare!
I 'll go ahead and introduce thee there,
Thine obligation newly earning.

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That is no little space: what say'st thou, friend?
Look yonder! thou canst scarcely see the end:
A hundred fires along the ranks are burning.
They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they court:
Now where, just tell me, is there better sport?

FAUST.

Wilt thou, to introduce us to the revel,
Assume the part of wizard or of devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm mostly used, 't is true, to go incognito,
But on a gala-day one may his orders show.
The Garter does not deck my suit,
But honored and at home is here the cloven foot.
Perceiv'st thou yonder snail? It cometh, slow and steady;
So delicately its feelers pry,
That it hath scented me already:
I cannot here disguise me, if I try.
But come! we 'll go from this fire to a newer:
I am the go-between, and thou the wooer.

(*To some, who are sitting around dying embers:*)

Old gentlemen, why at the outskirts? Enter!
I 'd praise you if I found you snugly in the centre,

Digitized by Google

With youth and revel round you like a zone:
You each, at home, are quite enough alone.

GENERAL.

Say, who would put his trust in nations,
Howe'er for them one may have worked and planned?
For with the people, as with women,
Youth always has the upper hand.

MINISTER.

They 're now too far from what is just and sage.
I praise the old ones, not unduly:
When we were all-in-all, then, truly,
Then was the real golden age.

PARVENU.

We also were not stupid, either,
And what we should not, often did;
But now all things have from their bases slid,
Just as we meant to hold them fast together.

AUTHOR.

Who, now, a work of moderate sense will read?
Such works are held as antiquate and mossy;

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And as regards the younger folk, indeed,
They never yet have been so pert and saucy.

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*who all at once appears very old*).[139]

I feel that men are ripe for Judgment-Day,
Now for the last time I 've the witches'-hill ascended:
Since to the lees *my* cask is drained away,
The world's, as well, must soon be ended.

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Ye gentlemen, don't pass me thus!
Let not the chance neglected be!
Behold my wares attentively:
The stock is rare and various.
And yet, there 's nothing I 've collected —
No shop, on earth, like this you 'll find! —
Which has not, once, sore hurt inflicted
Upon the world, and on mankind.
No dagger 's here, that set not blood to flowing;[140]
No cup, that hath not once, within a healthy frame
Poured speedy death, in poison glowing:
No gems, that have not brought a maid to shame;

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No sword, but severed ties for the unwary,
Or from behind struck down the adversary.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! the times thou badly comprehendest:
What 's done has happed — what haps, is done!
'T were better if for novelties thou sendest:
By such alone can we be won.

FAUST.

Let me not lose myself in all this pother!
This is a fair, as never was another!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The whirlpool swirls to get above:
Thou 'rt shoved thyself, imagining to shove.

FAUST.

But who is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Note her especially,
'T is Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife is she.[141]
Beware the lure within her lovely tresses,
The splendid sole adornment of her hair!
When she succeeds therewith a youth to snare,
Not soon again she frees him from her jesses.

FAUST.

Those two, the old one with the young one sitting,
They 've danced already more than fitting.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No rest to-night for young or old!
They start another dance: come now, let us take hold!

FAUST (*dancing with the young witch*).

A lovely dream once came to me;[142]
I then beheld an apple-tree,
And there two fairest apples shone:
They lured me so, I climbed thereon.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples have been desired by you,
Since first in Paradise they grew;

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And I am moved with joy, to know
That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*dancing with the old one*).

A dissolute dream once came to me:
Therein I saw a cloven tree,
Which had a —— —— ——;
Yet, —— as 't was, I fancied it.

THE OLD ONE.

I offer here my best salute
Unto the knight with cloven foot!
Let him a —— —— prepare,
If him —— —— —— does not scare.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.[143]

Accurséd folk! How dare you venture thus?
Had you not, long since, demonstration
That ghosts can't stand on ordinary foundation?
And now you even dance, like one of us!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Why does he come, then, to our ball?

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FAUST (*dancing*).

O, everywhere on him you fall!
When others dance, he weighs the matter:
If he can't every step bechatter,
Then 't is the same as were the step not made;
But if you forwards go, his ire is most displayed.
If you would whirl in regular gyration
As he does in his dull old mill,
He 'd show, at any rate, good-will, —
Especially if you heard and heeded his hortation.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

You still are here? Nay, 't is a thing unheard!
Vanish, at once! We 've said the enlightening word.
The pack of devils by no rules is daunted:
We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.[144]
To clear the folly out, how have I swept and stirred!
'T will ne'er be clean: why, 't is a thing unheard!

THE FAIR ONE.

Then cease to bore us at our ball!

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your face,

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I give to spirit-despotism no place;
My spirit cannot practise it at all.

(*The dance continues.*)

Naught will succeed, I see, amid such revels;
Yet something from a tour I always save,[145]
And hope, before my last step to the grave,
To overcome the poets and the devils.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He now will seat him in the nearest puddle;
The solace this, whereof he 's most assured:
And when upon his rump the leeches hang and fuddle,
He 'll be of spirits and of Spirit cured.

(*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance:*)

Wherefore forsakest thou the lovely maiden,
That in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! in the midst of it there sprang
A red mouse from her mouth — sufficient reason![146]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That 's nothing! One must not so squeamish be;

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So the mouse was not gray, enough for thee.
Who 'd think of that in love's selected season?

FAUST.

Then saw I —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there,
Alone and far, a girl most pale and fair?
She falters on, her way scarce knowing,
As if with fettered feet that stay her going.
I must confess, it seems to me
As if my kindly Margaret were she.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let the thing be! All thence have evil drawn:
It is a magic shape, a lifeless eidolon.
Such to encounter is not good:
Their blank, set stare benumbs the human blood,
And one is almost turned to stone.
Medusa's tale to thee is known.

FAUST.

Forsooth, the eyes they are of one whom, dying,

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No hand with loving pressure closed;
That is the breast whereon I once was lying, —
The body sweet, beside which I reposed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is magic all, thou fool, seduced so easily!
Unto each man his love she seems to be.

FAUST.

The woe, the rapture, so ensnare me,
That from her gaze I cannot tear me!
And, strange! around her fairest throat
A single scarlet band is gleaming,
No broader than a knife-blade seeming!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right! The mark I also note.
Her head beneath her arm she 'll sometimes carry;
'T was Perseus lopped it, her old adversary.
Thou crav'st the same illusion still!
Come, let us mount this little hill;
The Prater shows no livelier stir,[147]
And, if they 've not bewitched my sense,
I verily see a theatre.
What 's going on?

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SERVIBILIS.[148]

'T will shortly recommence:
A new performance — 't is the last of seven.
To give that number is the custom here:
'T was by a Dilettante written,
And Dilettanti in the parts appear.
That now I vanish, pardon, I entreat you!
As Dilettante I the curtain raise.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When I upon the Blocksberg meet you,
I find it good: for that 's your proper place.

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XXII.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM.

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING.[149]

INTERMEZZO.

MANAGER.

SONS of Mieding, rest to-day![150]
Needless your machinery:
Misty vale and mountain gray,
That is all the scenery.

HERALD.

That the wedding golden be,
Must fifty years be rounded:
But *the Golden* give to me,
When the strife 's compounded.

OBERON.

Spirits, if you 're here, be seen —
Show yourselves, delighted!
Fairy king and fairy queen,
They are newly plighted.

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PUCK.[151]

Cometh Puck, and, light of limb,
Whisks and whirls in measure:
Come a hundred after him,
To share with him the pleasure.

ARIEL.[152]

Ariel's song is heavenly-pure,
His tones are sweet and rare ones:
Though ugly faces he allure,
Yet he allures the fair ones.

OBERON.

Spouses, who would fain agree,
Learn how we were mated!
If your pairs would loving be,
First be separated!

TITANIA.

If her whims the wife control,
And the man berate her,
Take him to the Northern Pole,
And her to the Equator!

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ORCHESTRA. TUTTI.[153]

Fortissimo.

Snout of fly, mosquito-bill,
And kin of all conditions,
Frog in grass, and cricket-trill, —
These are the musicians!

SOLO.[154]

See the bagpipe on our track!
'T is the soap-blown bubble:
Hear the *schnecke-schnicke-schnack*
Through his nostrils double!

SPIRIT, JUST GROWING INTO FORM.[155]

Spider's foot and paunch of toad,
And little wings — we know 'em!
A little creature 't will not be,
But yet, a little poem.

A LITTLE COUPLE.[156]

Little step and lofty leap
Through honey-dew and fragrance:
You 'll never mount the airy steep
With all your tripping vagrance.

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INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.[157]

Is 't but masquerading play?
See I with precision?
Oberon, the beauteous fay,
Meets, to-night, my vision!

ORTHODOX.[158]

Not a claw, no tail I see!
And yet, beyond a cavil,
Like "the Gods of Greece," must he
Also be a devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.[159]

I only seize, with sketchy air,
Some outlines of the tourney;
Yet I betimes myself prepare
For my Italian journey.

PURIST.

My bad luck brings me here, alas!
How roars the orgy louder!
And of the witches in the mass,
But only two wear powder.

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YOUNG WITCH.

Powder becomes, like petticoat,
A gray and wrinkled noddy;
So I sit naked on my goat,
And show a strapping body.

MATRON.

We 've too much tact and policy
To rate with gibes a scolder;
Yet, young and tender though you be,
I hope to see you moulder.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Fly-snout and mosquito-bill,
Don't swarm so round the Naked!
Frog in grass and cricket-trill,
Observe the time, and make it!

WEATHERCOCK (*towards one side*).[160]

Society to one's desire!
Brides only, and the sweetest!
And bachelors of youth and fire,
And prospects the completest!

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WEATHERCOCK (*towards the other side*).

And if the Earth don't open now
To swallow up each ranter,
Why, then will I myself, I vow,
Jump into hell instanter!

XENIES.[161]

Us as little insects see!
With sharpest nippers flitting,
That our Papa Satan we
May honor as is fitting.

HENNINGS.[162]

How, in crowds together massed,
They are jesting, shameless!
They will even say, at last,
That their hearts are blameless.

MUSAGETES.

Among this witches' revelry
His way one gladly loses;
And, truly, it would easier be
Than to command the Muses.

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CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

The proper folks one's talents laud:
Come on, and none shall pass us!
The Blocksberg has a summit broad,
Like Germany's Parnassus.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Say, who 's the stiff and pompous man?
He walks with haughty paces:
He snuffles all he snuffle can:
"He scents the Jesuits' traces."

CRANE.[163]

Both clear and muddy streams, for me
Are good to fish and sport in:
And thus the pious man you see
With even devils consorting.

WORLDLING.[164]

Yes, for the pious, I suspect,
All instruments are fitting;
And on the Blocksberg they erect
Full many a place of meeting.

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DANCER.

A newer chorus now succeeds!
I hear the distant drumming.
"Don't be disturbed! 't is, in the reeds,
The bittern's changeless booming."

DANCING-MASTER.

How each his legs in nimble trip
Lifts up, and makes a clearance!
The crooked jump, the heavy skip,
Nor care for the appearance.

GOOD FELLOW.[165]

The rabble by such hate are held,
To maim and slay delights them:
As Orpheus' lyre the brutes compelled,
The bagpipe here unites them.

DOGMATIST.

I 'll not be led by any lure
Of doubts or critic-cavils:
The Devil must be something, sure, —
Or how should there be devils?

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IDEALIST.[166]

This once, the fancy wrought in me
Is really too despotic:
Forsooth, if I am all I see,
I must be idiotic!

REALIST.

This racking fuss on every hand,
It gives me great vexation;
And, for the first time, here I stand
On insecure foundation.

SUPERNATURALIST.

With much delight I see the play,
And grant to these their merits,
Since from the devils I also may
Infer the better spirits.

SCEPTIC.[167]

The flame they follow, on and on,
And think they 're near the treasure:
But *Devil* rhymes with *Doubt* alone,
So I am here with pleasure.

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LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog in green, and cricket-trill,
Such dilettants! — perdition!
Fly-snout and mosquito-bill, —
Each one 's a fine musician!

THE ADROIT.[168]

Sanssouci, we call the clan
Of merry creatures so, then;
Go a-foot no more we can,
And on our heads we go, then.

THE AWKWARD.

Once many a bit we sponged; but now,
God help us! that is done with:
Our shoes are all danced out, we trow,
We 've but naked soles to run with.

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.[169]

From the marshes we appear,
Where we originated;
Yet in the ranks, at once, we 're here
As glittering gallants rated.

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SHOOTING-STAR.

Darting hither from the sky,
In star and fire light shooting,
Cross-wise now in grass I lie:
Who 'll help me to my footing?

THE HEAVY FELLOWS.

Room! and round about us, room!
Trodden are the grasses:
Spirits also, spirits come,
And they are bulky masses.

PUCK.

Enter not so stall-fed quite,
Like elephant-calves about one!
And the heaviest weight to-night
Be Puck, himself, the stout one!

ARIEL.

If loving Nature at your back,
Or Mind, the wings uncloses,
Follow up my airy track
To the mount of roses!

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ORCHESTRA.

Pianissimo.

Cloud and trailing mist o'erhead
Are now illuminated:
Air in leaves, and wind in reed,
And all is dissipated.[170]

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XXIII.

DREARY DAY.[171]

A FIELD.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

IN misery! In despair! Long wretchedly astray on the face of the earth, and now imprisoned! That gracious, ill-starred creature shut in a dungeon as a criminal, and given up to fearful torments! To this has it come! to this! — Treacherous, contemptible spirit, and thou hast concealed it from me! — Stand, then, — stand! Roll the devilish eyes wrathfully in thy head! Stand and defy me with thine intolerable presence! Imprisoned! In irretrievable misery! Delivered up to evil spirits, and to condemning, unfeeling Man! And thou hast lulled me, meanwhile, with the most insipid dissipations, hast concealed from me her increasing wretchedness, and suffered her to go helplessly to ruin!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

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FAUST.

Dog! Abominable monster! Transform him, thou Infinite Spirit! transform the reptile again into his dog-shape, in which it pleased him often at night to scamper on before me, to roll himself at the feet of the unsuspecting wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell! Transform him again into his favorite likeness, that he may crawl upon his belly in the dust before me, — that I may trample him, the outlawed, under foot! Not the first! O woe! woe which no human soul can grasp, that more than one being should sink into the depths of this misery, — that the first, in its writhing death-agony under the eyes of the Eternal Forgiver, did not expiate the guilt of all others! The misery of this single one pierces to the very marrow of my life; and thou art calmly grinning at the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are already again at the end of our wits, where the understanding of you men runs wild. Why didst thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not carry it out? Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness? Did we thrust ourselves upon thee, or thou thyself upon us?

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FAUST.

Gnash not thus thy devouring teeth at me! It fills me with horrible disgust. Mighty, glorious Spirit, who hast vouchsafed to me Thine apparition, who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to the felon-comrade, who feeds on mischief and gluts himself with ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou done?

FAUST.

Rescue her, or woe to thee! The fearfullest curse be upon thee for thousands of ages!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loosen the bonds of the Avenger, nor undo his bolts. Rescue her? Who was it that plunged her into ruin? I, or thou?

(FAUST *looks around wildly.*)

Wilt thou grasp the thunder? Well, that it has not been given to you, miserable mortals! To crush to pieces the innocent respondent — that is the tyrant-fashion of relieving one's self in embarrassments.

FAUST.

Take me thither! She shall be free!

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself? Know that the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town! Avenging spirits hover over the spot where the victim fell, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST.

That, too, from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and liberate her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will convey thee there; and hear, what I can do! Have I all the power in Heaven and on Earth? I will becloud the jailer's senses: get possession of the key, and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch: the magic steeds are ready, I will carry you off. So much is in my power.

FAUST.

Up and away!

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XXIV.

NIGHT.

OPEN FIELD.[172]

(FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *speeding onward on black horses.*)

FAUST.

WHAT weave they there round the raven-stone?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST.

Soaring up, sweeping down, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches'-guild.

FAUST.

They scatter, devote and doom!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! on!

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XXV.

DUNGEON.

FAUST

(*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door*).

A SHUDDER, long unfelt, comes o'er me;
Mankind 's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
And all her crime was a delusion dear!
What! I delay to free her?
I dread, once again to see her?
On! my shrinking only brings Death more near.

(*He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside.*)

My mother, the harlot,[173]
Who put me to death;
My father, the varlet,
Who eaten me hath!
Little sister, so good,
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay:

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Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood;
Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST (*unlocking*).

She does not dream her lover listens near;
That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear.

(*He enters.*)

MARGARET (*hiding herself on the pallet*).

Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness!

FAUST (*whispering*).

Hush! hush! The hour is come that frees thee.

MARGARET (*throwing herself before him*).

Art thou a man, then pity my distress!

FAUST.

Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will seize thee!

(*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman! unto thee such power
Over me could give?

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Thou 'rt come for me at midnight-hour:
Have mercy on me, let me live!
Is 't not soon enough when morning chime has rung?

(*She rises.*)

And I am yet so young, so young!
And now Death comes, and ruin!
I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.
My love was near, but now he 's far;
Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.
Seize me not thus so violently!
Spare me! What have I done to thee?
Let me not vainly entreat thee!
I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee!

FAUST.

Shall I outlive this misery?

MARGARET.

Now am I wholly in thy might.
But let me suckle, first, my baby!
I blissed it all this livelong night;
They took 't away, to vex me, maybe,
And now they say I killed the child outright.
And never shall I be glad again.

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They sing songs about me! 't is bad of the folk to do it!
There 's an old story has the same refrain;
Who bade them so construe it?

FAUST (*falling upon his knees*).

Here lieth one who loves thee ever,
The thraldom of thy woe to sever.

MARGARET (*flinging herself beside him*).

O let us kneel, and call the Saints to hide us!
Under the steps beside us,
The threshold under,
Hell heaves in thunder!
The Evil One
With terrible wrath
Seeketh a path
His prey to discover!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*attentively listening*).

That was the voice of my lover!

(*She springs to her feet: the fetters fall off.*)

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Where is he? I heard him call me.
I am free! No one shall enthrall me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom lie!
On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret!* calling,
Midst of Hell's howling and noises appalling,
Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision!

FAUST.

'T is I!

MARGARET.

'T is thou! O, say it once again!

(*Clasping him.*)

'T is he! 't is he! Where now is all my pain?
The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?
'T is thou! Thou comest to save me,
And I am saved!—
Again the street I see
Where first I looked on thee;
And the garden, brightly blooming,
Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

FAUST (*struggling to leave*).

Come! Come with me!

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MARGARET.

Delay, now!
So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

(*Caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Away, now!
If longer here thou stayest,
We shall be made to dearly rue it.

MARGARET.

Kiss me! — canst no longer do it?
My friend, so short a time thou 'rt missing,
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?
Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,
A heaven thy loving words expressed,
And thou didst kiss, as thou wouldst suffocate me —
Kiss me!
Or I 'll kiss thee!

(*She embraces him.*)

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill,
And still.
How changed in fashion

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Thy passion!
Who has done me this ill?

(*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:
I 'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousand-fold;
But follow now! 'T is all I beg of thee.

MARGARET (*turning to him*).

And is it thou? Thou, surely, certainly?

FAUST.

'T is I! Come on!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt unloose my chain,
And in thy lap wilt take me once again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —
Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free?

FAUST.

Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET.

My mother have I put to death;
I 've drowned the baby born to thee.

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Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too! — 'T is thou! It scarcely true doth seem —
Give me thy hand! 'T is not a dream!
Thy dear, dear hand! — But, ah, 't is wet!
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
There 's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
Do not affray me!

FAUST.

O, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET.

No, no! Thou must outlive us.
Now I 'll tell thee the graves to give us:
Thou must begin to-morrow
The work of sorrow!
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
Nobody else will lie beside me! —

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Ah, within thine arms to hide me,
That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
But no more, no more can I attain it!
I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
And it seems thou repellest my kiss:
And yet 't is thou, so good, so kind to see!

FAUST.

If thou feel'st it is I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

Out yonder?

FAUST.

To freedom.

MARGARET.

If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come!
From here to eternal rest:
No further step — no, no!
Thou goest away! O Henry, if I could go!

FAUST.

Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go: there 's no hope any more.

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Why should I fly? They 'll still my steps waylay
It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
And I 'd still be followed and taken!

FAUST.

I 'll stay with thee

MARGARET.

Be quick! Be quick!
Save thy perishing child!
Away! Follow the ridge
Up by the brook,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
To the left, where the plank is placed
In the pool!
Seize it in haste!
'T is trying to rise,
'T is struggling still!
Save it! Save it!

FAUST.

Recall thy wandering will!
One step, and thou art free at last!

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MARGARET.

If the mountain we had only passed!
There sits my mother upon a stone, —
I feel an icy shiver!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And her head is wagging ever.
She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;
She slept so long that she wakes no more.
She slept, while we were caressing:
Ah, those were the days of blessing!

FAUST.

Here words and prayers are nothing worth;
I 'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARGARET.

No — let me go! I 'll suffer no force!
Grasp me not so murderously!
I 've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST.

The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET.

Day? Yes, the day comes, — the last day breaks for me!

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My wedding-day it was to be![174]
Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!
Woe for my garland! The chances
Are over — 't is all in vain!
We shall meet once again,
But not at the dances!
The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
The square below
And the streets overflow:
The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
I am seized, and bound, and delivered —
Shoved to the block — they give the sign!
Now over each neck has quivered
The blade that is quivering over mine.
Dumb lies the world like the grave!

FAUST.

O had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears outside*).

Off! or you 're lost ere morn.
Useless talking, delaying and praying!
My horses are neighing:
The morning twilight is near.

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MARGARET.

What rises up from the threshold here?
He! he! suffer him not!
What does he want in this holy spot?
He seeks me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come! or I 'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!
Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,[175]
Camp around, and from evil ward me!
Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged![176]

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VOICE (*from above*).

She is saved!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *to* FAUST.)

Hither to me!

(*He disappears with* FAUST.)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

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NOTES.

Denn bei den alten lieben Todten
Braucht man Erklärung, will man Noten;
Die Neuen glaubt man blank zu verstehn,
Doch ohne Dolmetsch wird's auch nicht gehn.

GOETHE.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN a work which has been the subject of such extensive and continual comment, the passages which seem to require elucidation have, for the most part, been already determined. At every point where the reader is supposed to be doubtful in regard to the true path, not one, but a score of tracks has been prepared for him. From the exhaustive and somewhat wearisome work of Düntzer to the latest critical essay which has issued from the German press, the references in the text to contemporary events or fashions of thought have been detected; the words of old or new coinage have been tested and classified; and the obscure passages have received such a variety of interpretation, that they finally grow clear again by the force of contrast.

My first intention was, to give the substance of German criticism concerning both parts of Faust; but the further I advanced, the more unprofitable appeared such a plan. The work itself grew in clearness and coherence in proportion as I withdrew from the cloudy atmosphere of its interpreters. I have examined every commentary of importance, from Schubarth (1820) and Hinrichs (1825) to Kreyssig (1866), with this advantage, at least, — that each and all have led me back to find in the author of Faust his own best commentator. After making acquaintance, sometimes at the cost of much patience, with the theories of many sincere though self-asserting minds, and ascertaining what marvellous webs of meaning may be spun by the critic around a point of thought, simple enough in its poetical sense, I have always returned to Goethe's other works, to his correspondence (especially with Schiller and Zelter) and his conversations, sure of gaining new light and refreshment.*

* I am glad to find that this method, drawn from my own experience, is substantially confirmed by Mr. Lewes, who, in his *Life of Goethe* (Book VI.), says: "Critics usually devote their whole attention to an exposition of the Idea of Faust; and it seems to me that in this laborious search after a remote explanation they have overlooked the more obvious and natural explanation furnished by the work itself. The reader who has followed me thus far will be aware that I have little sympathy with that Philosophy of Art which consists in translating Art into Philosophy, and that I trouble myself, and him, very little with 'considerations on the Idea.' Experience tells

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I should only confuse the reader by attempting to set forth all the forms of intellectual, ethical, or theological significance which have been attached to the characters of Faust. The intention of the work, reduced to its simplest element, is easily grasped; but if every true poet builds larger than he knows, this drama, completed by the slow accretion of sixty years of thought, may be assumed to have a vaster background of design, change, and reference than almost anything else in Literature. Like an old Gothic pile, its outline is sometimes obscured in a labyrinth of details. While, in the Notes which succeed, it will now and then be necessary for me to give the conflicting interpretations, I shall endeavor to wander from the text as little as possible, and, even when dealing with enigmas, to keep open a way *past*, if not through them. The embarrassing abundance of the material is somewhat diminished for me by the omission of all technical or philological criticism, and my chief task will be to distinguish between those helps which all readers require and the points which are interesting only to special students of the work.

In many instances, I have simply illustrated the text by parallel passages. Where I have discovered these, in Goethe's works or correspondence, they have often been of service in suggesting (in the absence of any direct evidence) the probable time when certain scenes were written, and thereby the interests or influences which may have then swayed the author's mind. The variation in tone between different parts of the work, though sometimes very delicate, is always perceptible; and the reader to whom the original is an unknown tongue needs all the side-lights which can be thrown upon its translated forms.

The "Paralipomena" (Supplementary Fragments) to Faust have not heretofore been given by any English translator. Yet in a work of such importance we may also learn from what the author has omitted, not less than from what he has accepted. The variations made in his original design assist us to a clearer comprehension of the design itself. I consider, therefore, that the passages of the "Paralipomena" have, properly, the character of explanatory notes; and for this reason I have inserted each, as nearly as possible, in its appropriate place, instead of giving them in a body, as in the standard German edition of Goethe.

Perhaps the most satisfactory commentary on Faust would be a biography of Goethe, written with special reference to this one work. In the Chronology of Faust (Appendix II.) I have given such particulars as are necessary to the illustration of its interrupted yet life-long growth. It has not been found pos-

me that the Artists themselves had quite other objects in view than that of developing an Idea; and experience further says that the Artist's public is by no means primarily anxious about the Idea, but leaves it entirely to the critics, — who cannot agree upon the point among themselves."

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sible to combine the Notes and the Chronology without confusing the material; yet the two should be taken as parallel explanations, which the reader needs to follow at the same time. In conclusion, let me beg him not to be discouraged, if, on the first reading, the meaning of some passages, and their significance as portions of an "incommensurable" plan, — as Goethe himself characterized it, — should not be entirely clear. When he has become familiar with the history of the work, and is able to overlook it as a whole, the fitness — or the unfitness — of the multitude of parts becomes gradually evident; the compressed meanings expand into breadth and distinctness; and even those enigmas which seem to defy an ultimate analysis will charm him by dissolving into new ones, or by showing him forms of thought which fade and change as he seeks to retain them.

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NOTES.

1. Dedication.

The Dedication was certainly not written earlier than the year 1797, when Goethe, encouraged by Schiller's hearty interest in the work, determined to complete the "Fragment" of the First Part of Faust, published in 1790. Twenty-four years had therefore elapsed since the first scenes of the work were written: the poet was forty-eight years old, and the conceptions which had haunted him in his twenty-first year seemed already to belong to a dim and remote Past. The shadowy forms of the drama, which he again attempts to seize and hold, bring with them the phantoms of the friends to whom his earliest songs were sung. Of these friends, his sister Cornelia, Merck, Lenz, Basedow, and Gotter were dead; Klopstock, Lavater, and the Stolbergs were estranged; and Jacobi, Klinger, Kestner, and others were separated from him by the circumstances of their lives. Gotter died in March, 1797, and, as it is evident from Goethe's letters to Schiller that he worked upon Faust only in the months of May and June, in that year, the Dedication was probably then written.

Nothing of Goethe has been more frequently translated than these four stanzas,—and nothing, I may add, is more difficult to the translator.

2. Prelude on the Stage.

I am unable to ascertain precisely when this was written: from Goethe's correspondence, some inferences, which point to the year 1798, may be drawn. It is unnecessary to follow the critics in their philosophical analyses of this prelude, which is sufficiently explained by calling it a "poetic preface" to the work. Göschen's edition of Goethe's works, in 1790, had not been a successful venture: the "Fragment" of Faust, although fully appreciated by the few, seemed to have made no impression upon the public, while it had been assailed and ridiculed by the author's many literary enemies. Goethe always published his poetical works without a preface; but in the "Prelude on the Stage" he makes use of the characters to contrast the Poet's purest activity with the tastes and desires of the Public, two classes of which are represented by the Manager and Merry-Andrew. The dialogue indicates, in advance, the various elements

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—imagination, fancy, shrewd experience, folly, and "dramatic nonsense" —which will be woven into the work. At the same time, it indirectly admits and accounts for the author's unpopularity, and the lack of recognition which he still anticipates.

3. *The posts are set, the booth of boards completed.*

The "booth of boards" purposely refers to the rude, transportable puppet theatres in which Goethe first saw Faust represented. There is already a foreshadowing of some of the qualities of Faust and Mephistopheles in the Poet and Manager.

4. *They come to look, and they prefer to stare.*

Goethe writes, in 1802 ("*Weimarischer Hoftheater*"): "One can show the public no greater respect than in forbearing to treat it as a mob. The mob hurry unprepared to the theatre, demand that which may be immediately enjoyed, desire to stare, be amazed, laugh, weep, and therefore compel the managers, who are dependent on them, to descend more or less to their level."

5. *Who offers much, brings something unto many.*

"One should give his works the greatest possible variety and excellence, so that each reader may be able to select something for himself, and thus, in his own way, become a participant."—*Goethe to Schiller* (1798).

6. *This, aged Sirs, belongs to you.*

It is the Poets whom the Merry-Andrew thus addresses. His assertion of the perpetual youth of Genius is not ironical, but (as appears from the Manager's remarks) is intended as a compliment.

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps forty years, had rendered familiar,—

'Both sun and moon, and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman,'—

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."—*Coleridge.*

7. *From Heaven, across the World, to Hell.*

Goethe says to Eckermann (in 1827): "People come and ask, what idea I have embodied in my Faust? As if I knew, myself, and could express it! '*From Heaven, across the World, to Hell*'—that might answer, if need were; but it is not an idea, only the course of the action."

The reference in this line, curiously enough, is to the course of action in the old Faust-Legend, not to the close of the Second Part, the scene of which is laid in Heaven, instead of Hell. Yet at the time when the line was written the project of the Second Part—in outline, at least—was completed. Did

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Goethe simply intend to keep his secret from the reader?

8. Prologue in Heaven.

Some of Goethe's commentators suppose that this Prologue was added by him, from the circumstance that the design of Faust was not understood, in the "Fragment" first published. It appears to have been written in June, 1797, before the "Prelude on the Stage," and chiefly for the purpose of setting forth the moral and intellectual problem which underlies the drama. Although possibly suggested by the Prologue in Hell of two of the puppet-plays, its character is evidently drawn from the interviews of Satan with the Lord, in the first and second chapters of Job. Upon this point, Goethe (in 1825) said to Eckermann: "My Mephistopheles sings a song of Shakespeare; and why should he not? Why should I give myself the trouble to compose a new song, when Shakespeare's was just the right one, saying exactly what was necessary? If, therefore, the scheme of my Faust has some resemblance to that of Job, that is also quite right, and I should be praised rather than censured on account of it."

The earnest reader will require no explanation of the problem propounded in the Prologue. Goethe states it without obscurity, and solves it in no uncertain terms at the close of the Second Part. The mocking irreverence of Mephistopheles, in the presence of the Lord, although it belongs to the character which he plays throughout, seems to have given some difficulty to the early English translators. Lord Leveson Gower terminates the Prologue with the Chant of the Archangels; Mr. Blackie omits it entirely, but adds it in an emasculated form, as an Appendix; while Dr. Anster satisfies his spirit of reverence by printing Der Herr where the English text requires, "The Lord." Coleridge's charge of "blasphemy" evidently refers to this Prologue; but at the time when he made the charge, Coleridge was hardly capable of appreciating the spirit in which Faust was written.

It is very clear, from hints which Goethe let fall, that he at one time contemplated the introduction into Faust of the doctrine ascribed to Origen, — that it was possible for Satan to repent and be restored to his former place as an angel of light. Falk reports Goethe as saying: "Yet even the clever Madame de Staël was greatly scandalized that I kept the devil in such good-humor. In the presence of God the Father, she insisted upon it, he ought to be more grim and spiteful. What will she say if she sees him promoted a step higher, — nay, perhaps, meets him in heaven?" On another occasion, he exclaimed (if we may trust Falk): "At bottom, the most of us do not know how either to love or to hate. They 'don't like' me! An insipid phrase! — I don't like them either. Especially when, after my death, my Walpurgis-Sack comes to be opened, and all the tormenting Stygian spirits, imprisoned until then, shall be

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let loose to plague all even as they plagued me; or if, in the continuation of Faust, they should happen to come upon a passage where the Devil himself receives Grace and Mercy from God, — that, I should say, they would not soon forgive!"

9. CHANT OF THE ARCHANGELS.

The three Archangels advance in the order of their dignity, as it is given in the "Celestial Hierarchy" of Dionysius Areopagita; who was also Dante's authority on this point (*Paradiso, Canto* XXVIII). Raphael, the inferior, commences, and Michael, the chief, closes the chant.

Shelley speaks of this "astonishing chorus," and very truly says: "It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification: even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*."

I shall not, however, imitate Shelley in adding a literal translation. Here, more than in almost any other poem, the words acquire a new and indescribable power from their rhythmical collocation. The vast, wonderful atmosphere of space which envelops the lines could not be retained in prose, however admirably literal. The movement of the original is as important as its meaning. Shelley's translation of the stanzas, however, is preferable to Hayward's, which contains five inaccuracies.

The magnificent word *Donnergang* — "thunder-march" (first stanza, fourth line) — had already occurred in a fine line of one of Schiller's earliest poems, — "Elysium": —

"Berge bebten unter dessen Donnergang."

10. *Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after.*

Mephistopheles here refers to the Chant of the Archangels. His mocking spirit is at once manifested in these lines, and in his ironical repetition of "the earliest day."

11. *While Man's desires and aspirations stir,*
He cannot choose but err.

The original of this is the single, well-known line: *Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt.* It has seemed to me impossible to give the full meaning of these words — that error is a natural accompaniment of the struggles and aspirations of Man — in a single line. Here, as in a few other places, I do not feel bound to confine myself to the exact measure and limit of the original. The reader may be interested in comparing some other versions: —

HAYWARD. — Man is liable to error, while his struggle lasts.

ANSTER. — Man's hour on Earth is weakness, error, strife.

BROOKS. — Man errs and staggers from his birth.

SWANWICK. — Man, while he striveth, is prone to err.

BLACKIE. — Man must still err, so long he strives.

MARTIN. — Man, while his struggle lasts, is prone to stray.

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BERESFORD. — Man errs as long as lasts his strife.

BIRCH. — Man 's prone to err in acquisition. (!)

BLAZE. — L'homme s'égare, tant qu'il cherche son but.

12. *A good man, through obscurest aspiration,*
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

In these lines the direction of the plot is indicated. They suggest, in advance, its moral *dénouement*, at the close of the Second Part. Goethe, on one occasion, compared the "Prologue in Heaven" to the overture of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, in which a certain musical phrase occurs which is not repeated until the *finale;* and his comparison had reference to the idea expressed in these lines.

13. *But ye, God's sons in love and duty.*

Here the Lord, turning away from Mephistopheles, suddenly addresses the Archangels and the Heavenly Hosts. The expression *Das Werdende*, in the third following line, which I have translated "Creative Power," means, literally, "that which is developing into being." Shelley, who was not, and did not pretend to be, a good German scholar, entirely misses the meaning of the closing quatrain, notwithstanding he avoids the rhymed translation. His lines,

"Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thought
The floating phantoms of its loveliness,"

have nothing of the suggestive force and fulness of the original.

Hayward quotes, apparently from a private letter, Carlyle's interpretation of the passage: "There is, clearly, no translating of these lines, especially on the spur of the moment; yet it seems to me that the meaning of them is pretty distinct. The Lord has just remarked, that man (poor fellow) needs a devil, as travelling companion, to spur him on by means of Denial; whereupon, turning round (to the angels and other perfect characters), he adds, 'But ye, the genuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the beautiful (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned): let Being (or Existence), which is everywhere a glorious birth, into higher being, as it forever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of love; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye, by enduring thought, make firm.' Thus would *Das Werdende*, the thing that is a-being, mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it by 'Existence, which is everywhere a birth, into higher Existence,' and make a comfortable enough kind of sense out of that quatrain."

The intention of the passage, we might suppose, is sufficiently clear. It was Goethe's habit, as an author, to quietly ignore the conventional theology of his day: yet Mr. Heraud insists that "The Lord" of the Prologue is the Second Person of the Trinity,

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and that the four lines commencing with *Das Werdende* are simply another form of invoking "the fellowship of the Holy Ghost!" The unusual construction of these lines — the first half implying a benediction, and the second half a command — has been retained in the translation.

14. *Faust's Monologue.*

This scene, from its commencement to the close of Wagner's interview with Faust, was probably written as early as 1773. In style, as well as in substance, it suggests the puppet-play rather than the published Faust legend. In *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Goethe says, in describing his intercourse with Herder, in Strasburg (1770): "The puppet-play echoed and vibrated in many tones through my mind. I, also, had gone from one branch of knowledge to another, and was early enough convinced of the vanity of all. I had tried life in many forms, and the experience had left me only the more unsatisfied and worried. I now carried these thoughts about with me, and indulged myself in them, in lonely hours, but without committing anything to writing. Most of all, I concealed from Herder my mystic-cabalistic chemistry, and everything connected with it."

The text of various puppet-plays, which has been recovered by Simrock, Von der Hagen, and other zealous German scholars, enables us to detect the source of Goethe's conception, — the original corner-stone whereupon he builded. In the play, as given in Ulm and Strasburg, there is a brief Prologue in Hell, in which Pluto orders the temptation of Faust. Notwithstanding the variation of the action in the different plays, the opening scene possesses very much the same character in all of them. As performed by Schütz, about the beginning of this century, Faust is represented as seated at a table, upon which lies an open book. His soliloquy commences thus: "With all my learning, I, Johannes Faust, have accomplished just so much, that I must blush with self-shame. I am ridiculed everywhere, no one reads my books, all despise me. How fain am I to become more perfect! Therefore I am rigidly resolved to instruct myself in necromancy."

In Geisselbrecht's puppet-play, Faust also sits at a table and turns over the leaves of a book. He says: "I seek for learning in this book and cannot find it. Though I study all books from end to end, I cannot discover the touchstone of wisdom. O, how unfortunate art thou, Faust! I have all along thought that my luck must change, but in vain. . . . . O Fatherland! thus thou rewardest my industry, my labor, the sleepless nights I have spent in fathoming the mysteries of Theology! But, no! By Heaven, I will no longer delay, I will take upon myself all labor, so that I may penetrate into that which is concealed, and fathom the mysteries of nature!"

In the Augsburg puppet-play, Faust exclaims: "I, too, have long investigated, have gone through all arts and

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sciences. I became a Theologian, consulted authorities, weighed all, tested all, — polemics, exegesis, dogmatism. All was babble: nothing breathed of Divinity! I became a Jurist, endeavored to become acquainted with Justice, and learned how to distort justice. I found an idol, shaped by the hands of self-interest and self-conceit, a bastard of Justice, not herself. I became a Physician, intending to learn the human structure, and the methods of supporting it when it gives way; but I found not what I sought, — I only found the art of methodically murdering men. I became a Philosopher, desiring to know the soul of man, to catch Truth by the wings and Wisdom by the forelock; and I found shadows, vapors, follies, bound into a system!"

The reader is referred to the "Faust-Legend" (Appendix I.) for further information concerning these plays. I have given the above quotations, to indicate Goethe's starting-point — which is also his point of divergence — from the popular story.

I have also added the opening scene of Marlowe's "Faustus" (Appendix III.) for the sake of convenient comparison.

15. *Fly! Up, and seek the broad, free land!*

"Moreover, there are forces which increase one's productiveness in rest and sleep; but they are also found in movement. There are such forces in water, and especially in the atmosphere. In the fresh air of the open fields is where we properly belong; it is as if the Spirit of God is there immediately breathed upon man, and a divine power exercises its influence over him." — *Goethe to Eckermann* (1828).

16. *From Nostradamus' very hand.*

The astrologer Nostradamus (whose real name was Michel de Nôtre-Dame) was born at St. Remy, in Provence, in the year 1503. At first celebrated as a physician, he finally devoted himself to astrology, and published, in 1555, a collection of prophecies in rhymed quatrains, entitled *Les Prophecies de Michel Nostradamus*, which created an immediate sensation, and found many believers; especially as the death of Henry II. of France seemed to verify one of his mystical predictions. He was appointed physician to Charles IX. and continued the publication of his prophecies, asserting, however, that the study of the planetary aspects was not alone sufficient, but that the gift of second-sight, which God grants only to a few chosen persons, is also necessary. He died in the year 1566; and even as late as the year 1781 his prophecies were included in the Roman *Index Expurgatorius*, for the reason that they declare the downfall of the Papacy.

17. *The Sign of the Macrocosm.*

The term "Macrocosm" was used by Pico di Mirandola, Paracelsus, and other mystical writers, to denote the universe. They imagined a mysterious correspondence between the Macrocosm (the world in large) and the

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Microcosm (the world in little), or Man; and most of the astrological theories were based on the influence of the former upon the latter. From some of Goethe's notes, still in existence, we learn that during the time when the conception of Faust first occupied his mind (1770–73), he read Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*, Paracelsus, Valentinus, the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, and even the Latin poet Manilius.

Mr. Blackie, in his Notes, quotes a description of the Macrocosm from a Latin work of Robert Fludd, published at Oppenheim in 1619; but the theory had already been given in the *Heptaplus* of Pico di Mirandola (about 1490). The universe, according to him, consists of three worlds, the earthly, the heavenly, and the super-heavenly. The first includes our planet and its enveloping space, as far as the orbit of the moon; the second, the sun and stars; the third, the governing Divine influences. The same phenomena belong to each, but have different grades of manifestation. Thus the physical element of fire exists in the earthly sphere, the warmth of the sun in the heavenly, and a seraphic, spiritual fire in the empyrean; the first burns, the second quickens, the third loves. "In addition to these three worlds (the Macrocosm)," says Pico, "there is a fourth (the Microcosm), containing all embraced within them. This is Man, in whom are included a body formed of the elements, a heavenly spirit, reason, an angelic soul, and a resemblance to God."

The work of Cornelius Agrippa, *De Occulta Philosophia*, which was also known to Goethe, contains many references to these three divisions of the Macrocosm, and their reciprocal influences. The latter are described in the passage commencing: "How each the Whole its substance gives!"

Hayward quotes, as explanatory of these lines, the following sentence from Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit:* "When, therefore, I open the great book of Heaven, and see before me this measureless palace, which alone, and everywhere, the Godhead only has power to fill, I conclude, as undistractedly as I can, from the whole to the particular, and from the particular to the whole."

The four lines which Faust apparently quotes ("What says the sage, now first I recognize") are not from Nostradamus. They may possibly have been suggested by something in Jacob Boehme's first work, "Aurora, or the Rising Dawn," but it is not at all necessary that they should be an actual quotation.

18. *The Sign of the Earth Spirit.*

"The Archæus of the Orphic doctrine, the spirit of the elementary world, of the powerful, multiformed earthly universe, to which Faust feels himself nearer." — *Düntzer.*

"The mighty and multiform universality of the Earth itself." — *Falk.*

"But few succeed in calling up, that is to say, grasping in inspired con-

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templation — the Earth-Spirit, the spirit of History, of the movement of the human race; and still fewer is the number of those who can endure the 'form of flame,' — whose individuality is strong enough not to be swallowed up in it." — *Kreyssig.*

19. *In the tides of Life, in Action's storm.*

This chant of the Earth-Spirit recalls the "Creative Power which eternally works and lives" in the Prologue in Heaven. The closing line may have been suggested by a passage in the work, *De Sensu Rerum*, of the Dominican monk, Campanella: "*Mundus ergo totus est sensus, vita, anima, corpus statua Dei altissimi.*" The "living garment of the Deity," however, is a much finer expression. The Spirit's chant probably lingered in Shelley's memory, when he wrote: —

"Nature's vast frame — the web of human things,
Birth and the grave."

20. *O Death! — I know it — 't is my Famulus!*

The Latin word *famulus* (servant) was applied, in the Middle Ages, to the shield-bearers of the knights, and also to persons owing the obligation of service to the feudal lords. The Famulus of Faust, however, is at the same time a student, an amanuensis, an assistant in his laboratory, and a *servitor*, in the academic sense. The term is still applied, in the German Universities, to those poor students who fill various minor offices for the sake of eking out their means by the small salaries attached to them.

21. Wagner.

The name — and perhaps also the primal suggestion of the character — of Faust's Famulus is taken from the old legend, in which Christopher Wagner (see Appendix I.), after Faust's tragic end, succeeds to his knowledge and enters on a similar, if not so brilliant a career.

It is an interesting coincidence that one of Goethe's early associates, during his residence in Strasburg and Frankfort, was Heinrich Leopold Wagner (who died in 1779), and who was also an author. Goethe not only read to him the early scenes of *Faust*, but imparted to him, in confidence, the fate of Margaret, as he meant to develop it; and Wagner was faithless enough to make use of the material for a tragedy of his own — *The Infanticide* — which was published in 1776. Schiller's poem, with the same title (apparently suggested by Wagner's play), and Bürger's ballad of "The Pastor of Taubenheim's Daughter," in which the subject is very similar, were both written in the year 1781.

According to Hinrichs, Faust represents Philosophy, and Wagner Empiricism. Düntzer calls the latter "the representative of dead pedantry, of knowledge mechanically acquired"; while other critics consider that he symbolizes the *Philistine* element in German life, — the hopelessly material, prosaic, and commonplace. Deycks

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says of Wagner: "His thoroughly prosaic nature forms the sharpest contrast to Faust, and it is impossible for him to enter into any relation with Mephistopheles, because he restricts himself to beaten tracks, and is repelled by all tricksy wantonness, even by all fresh, natural indulgence. He is the driest caricature of pure rational, formal knowledge, without living thought or poetry, and especially without religion."

It was probably enough for Goethe that Wagner furnishes a dramatic contrast of character, — a foil to the boundless ideal cravings of Faust. He betrays his nature in the very first words he utters, and is so admirably consistent throughout, that the reader is never at a loss how to interpret him.

22. *Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper.*

This line, which reads, literally, "In which ye twist (or curl) paper-shreds for mankind," has been curiously misunderstood by most translators. The article *der* before *Menschheit* was supposed by Hayward to be in the *genitive* instead of the *dative* case, and he gives the phrase thus: "in which ye *crisp the shreds of humanity*"! Blackie even says "the shavings of mankind," and most of the other English versions repeat the mistake, in one or another form. In the French of Blaze and Stapfer, however, the reading is correct. Goethe employs the word *Schnitzel* (shreds or clippings) as a contemptuous figure of speech for the manner in which thought is presented to mankind in the discourses described by Faust. Therefore, by using the expression "shredded thought" in English, the exact sense of the original is preserved.

23. *Ah, God! but Art is long.*

Goethe was very fond of using the "*ars longa, vita brevis*" of Hippocrates. It occurs again in Scene IV., where he puts it into the mouth of Mephistopheles. The American reader is already familiar with the phrase, from Mr. Longfellow's beautiful application of it, in his "Psalm of Life."

24. *Or, at the best, a Punch-and-Judy play.*

The German phrase, *Haupt-und Staats-action*, was applied, about the end of the seventeenth century, to the popular puppet-plays which represented famous passages of history. It seems to have been, originally, a form of announcement invented by some proprietor of a wandering puppet-theatre, and may therefore be equivalently translated, as a "First-Class Political Performance!" The phrase was afterwards applied to plays acted upon the stage, and Goethe even makes use of it to designate Shakespeare's historical dramas. In the puppet-plays the heroic figures (Alexander, Pompey, Charlemagne, etc.) were in the habit of uttering the most grandiloquent, oracular sentences; they were as didactic in speech as they were reckless and melodramatic in action.

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The word *pragmatical*, which I have adopted as it stands in the original, has a somewhat different signification in German. It indicates — here, at least — a pedantic assumption and ostentation, in addition to the sense of meddlesome interference which it possesses in English.

25. *Have evermore been crucified and burned.*

"There were need," said I, "of a second Redeemer coming, to deliver us from the austerity, the discomfort and the tremendous pressure of the circumstances under which we live."

"If he should come," Goethe answered, "the people would crucify him a second time." — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1829.

26. *That so our learned talk might be extended.*

In "Faust: a Fragment," published in 1790, Wagner's conversation terminates with this line. The first four lines of Faust's following soliloquy are then added, and the scene suddenly ends. Then we abruptly break upon the conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, in Scene IV., at the line,

"And all of life for all mankind created."

The remainder of the Monologue, the scene before the city-gate, the first scene in Faust's study, and all of the second as far as the line just quoted, were first published in the completed edition of 1808. It is very certain, however, that portions of these omitted scenes were written before 1790, and were then withheld on account of their incompleteness.

27. *A thunder-word hath swept me from my stand.*

Faust here refers to the reply of the Earth-Spirit: —

"Thou 'rt like the spirit which thou comprehendest,
Not me!"

The overwhelming impression produced upon him by this phrase is only suspended during Wagner's visit, and now works with renewed force upon his morbid mood, until it swells to a natural climax.

28. *And here and there one happy man sits lonely.*

In the conversations of Goethe, recorded by Eckermann, Riemer, and Falk, he more than once, in referring to his early impressions of life, repeats the pessimistic idea contained in these lines. This was one of the causes which stirred in him the resolution to achieve, as far as possible, his own independent development. The subjective character of the early scenes of *Faust* is so clearly indicated that we should have recognized it without Goethe's admission. In 1826, he said to Eckermann: "In *Werther* and *Faust*, I was obliged to delve in my own

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breast; for the source of that which I communicated lay near at hand."

29. *Sought once the shining day, and then in twilight dull.*

The two adjectives in this line are *leicht* (easy, buoyant) and *schwer* (heavy). Hartung thinks that the former is a misprint for *licht* (shining, bright); but he is evidently mistaken, since the adjectives are chosen to express opposite qualities, and the phrase *lichten Tag* occurs in the sixth line following. I have chosen English words which are not precisely literal, but, by their antithetic character, convey a similar meaning.

30. *Earn it anew, to really possess it!*

It was a favorite maxim of Goethe that no man can really possess that which he has not personally acquired. He considered his own inherited wealth and the many opportunities of his life as means, the value of which must be measured by the results attained by their use. On one occasion he said: "Every *bon mot* which I have uttered, has cost me a purse of money; half a million of my private property has run through my hands, to enable me to learn what I know — not only the entire estate of my father, but also my salary and my considerable literary income for more than fifty years." At the close of the Second Part, he makes the aged Faust say: —

"He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew."

31. *On Earth's fair sun I turn my back.*

Here, again, Goethe recalls a phase of his own psychological experience, which he describes at some length in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Book XIII.). Even before Jerusalem's suicide at Wetzlar had furnished him with the leading idea of *Werther*, he had been drawn, by what he calls the gloomy element in English literature, — especially by *Hamlet*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and the melancholy rhapsodies of *Ossian*, — to study the phenomena of self-murder and apply them, in imagination, to himself. Among all the instances with which he was acquainted, none seemed to him nobler than that of the Emperor Otho, who, after a cheerful banquet with his friends, thrust a dagger into his heart. "This was the only deed," he says (and in what follows, I suspect, there is as much *Dichtung* as *Wahrheit*), "which seemed to me worthy of imitation, and I was convinced that one who could not act like Otho had no right to go voluntarily out of the world. Through this conviction I rescued myself both from the intention and the morbid fancy of suicide, which haunted an idle youth in those fair times of peace. I possessed a tolerable collection of weapons, wherein there was a valuable, keen-edged dagger. This I placed constantly beside my bed, and, before putting out the light, endeavored to try whether it was possible to pierce my breast, an inch or two deep, with the sharp point. Since, however, the ex-

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periment never succeeded, I finally laughed at myself, discarded all hypochondric distortions of fancy, and determined to live."

32. Chorus of Angels.

In this first chorus I have been forced, by the prime necessity of preserving the meaning, to leave the second line unrhymed. The word *schleichenden*, in the fourth line, which I have endeavored to express by "clinging" (Hayward has "creeping," Blackie "through his veins creeping," and Dr. Hedge "trailing"), is nearly equivalent to the English phrase "dogging one's steps." The first of the three Angelic Choruses rejoices over Christ's release from Mortality, the second exalts him as the "Loving One," and the third celebrates his restoration to the Divine creative activity.

Goethe heard a similar chant sung by the common people in Rome, in the year 1788; but his immediate model was undoubtedly the German Easter-hymn of the Middle Ages, many variations of which are given in Wackernagel's work. One of these, dating from the thirteenth century, thus commences: —

"Christus ist erstanden
gewaerliche von dem tôt,
von allen sinen Banden
ist er erledigôt."

[Christ is arisen
verily from death;
From all his bonds
is he released.]

The universal Easter greeting, at this day, among the Greeks, is *Christos aneste!* and the answer: *alethos aneste!* The same custom prevails throughout Russia, and in some parts of Catholic Germany.

In 1772, Goethe, writing to Kestner on Christmas Day, says: "The watchman on the tower trumpeted his hymn and awakened me: *Praised be thou, Jesus Christ!* I dearly love this time of the year, and the hymns that are sung."

33. *And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.*

Again Goethe recalls his own early memories. These lines describe the religious exaltation excited in his boyish nature by Fräulein von Klettenburg, whom he has introduced into *Wilhelm Meister* (Book VI.), in the "Confessions of a Fair Spirit." The above line suggests a passage of this episode: "Once I prayed, out of the depth of my heart: 'now, Almighty One, give me faith!' I was then in the condition in which one must be, but seldom is, when one's prayers may be accepted by God. Who could paint what I then felt! A powerful impulse drew my soul to the Cross, on which Jesus perished. Thus my soul was near to Him who became Man and died on the Cross, and in that moment I knew what faith is. 'This is faith!' I cried, and sprang up, almost as in terror. For such emotions as these, all words fail us."

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34. *Is He, in glow of birth,*
Rapture creative near?

These two lines, in the original, are a marvel of compressed expression. The closest literal translation is: "Is He, in the bliss of developing into (higher) being, near to the joy of creating," — that is, the bliss of being born into the higher life to which He has ascended is scarcely less than the joy of the Divine creative activity. The Disciples, left behind and still sharing the woes of Earth, bewail the beatitude which parts Him from them.

The final Chorus of the Angels, which follows, is a stumbling-block to the translator, on account of its five-fold dactylic rhyme. The lines are, literally: —

Actively praising him,
Manifesting love,
Brotherly giving food,
Preaching, travelling,
Promising blessedness,
To you is the Master near,
To you, He is here!

In order to retain the rhyme, I have been obliged to express a little more prominently the idea of "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," — which is implied in the original. Dr. Hedge, I believe, is the only one who has hitherto endeavored to reproduce the difficult structure of this Chorus. He thus translates the five rhymes: —

"Active in charity
Praise him in verity!
His feast, prepare it ye!
His message, bear it ye!
His joy, declare it ye!"

35. Before the City-Gate.

Goethe's landscapes, like those of an artist, were always drawn from real studies; * and some of his commentators, therefore, have tried to discover the original of this scene. Strasburg, Frankfurt, and even Weimar, have been suggested; but the first of these places, on the level plain of the Rhine, does not fit the description; while, judging from internal evidence, the opening of the scene must have been written before Goethe's migration to Weimar. Such features as the river and vessels, the ferry, the suburban places of resort, and the view of the town from a neighboring height, indicate Frankfurt; and the gay, motley life of the multitude is another point of resemblance.

36. *'T is true, she showed me, on Saint Andrew's Night.*

St. Andrew's Night is the 29th of November. It is celebrated, in some parts of Germany, by forms of divination very similar to those which are practised in Scotland on Hallow E'en (October 31st.) The maidens, as in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, believe that

* The scene of his *Elective Affinities*, for instance, has recently been discovered at Wilhelmsthal, near Eisenach. Not only the castle, park, and lake, but even the wood-paths and the minutest features of the surrounding landscape, are described with almost topographical exactness.

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by calling upon St. Andrew, naked, before getting into bed, the future sweetheart will appear to them in a dream. Another plan is, to pour melted lead through the wards of a key wherein there is the form of a cross, into a basin of water fetched between eleven o'clock and midnight: the cooling lead will then take the form of tools which indicate the trade of the destined lover.

37. *She showed me mine, in crystal clear.*

A magic crystal, sometimes in the form of a sphere, but frequently, no doubt, as a lens, was employed for the purpose of divination. The methods, in fact, were varied to suit the superstition which employed them. In Pictor's "Varieties of Ceremonial Magic" (given in Scheible's *Kloster*), twenty-seven forms of divination are described at length, but Crystallomancy is not among them. The ancients employed between forty and fifty different methods.

38. *Released from ice are brook and river.*

If this passage was not added, or at least re-written, between 1797 and 1808, — as is possible, — it is interesting as one of the first evidences of Goethe's interest in Color, an interest which finally developed into a passion, and quite deceived him in regard to the importance of his observations. His *Farbenlehre* (Science of Colors) was commenced in 1790 and completed in 1805, the year of Schiller's death, although it was not published for four or five years afterwards. Either, therefore, the allusions to color in this early scene harmonized with the author's later views, or they were afterwards changed for the sake of harmony.

39. *All for the dance the shepherd dressed.*

There is a reference to this song of the shepherds in *Wilhelm Meister* (Apprenticeship), where Philine says: "'Old man, dost thou know the melody: "All for the dance the shepherd dressed"?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'if you will sing and represent the song, I shall not fail in my part.' Philine arose and stood in readiness. The old man struck up the melody, and she sang a song which we cannot communicate to our readers, because they perhaps might find it absurd or even improper." This portion of *Wilhelm Meister* was published in 1795, which is another evidence of the early origin of the scene. The graceful measure of the song, which nevertheless expresses the roughest realism of German peasant-life, can only be approximately given in another language.

This episode, also, is suggested by Goethe's earliest memories of the various popular festivals in Frankfurt. In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Book I.), he says: "On the right bank of the Main, below the city, there is a sulphur spring, neatly enclosed, and surrounded with immemorial linden-trees. Not far from it stands the 'Good People's Hall,' formerly an hospital, built on account of this spring. The cattle of

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the neighborhood were brought together upon the adjoining commons, on a certain day of the year, and the herdsmen, with their maidens, had a rural festival, with dances and songs, with merriment and rough pranks. . . . The nurses and maids, who are always ready to treat themselves to a walk, never failed, from our earliest years, to take us with them to such places, so that these country diversions are among the very first impressions which I now recall."

40. *Sir Doctor, it is good of you.*

It is very rarely that the first and third lines of a quatrain are unrhymed in German. I have no doubt that Goethe intended to represent, by a less musical verse, the more prosaic nature and speech of the common people. The words he employs in the two addresses of the Old Peasant are the simplest and plainest; the *tone* of the verse is entirely that of prose.

41. *Then also you, though but a youth.*

Düntzer conjectures that Goethe derived the idea of this helpful activity of Faust, upon which rests the episode with the peasants, from the history of Nostradamus. In the year 1525, when the latter was twenty-two years old, Provence was devastated by a pestilence. The young physician went boldly from house to house, through the villages, and saved the lives of many of the sick, himself escaping all infection.

42. *There was a Lion red, a wooer daring.*

The jargon of the mediæval alchemists, from Raymond Lully to Paracelsus, is used in this description. The system taught that all substances, especially metals, had either masculine or feminine qualities, as well as inherent affinities and antipathies. Campanella's doctrine, that all the elements of matter were endowed with sense and feeling, was very generally adopted by his successors in the art. Goethe drew his description of the preparation of the panacea partly from Paracelsus, and partly from Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum*.

The "Lion red" is cinnabar, called a "wooer daring" on account of the action of quicksilver in rushing to an intimate union (an amalgam) with all other metals. The Lily is a preparation of antimony, which bore the name of *Lilium Paracelsi*. Red, moreover, is the masculine, and white the feminine color. The alembic containing these substances was first placed in a "tepid bath"—a vessel of warm water—and gradually heated; then "tormented by flame unsparing" ("open flame," in the original), the two were driven from one "bridal chamber" to another,—that is, their wedded fumes were forced, by the heat, from the alembic into a glass retort. If then, the "young Queen," the sublimated compound of the two substances, appeared with a brilliant color—ruby or royal purple being most highly esteemed

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— in the retort, "this was the medicine." The product reminds us of calomel, which is usually formed by the sublimated union of mercury and chlorine.

43. *If there be airy spirits near.*

In his conversations, Goethe more than once speaks of his youthful belief in spirits, even relating circumstances when he fancied their presence was manifested to him; and Riemer considers that this passage is simply an expression of such belief. Düntzer, on the other hand, insisted that Faust refers to the sylphs, or spirits of the air, as they were recognized in the theories of the alchemists. I think it much more probable that the following passage, from the Faust-legend in its oldest form (Frankfurt, 1587), lingered in Goethe's memory. Faust says to Mephistopheles: "My servant, declare what spirit thou art!" The spirit answered and said: "*I am a spirit, and a flying spirit, potently ruling under the heavens!*" In the four lines of the text, followed by the wish for a magic mantle (such as Mephistopheles afterwards furnishes), Faust unconsciously invokes the spirit which is already lying in wait for him, and which, thus invited, appears immediately in the form of a black dog. Wagner, however, who comprehends nothing but the dry lore with which he is crammed, sees in Faust's words only a reference to the weather-spirits, and thereupon pompously airs his own knowledge of the latter.

The expression, in the preceding couplet, that one part of Faust's dual spirit sweeps upwards "into the high ancestral spaces," suggests, equally, a passage in the Strasburg puppet-play. He is there made to exclaim: "Invisible Spirits, receive me! I soar to your dominion. Yes, I will lift myself out of this wretched atmosphere, which is only for common men!"

44. *Swift from the North the spirit-fangs so sharp.*

The belief in evil spirits inhabiting the nether regions of the atmosphere is very ancient. Paul calls Satan "the prince of the power of the air" (*Ephesians* ii. 2), and thus gives Christian currency to a much older superstition. In the poem *Zodiacus Vitæ*, of Marcellus Palingenius (written about the year 1527), the different atmospheric demons are minutely described. Their names are Typhurgus (Mist-bringer), Aplestus (the Insatiable), Philokreus (Lover of Flesh), and Miastor (the Befouler). Wagner's classification indicates the effects of the four winds upon the weather and the human frame. In Germany, the east wind is dry and keen, and the west wind brings rain.

Hayward, in his Notes, quotes the following additional authorities: —

"The spirits of the aire will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infest the clyme where they raise any tempest, that soudainely great mortality shall ensue to the inhabit-

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ants." — *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, 1592

"The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils: this Paracelsus stiffly maintains." — Burton, *Anat.*, Part I.

45. *Seest thou the black dog coursing there, through corn and stubble?*

The appearance of Mephistopheles in the form of a dog is a part of the old legend. Manlius, in the report of his conversation with Melancthon, quotes the latter as having said: "He (Faust) had a dog with him, which was the Devil." The theologian, Johann Gast, in his *Sermones Conviviales*, describes a dinner given by Faust at Basle, at which he was present, and remarks: "He had also a dog and a horse with him, both of which I believe were devils, for they were able to do everything. Some persons told me that the dog frequently took the shape of a servant and brought him food." In some of the early forms of the legend the name of the dog is given as *Præstigiar:* he is described in Widmann as large, shaggy, and black, but in other versions he is of a dark red color. The Wagner-legends all agree in giving the latter, as attendant, an evil spirit in the form of a monkey, whom he called *Auerhahn* (moorcock).

Burns, in *Tam O'Shanter*, says: —

"A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large."

46. *'Tis written: "In the Beginning was the Word."*

"I need hardly point out to the reader how artfully the poet has managed by making Faust, in his perplexed state of mind, hit upon the most difficult passage in the whole Bible. The dissatisfaction which would thence arise would bring his mind into a fit state for listening to the suggestions of the tempter; and thus would this precipitate spirit of discontent wrest the words of truth to his own destruction. As to the interpretations he has given us of the ΛΟΓΟΣ, they are as consistent and intelligible as the speculations of human reason, upon one of the most obscure subjects to which it can be directed, can be supposed to be." — Blackie, Notes to his Translation of Faust (London, 1834).

This passage is not, as Blackie supposes, a fortunate inspiration of Goethe. It is directly suggested by the legend. In Widmann's "Veritable History of Dr. Faust" (Hamburg, 1599) I find, in the fifteenth chapter, that Mephistopheles thus answers Faust's proposition to discuss with him certain questions of theology: "In so far as it concerns the Bible, which thou again art of a mind to read, there shall be no more permitted to thee than, namely: the first, second and fifth books of Moses; all the others, except Job, shalt thou let be; and likewise in the New Testament thou mayst read the three Disciples that write of the deeds of Christ, that is to say, the tax-gatherer, the

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painter and the doctor (meaning Mattheum, Marcum and Lucam); *but John shalt thou avoid*, and I forbid also the chatterer Paul, and such others as wrote Epistles."

This prohibition of the Fourth Gospel led Goethe, at once, to the opening verse, the attempt to translate which becomes not only a source of new perplexity to Faust, but also serves to hasten the poodle's transformation. The fragments of Faust's soliloquy, showing that his soul is turned towards "the love of God," disturb the evil spirit incorporated with the beast; but the words of John, to which the spirit has a special antipathy, compel him to betray his presence.

The growth and terrible appearance of the poodle suggest a passage in Neumann's "Curious Observations concerning the so-called Dr. Faust" (1702). He says, on the authority of Wier, the pupil of Cornelius Agrippa: "A schoolmaster of Gosslar had learned from Faust, the magician, the formula by which certain verses may be used to imprison the Devil in a glass. In order that he might not risk being interrupted, he went one day into a forest; and while he was in the midst of his invocations, the Devil came unto him in a horrible form, with fiery eyes, a nose curved like a cow's horn, with wild and fearful boar's-tusks, a rough cat's back, and every way frightful."

One of the illustrations in Widmann's book represents Mephistopheles appearing to Faust in front of *the stove* in the latter's study, and conversing with him over the top of a fire-screen. The text says that Faust first became aware of the spirit as a shadow moving around the stove.

47. *The Key of Solomon is good.*

Solomon's fame as a magician is mentioned by Josephus, and also by Origen, who was acquainted with a work on the manner of citing spirits to appear, ascribed to the Hebrew king. There seems to be no doubt that Solomon was a chief authority with the Jewish exorcists, from whom his name and some of his supposed formulæ of invocation were transmitted, until we find them in the Cabbala of the Middle Ages. The *Clavicula Salomonis* is mentioned by Welling, Paracelsus, and other writers, and some copies have been preserved. It is claimed that the genuine original contained only instructions by which good spirits might be invoked to assist in good works, but the variations give also the method of summoning evil spirits. In *Faust's Dreifacher Höllenzwang* (copied in Scheible's *Kloster*), the *Clavicula Salomonis* is given as it was communicated to Pope Sylvester by Constantine, and translated in the Vatican, under Pope Julius II. It is called "The Necromantic Key of Solomon, or the Key to the Magic Wisdom of Solomon, and to compel the Spirits to every Manner of Service," and commences: "At first, pray (or sing) the following *canticum hebraicum — Aba, zarka, maccaf, sofar, holech, (segolta), pazergadol*," etc. Then follow a number of similar invocations, together

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with the "Seal of the highest wisdom of Solomon," — a very complicated figure of hexagonal form, — which must be held in the hand. Faust, as the reader will remark, employs an entirely different method of exorcism.

48. *The Words of the Four be addressed.*

The universal belief in elementary spirits, during the Middle Ages, was a natural inheritance from the ancient faith. So much of their former half-divinity clung to them that they were assigned an intermediate place between men and genuine spirits. They were supposed to have positive and unchangeable forms, of a finer, more ethereal flesh and blood, and to be soulless, although the children born of their intercourse with human beings received human souls. They were classified, according to the element in which they lived, as Salamanders (in Fire), Undines (in Water), Sylphs (in Air), and Gnomes (in Earth). Of these, the two latter classes were supposed to be most familiar and friendly.

Pope (*Rape of the Lock*), in his Dedicatory Letter to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, says, referring to the Rosicrucians: "The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of the earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable."

In the first canto of the *Rape of the Lock*, the passage occurs: —

"For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire.
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft, yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air."

In the *Comte de Gabalis*, to which Pope refers, the four classes of the elementary spirits are very minutely described. It is there stated that they became invisible to the human race through the sin of Adam, that they are more perfect than men, "proud in appearance, but docile in reality, great lovers of science, officious towards sages, intolerant towards fools."

Faust, it will be noticed, uses "the Words of the Four," but without effect. He then repeats the adjuration, in another and stronger form. Here, however, the word *Kobold* (Gnome) is omitted, and *Incubus*, the dwarfish, tricksy, household spirit, is substituted. In German fairy-lore, there is a relationship between the two, but they are not identical. There seems to be no reason for the change; and, as Goethe attached no great importance to the passage, the rhyme, alone, may have suggested it.

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49. *Now, to undisguise thee,*
Hear me exorcise thee!

The original is: "Thou shalt hear me more strongly exorcise!" Suspecting that an infernal spirit dwells in the beast, Faust makes "the sign" of the cross, and the effect is immediately manifest. Düntzer says, "He presents to him the name of Jesus," — which is certainly a misconception. Blackie quotes a passage from Cornelius Agrippa, declaring that evil spirits are affrighted by the sign of the cross.

Goethe, also, may have remembered the verse in the Epistle of James (ii. 19): "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble."

50. *The One, unoriginate.*

Here Christ is described, but not named. The four lines are, literally:

The Unoriginated,
Unuttered,
Diffused through all the Heavens,
Guiltily transpierced.

The strong spell is now working upon the spirit; and the further threat of "the threefold, dazzling glow" — the emblem of the Divine Trinity — or its ancient mystic symbol, the rayed triangle, suffices to complete the exorcism.

Faust, in the old *Höllenzwang*, says: "Again I command thee, Spirit, by the words of might: *Jesus Christ is become flesh* — therewith I compel thee, and bind thee, and exorcise thee here, through Lucifer and Beelzebub and all the leaders of the hellish host, whatever may be your names."

51. Mephistopheles.

The original form of this name was *Mephostophiles*. There has been much discussion in regard to its meaning; but Düntzer's conjecture is probably correct, — that it was imperfectly formed by some one who knew little Greek, and was intended to signify *not loving the light*. The expressions which Mephistopheles uses, in explaining his nature to Faust, would seem to indicate that this was also Goethe's understanding of the name.

Although, in most of the popular Faust-stories, Mephistopheles is often referred to as "the Devil," it was well understood that he was only *a* devil. In "Faust's Miraculous Art and Book of Marvels, or the Black Raven" (1469), the powers and potentates of the Infernal Kingdom are thus given: *King*, Lucifer; *Viceroy*, Belial; *Gubernatores*, Satan, Beelzebub, Astaroth, Pluto; *Chief Princes*, Aziel, Mephistophilis, Marbuel, Ariel, Aniguel, Anisel, and Barfael.

Goethe took only the name and a few circumstances connected with the first appearance of Mephistopheles from the legend: the character, from first to last, is his own creation. Although he sometimes slyly used it (though less frequently than Faust) as a mask through which to speak with his own voice, he evidently drew the germ of some characteristics from his early associate, Merck. His own

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strong instinct led him to avoid the danger of personifying abstract ideas, by seeking in life for all material which could give a dramatic reality to his characters; and he did not scruple to take that which was nearest and most intimate.

"Merck and I," said Goethe to Eckermann, in 1831, "always went together, like Faust and Mephistopheles. . . . . All his pranks and tricks sprang from the basis of a higher culture; but, as he was not a productive nature, — on the contrary, he possessed a *strongly marked negative tendency*, — he was far more ready to blame than praise, and involuntarily sought out everything which might enable him to indulge his habit."

In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Book XII.) Goethe gives a careful and doubtless a correct picture of Merck's character and temperament. "This singular man," he says, "who exercised the greatest influence upon my life, was a native of Darmstadt.* When I first knew him, he was Military Paymaster there. Born with spirit and intelligence, he had acquired much admirable knowledge, especially of modern literature, and had busied himself in all directions and with all the phenomena of Man and History. He had the faculty of sharp and pointed judgment, and was esteemed both as an honest, energetic man of business, and a rapid arithmetician. Thoroughly self-possessed, he appeared everywhere as a most agreeable companion for those to whom he had not made himself dreaded by his keen, satirical speech. He was long and lean of form; his prominent, pointed nose was a conspicuous feature; keen blue, perhaps gray eyes, observantly moving to and fro, gave something of the tiger to his look. . . . .

"In his character there was a remarkable contradiction. Naturally an upright, noble, worthy man, he was imbittered against the world, and allowed such full sway to this moody peculiarity that he felt an invincible inclination to show himself wilfully as a waggish knave, — nay, even a rogue. Calm, reasonable, good, one moment, the next he would take a whim, like a snail thrusting out its horns, to do something which offended, aggrieved, or even positively injured another. Yet, as one is attracted to associate with something dangerous, when one imagines himself to be secure against its attack, my own inclination was all the greater to live in his company and enjoy his good qualities, since I felt the most confident presentiment that he would not turn his evil side towards me. As, on the one hand, he disturbed

* He was born in 1741, and was therefore eight years older than Goethe. He travelled, as a young man, with a Baron von Bibra, married a French woman in Geneva, and then settled in his native town. His literary works were chiefly translations from the English (among them, Addison's *Cato*), and critical and æsthetic papers in the periodicals of the day; but his personal influence upon authors, especially Herder, Goethe, and Lavater, was very great. His domestic life was not happy, his circumstances became embarrassed, and in 1791 he committed suicide.

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society by this morally restless spirit, this continual necessity to deal with men spitefully and maliciously, so, on the other hand, a different unrest, which he also carefully nourished within himself, undermined his own contentment."

In Widmann's Faust-book, Mephistopheles appears in the character of a monk. In the Geisselbrecht puppet-play Faust commands him to put off his first terrible form, and says: "Thou mayst come as jurist, as doctor, or as hunter, but it were better that thou appearest as a student." In the Ulm version, when Mephistopheles asks: "In what form shall I appear?" Faust answers: "Like as a man." In the Strasburg play, Faust asks, after having chosen Mephistopheles: "But why appearest thou to me under this mask? I wished for a devil, and not one of my own race." Mephistopheles answers: "Faust, perhaps we are then wholly devils, when we resemble you; at least, no other mask suits us better." He thereafter next makes his appearance as a postillion.

Goethe's choice of the character of a travelling scholar — or, I should perhaps say, a vagabond scholar — was probably dictated by the succeeding scene (IV.), which was first written. Another projected scene, given in the *Paralipomena* (and added in a later note), furnishes additional reasons. The travelling scholars of the Middle Ages were a pretentious, adventurous class — the pedantic Bohemians of those days — who wandered over Europe, maintaining theses, entering into private or public discussions with equal flippancy, and sponging upon the universities and monasteries. The appearance of Mephistopheles in such a form is an ironical reflection upon Faust's devotion to learning; yet the latter is unconscious of this, and his first surprise gives way to a contemptuous laugh.

52. *In names like Beelzebub, Destroyer, Father of Lies.*

In the original, the first of these names is given as *Fliegengott*, Fly-god. For the sake of metre, I have substituted our familiar Hebrew equivalent, Beelzebub — or, more correctly, *Baal-sebub*. "Destroyer" and Liar, or "Father of Lies," are also familiar to us as *Abaddon* and *Satan*. Faust must be supposed to accept the orders of the infernal hierarchy, as given in the cabalistic writings, whence his endeavor to identify the particular fiend whom he has invoked.

53. *I am the Spirit that Denies.*

In declaring himself, first, to be part of that power "which always wills the Bad, and always works the Good," Mephistopheles is unexpectedly frank. His expression coincides exactly with the declaration of The Lord (see page 18), as to the service he is obliged to perform.

In the passage which follows, he is equally honest, and the above line clearly describes the part which he plays, from beginning to end. He is

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the Spirit of Negation, and his being exists through opposition to the positive Truth, and Order, and Beauty, which proceed from the never-ending creative energy of the Deity. The masks which we find him assuming in the Second Part of *Faust* are all explained by this necessity of Negation. His irreverence and irony are not only a part of his nature, but they are further increased by the impotence of his efforts — which he freely admits in the following passages — to disturb the Divine system.

Mephistopheles draws his theory of the primeval darkness from the Theogony of Hesiod. His reference to "bodies" shows that he understands the physical and spiritual identity of light and life. Since we have seen that, in Widmann's Faust-book, he prohibits to Faust the reading of the Gospel of John, we may surmise a connection between his hostility to light and these verses from the first chapter of that Gospel: —

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

"And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

54. *From Water, Earth, and Air unfolding,*
A thousand germs break forth and grow.

"Let men continue to worship Him who gives the ox his pasture, and to man food and drink, according to his need. But I worship Him, who has filled the world with such a productive energy, that, if only the millionth part became embodied in living existences, the globe would so swarm with them that War, Pestilence, Flood and Fire would be powerless to diminish them. That is *my* God!" — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1831.

55. *The wizard's-foot that on your threshold made is.*

In the original, *Drudenfuss. Drud*, from one root with *Druid*, was the old German word for "wizard." The wizard's-foot, or pentagram, was supposed to possess an especial potency against evil spirits. It is simply a five-rayed star, thus: —

Its efficacy undoubtedly sprang from the circumstance that it resolves itself into three triangles, and is thus a triple symbol of the Trinity. Paracelsus ascribes a similar, though a lesser, degree of virtue to the *hexagram*. Another peculiarity of the pentagram is, that it may be drawn complete from one point, without lifting the pencil, and therefore belongs to those *involuntary* hieroglyphics which we sometimes make, in moments of abstraction. Thus Tennyson, in *The Brook*: —

"But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass."

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56. Song of the Spirits.

This remarkable chant is known in Germany (Goethe himself being, I believe, the first to so designate it) as the *Einschläferungslied*, or Lullaby. It is one of the few things in the work which have proved to be a little too much for the commentators, and they have generally let it alone. By dropping all philosophical theories, however, and applying to it only the conditions of Poetic Art, we shall find it easily comprehensible. Faust is hardly aware (although Mephistopheles *is*) that a part of his almost despairing impatience springs from the lack of all enjoyment of physical life; and the first business of these attendant spirits is to unfold before his enchanted eyes a series of dim, dissolving views — sweet, formless, fantastic, and thus all the more dangerously alluring — of sensuous delight. The pictures are blurred, as in a semi-dream: they present nothing positive, upon which Faust's mind could fix, or by which it might be startled: but they leave an impression behind, which gradually works itself into form. The echo of the wild, weird, interlinked melody remains in his soul, and he is not supposed to be conscious of its operation, even when, in the following scene, he exclaims to Mephistopheles: —

"Let us the sensual deeps explore,
To quench the fervors of glowing passion!"

The rhythmical translation of this song — which, without the original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its value — is a head and heart breaking task. I can only say that, after returning to it again and again, during a period of six years, I can offer nothing better.

57. *I come, a squire of high degree.*

The word *Junker*, which Mephistopheles uses, corresponds exactly with "squire," as a term of chivalry. In the text of the puppet-play, when he makes his appearance the second time, he is described as *wohlgekleidet* — respectably dressed. His costume on the puppet-stage was a red tunic, under a long mantle of black silk, and a cock's-feather in his hat. Goethe purposely retains this costume, because it is sufficiently appropriate to his conception of the character, which he expressly declares is too negative to be *daimonic*. One of the very few hints of his intention which he allowed to escape him occurs in his conversation with an English gentleman in 1825, as reported by Eckermann. "Really," said he, "I should not have advised you to read *Faust*. It 's fantastic stuff, and transcends all ordinary sentiment. But, since you have begun of your own accord, without asking me, you may get through it the best way you can. Faust is so singular an individual that only a few persons can reproduce his spiritual conditions in their own minds. Then the character of Mephistopheles, through his irony, and as *the living result of a vast observation of the world*, is also something very difficult to comprehend."

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Compare, also, the remarks of Mephistopheles to the witch, in Scene VI.: —

"Culture, which smooth the whole world licks,
Also unto the Devil sticks."

58. *This life of earth, whatever my attire,*
Would pain me in its wonted fashion.

The first fragment of the *Paralipomena* possibly belongs here, although there is also a place for it towards the close of the scene. In the following lines, omitted alike in the editions of 1790 and 1808, Mephistopheles continues to advise a change of costume: —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When with externals thou art well endowed,
All will around thee flock, and flatter;
A chap, who's not a little vain or proud,
Had better hang, and end the matter.

I have not been able to find any evidence concerning the date of these rejected passages of *Faust*. Most of the German critics agree that the first part of the scene, withheld in the first edition, was afterwards materially altered by Goethe; some of them even venture to point out the portions remaining from 1775, and those added in 1798, or later. Since, however, the slight difference of style perceptible in the text must disappear in the translation, it is not necessary to repeat their views.

59. *There, also, comes no rest to me.*

"When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint;

"Then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:

"So that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life."— *Job* vii. 13, 14, 15.

60. CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Faust's curse, which includes even the sentiment of childish faith that overcame him on the Easter morning, places him, unconsciously, in the power of Mephistopheles. The Chorus of Spirits indicates, in a few powerful lines, his rupture with the order of life. The first words of Mephistopheles which follow, would lead the reader to suppose that the spirits were infernal, and thus a singular discrepancy between their character and their expressions is implied. Düntzer says: "Their cry of woe and their lament over the beauty of the world, which Faust has shattered, together with his designation as demigod, can only be accepted as a scoffing irony of the spirits, which, equally with Mephistopheles, well know that they can give him no real compensation for the fortune which he has criminally rejected." Deycks's comment is less logical: "He (Faust) can only recover through his own act; in his resolute breast, by clear intelligence, he can create a soil wherefrom new songs will shoot. The spirits allure to a life of deeds and poetry, to the broad, great world. *And Mephistopheles offers himself as a guide.*"

In Leutbecher's work, however, I find a hint of what I believe to be the

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true intention of this Chorus. He says: "The pure spirits who direct the harmonies of existence lament over his (Faust's) step, and encourage him to commence another and fairer career. But Mephistopheles calls these voices precociously shrewd, and proposes the conditions of his compact, promising delights which, in advance, appear worthless to Faust." The lament is certainly not ironical; on the contrary, the course of the drama, as it is afterwards developed, is here shadowed forth by the spirits, and Mephistopheles no more comprehends them than Faust. He is deceived, as in the Fifth Act of the Second Part.

In the Augsburg puppet-play, Faust is attended by a good Genius, who, when he has signed the compact with Mephistopheles, exclaims: "Woe to thy miserable soul!" and disappears.

61. *A High and Low our souls await.*

"Oh why must we, in order to speak of such things, use images which only represent external conditions! Where is there anything high or low, obscure or enlightened, in His sight? We, only, have an Above and Below, a Day and a Night. And just therein did He (Christ) resemble us, because w should otherwise have no share in Him." — *Wilhelm Meister* (*Confessions of a Fair Spirit*).

Goethe also places one of these phrases —

"And *you* he dowers with Day and Night!" —

in the mouth of Mephistopheles, after the compact.

62. *Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot.*

This passage has given rise to a great deal of discussion. The offer of Mephistopheles, —

"What no man ever saw, I 'll give to thee, —"

which provokes Faust's exclamation, is suggested by the puppet-play. In the Augsburg version, Mephistopheles says: "I will fill for thee the goblet of delight, full and foaming, as it never yet has been filled to any mortal."

Faust's reply seems to have puzzled many of the commentators, some of whom — as Deycks, Hartung, Rosencranz and Leutbecher — pass it over with slight notice, while others endeavor to analyze the meaning. The following quotations embrace the principal varieties of interpretation: —

1. "I know thy rotten gifts, says Faust. Which of thy fine goods of the earth wilt thou offer me? How could the like of thee ever be capable of measuring the unquiet of man's breast? Hast thou food to serve up which never satisfies? Or canst thou only show trees which daily bloom anew and bud again? I loathe this foliage of yesterday, this tale which, ever the same, is told in the morning, and in the evening dies away again — 'show me the fruit that rots before it is gathered, and trees that daily renew their green!'" — *Falk.*

2. "The promise of Mephistopheles appears to Faust but mockery. What can a devil give a man to satisfy him, when he is not capable of giving it to

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himself? The gifts of a devil, he says, are but delusions, and melt away in the same manner as his quicksilver-like gold; thus he can only bestow fruits which would not rot before the plucking, but no ever-budding tree sprouts forth beneath his skill and fostering." — *Schubarth.*

3. "The meaning plainly is: — I know well thou, poor devil, hast riches and other fleeting pleasures, that excite our longing only that they may elude our grasp, that dazzle only to deceive, and whose substantial worth is always in the inverse ratio of their outward promise. Wouldst thou allure me, thou must hold out fruits that rot, not *after*, but *before* they are broken, and thus cannot, like the fruits of mere sensuality, deceive us by an external glow when tempting us on the tree, but rotting whenever the hand of enjoyment is stretched forth to pluck them. Show me no frail blossom of a fleeting spring, but 'trees which day by day their green repair.'" — *Blackie.*

4. "The most probable supposition is, that Faust's meaning is pretty near the same as in the subsequent speech, in which he expresses a wish to enjoy all that is parcelled out among mankind, pain and pleasure, success and disappointment, indifferently. Taking this wish into consideration, we may well suppose him saying: 'You can give nothing of any real value in the eyes of a man like me; but if you have the common perishable enjoyments of humanity to bestow, let me have them.'" — *Hayward.*

5. "Faust admits that the devil has all the different kinds of Sodom-apples which he has enumerated, gold that melts away in the hand, glory that vanishes like a meteor, and pleasure that perishes in the possession. But all these torments are too insipid for Faust's morbid and mad hankering after the luxury of spiritual pain. Show me, he says, the fruit that rots *before* one can pluck it, and (a still stronger expression of his diseased craving for agony) trees that fade so quickly as to be every day just putting forth new green, only to tantalize one with perpetual promise and perpetual disappointment." — *Brooks.*

A careful study of the structure of the passage does not permit me to accept any of these interpretations. Omitting the first three lines, the remainder is a single sentence, violently interrupted by a *dash* (—) at the end of the eighth line. The two lines which follow are contemptuous and scornful metaphors, summing up the catalogue of the deceitful gifts which Faust admits Mephistopheles can offer. They simply repeat, in another form, what he has declared in the preceding lines. He commences the enumeration of the pleasures whose worthlessness he knows, — gold, love, honor, — then, breaking off impatiently, exclaims, referring to those pleasures: —

"Show me the fruits that, ere they 're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!"

These images express the cheating,

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disappointing, inadequate character of all the usual desires of men, to "a human soul, in its supreme endeavor." The tone of the passage is keenly scornful and incredulous. Faust seriously desires nothing from Mephistopheles, not even the morbid luxury of self-torment; and in the bet which he offers, immediately afterwards, his reference to "an idler's bed" seems to have been suggested by the words of Mephistopheles, rather than by the craving of his own nature for repose.

63. *When thus I hail the Moment flying:*
"Ah, still delay — thou art so fair!"

Here Faust becomes earnest and definite. The one moment of supreme contentment is for him a symbol of endless capacity for happiness. The wager with Mephistopheles rests upon this couplet, which the reader must bear in his memory until he meets with it again, at the close of the Second Part.

There is no condition of this nature in the Faust-legends. The compact there is, that Faust shall have whatever he desires for the term of twenty-four years, when he passes, body and soul, into the power of Mephistopheles. The only slight resemblance to this passage, in any of the various versions, may be found in the Augsburg play, where Mephistopheles says: "Faust, have I not said to thee, thou canst thyself break the hour-glass of thy time? Thou hast done it in this moment."

64. *Then at the Doctors'-banquet I, to-day.*

Mephistopheles refers to the inauguration feast, given on taking a degree.

65. *And all of life for all mankind created.*

"We are justly told," Goethe continued, "that the cultivation in common of human capacities is desirable, and also the most important of aims. But man was not born for that; properly each one must develop himself as a particular individual, but also endeavor to attain an apprehension of what all are, collectively." — *Eckermann*, 1825.

This scene commences with the above line, in the edition of 1790, and continues to the end in its present form, without the change of a word.

66. *And I shall have thee fast and sure! —*

Goethe frequently makes use of a *dash* to denote both a change in the address and a movement of the speaker. The passage discussed in Note 62 is already an instance of this peculiarity. Here, Mephistopheles looks after Faust's retreating figure, and addresses him as if he were still present. At the end of the above line, he turns away and continues his soliloquy, speaking of Faust in the third person.

67. Encheiresin naturæ, *this Chemistry names.*

With the introduction of the Student (whom we shall meet again, in the Sec-

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ond Part, as *Baccalaureus*), Mephistopheles not only assumes the mantle of Faust, but Goethe also assumes the mask of Mephistopheles. The episode, which is wholly his own invention, was written during his intercourse with Merck, and while his experience of academic teaching was still fresh and far from edifying. He gives the following account (in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*) of his study of logic, at the University of Leipzig: "I was at first diligent and faithful in attending the lectures, but I remained as much in the dark about philosophy as before. In logic, I found it altogether unaccountable why those operations of the mind, which I had from my earliest years performed with the greatest ease, should first be anatomized, individualized, and torn from their natural union, before one could know how to use them. Of the subject-matter of God, the world and the soul, I thought I knew just as much as my master, and he seemed to me, on not a few points to be sadly nonplussed."

The "Spanish boots," of which Mephistopheles speaks, were instruments of torture used in the Middle Ages. They were cases of wood, into which wedges were driven until the calves of the victim's legs were compressed into the smallest possible space.

From logic, Mephistopheles passes to the method of scientific investigation, wherein Goethe seems to have remembered the couplet of Pope: —

"Like following life in creatures we dissect,
We lose it in the moment we detect."

In a conversation with Falk (translated by Mrs. Austin) he expresses corresponding views: "Our scientific men are rather too fond of details. They count out to us the whole consistency of earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a separate name for every lot. That is argillaceous earth; that is quartz; that is this, and this is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them, I always think of the old lines in Faust, —

'*Encheiresin naturæ* nennt's die Chemie,
Bohrt sich selber Esel, und weiss nicht wie!' *

"What am I the better for these lots? what for their names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion, — either to rule or to obey it, — and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

In a letter to Wackenroder, Professor of Chemistry at Jena, written in January, 1832, Goethe says: "Notwithstanding we willingly allow to Nature her secret *Encheiresis*, whereby

* This was the original form of the couplet, as written. The meaning is the same as in its present form, and the expression "Bohrt sich selber Esel" (which Düntzer says came from the trick of putting the hands to the sides of the head and wagging them, to represent ass's ears), was probably rejected, because it is pure slang.

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she creates and sustains life, and, although no mystics, we must finally admit the existence of an inscrutable something, — yet man cannot, if his aim be earnest, restrain himself from the attempt to drive the Inscrutable into such close quarters that he is at least satisfied and willing to confess himself defeated."

The phrase *encheiresin naturæ* signifies, properly, "a treatment of Nature." Here, however, Goethe seems rather to indicate the mysterious, elusive force by which Nature operates.

68. *As did the Holy Ghost dictate to thee.*

The practice of taking notes of the discourses which they hear, is universal among the German students. Many of the Professors encourage it by adopting a very slow, measured style of delivery. The advice of Mephistopheles is the keenest irony upon these formal methods of imparting knowledge.

69. *On words let your attention centre.*

In the Witches' Kitchen (Scene VI.) Mephistopheles says: —

"Man usually believes, if only words he hears,
That also with them goes material for thinking."

Elsewhere, however, Goethe says: "Unfortunately, words are usually mere expedients for man; he mostly thinks and knows a thing better than he expresses it." In the above passage, Mephistopheles probably refers to "the letter that killeth," and exalts it, in consonance with his character.

70. *The little world, and then the great, we'll see.*

The programme of both parts of *Faust* is given in this line. No reference to the cabalistic Microcosm and Macrocosm is intended: "the little world" is here Faust's individual experience of human desires and passions; he issues from his seclusion to share in the ordinary history of men. This plan is developed, so far as necessary, in the First Part. "The great world" is life on a broader stage of action: intellectual forces are substituted for sentiments and passions: the narrow interests of the individual are merged in those of the race; and Government, War, activity on a grand scale and for universal, permanent ends, succeed, in order that Faust's knowledge of the life of man shall be rounded into completeness. The Second Part of the work is devoted to this latter experience.

71. *I feel so small before others, and thence*
Should always find embarrassments.

The following passage is the second of the *Paralipomena*, and was undoubtedly designed as an answer to the above lines. It seems to have been written at a later period, and we may conjecture that Goethe omitted the lines because they are not in accord with the manner of Mephistopheles throughout the scene: —

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learn then from me to meet Society!
I come, both cheerful and collected,
And every heart is well-affected;
I laugh, and each one laughs with me.
Rely, like me, upon your own pretences;
There 's something to be dared, you must reflect:
For even women easily forgive offences,
If one respectfully forgets respect.
Not in divining-rods nor mandrake tragic,
But in good-humor lies the best of magic:
If I 'm in unison with all,
I do not see how trouble could befall.
Then to the work, and show no hesitation!
I only dread the preparation.

72. *I gratulate thee on thy new career.*

The "Disputation," which Goethe projected, for the further and clearer presentation of the characters of Faust, Wagner, and Mephistopheles, was probably intended to follow this scene. From the rough draught of his plan, retained in the *Paralipomena*, the reader may guess, not only the manner in which the rejected scene would have been developed, but also the considerations which compelled its rejection. I shall, therefore, give Goethe's brief and not always (to any but himself) intelligible prose outline, inserting the half-dozen rhythmical fragments in what appear to be their appropriate places.

DISPUTATION.

First Semi-chorus, Second Semi-chorus, *Tutti* of the Students, expressing the situation. The crowd, the surging to and fro, the pressing in and out.

STUDENTS (*within*).

Just let us out! our dinners we are seeking.
Who speaks, forgets both meat and drink in speaking;
But he who hears, grows faint at last.

STUDENTS (*without*).

Just let us in! our stomachs we've been testing;
At commons we have sought our cheer.
Just let us in! we 'll here do our digesting;
We had no wine, and spirit 's here! *

WAGNER, as opponent. He makes a compliment. Separate voices. The Rector to the beadle. The beadles command order.

The TRAVELLING SCHOLAR (Mephistopheles) enters. Abuses the assembly. Chorus of students, half, entire. Abuses the respondent. The latter declines.

THE TRAVELLING SCHOLAR.

Go out! come in! Each keep his place in quiet!
Upon this threshold what a riot!
Make room, without! let those within retire,
Then fill their seats as you desire!

FAUST accepts the challenge. Condemns his swaggering. Demands that he shall particularize.

MEPHISTOPHELES complies, but immediately begins a praise of vagabondage and the experience which it gives.

Semi-chorus.

STUDENTS.

He 's of the wandering race, the wight;
He swaggers, yet he 's in the right.

FAUST. Unfavorable picture of the vagabond.

SEMI-CHORUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Forms of knowledge, lacking to the wisdom of the schools.

* These are parts of either Semi-chorus. Goethe's reference to the commons is taken from the University of Leipzig, where, during his studies, a large number of the poorer students were gratuitously furnished with a common dinner, but without wine.

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MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who speaks of doubts? Let me but hear!
Who doubts, must never teach, 't is clear;
Who teaches, must be positive!

FAUST. Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, in the finer sense. Challenges the opponent to propose questions from experience, all of which Faust will answer.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Glaciers. Bolognese Fire. Fata Morgana. Beast. Man.

FAUST. Opposing question: where is the creative mirror?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Compliment. The answer another time.

FAUST. Conclusion. Dismissal.

CHORUS, as Majority and Minority of the hearers.

WAGNER's fear, that the Spirits may utter what Man supposes is whispered to himself.

It is also possible that this Disputation may have been designed as a substitute for the conversation between Mephistopheles and the Student, in which case it must have been projected at Rome, in the spring of 1788. On the 1st of March, that year, Goethe writes: "It has been an abundant week, and in memory it seems like a month. First, I arranged the plan of *Faust*," etc. Göschen's edition of his works, in 1790, was meant to be complete, up to that year, and the publication of *Faust*, as a "Fragment," in the seventh volume, may have been due to that circumstance alone.

73. AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

The locality of this scene possesses a double interest, through its connection with the early Faust-legend and with the academic years of the young Goethe. If the stranger who visits Leipzig will seek the large, ancient house, No. 1, *Grimmaische Strasse*, near the Market-Place, the sign "AUERBACHS KELLER," nearly on a level with the sidewalk, will guide him down into the two vaulted chambers which have echoed to the wit and song and revelry of four centuries of jolly companions. He may still take Faust's and Goethe's place, at the head of the table in the farther room, order his wine from the seventieth or eightieth successor of the original landlord, and, while awaiting the preparation of some old-fashioned dish, study the two curious paintings, which have filled semicircular spaces under the arches perhaps since the year 1525.

Legends of Faust are as plentiful in Germany as those of kobolds or subterranean emperors; but these pictures, I believe, are the only local records left to our day. Widmann's "Veritable History" (1599) mentions the year 1525 as the time when Faust began publicly to practise his magic arts, and the same date upon the pictures may signify either the year when they were painted, or when the event occurred which they illustrate. On this point there is a difference of opinion among the antiquarians, since Faust's fate is mentioned in the inscriptions. Auerbach's house was rebuilt in 1530, but the massive, vaulted cellars were evidently left from the earlier building. The pictures, which were painted by no mean artist, have not only grown very dingy, but they were partly repainted in the years 1636, 1707, and

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1759. Under the present inscriptions, which have also been renewed, there are marks of an older one, probably identical, although this cannot now be established as a fact.

The first picture (about ten feet in length by four in height) represents Faust, with a full beard, a ruff around his neck, mantle and fur cap, seated at the head of a table, with a chased goblet in his hand. Next to him is a student who, with lifted arm, is pouring wine from a glass, apparently as a libation. Seven others are seated at the table, two of them about to drink, while five are playing upon musical instruments, — a portable clavichord, a lyre, flute, violin, and bass-viol. At the left end of the picture there is a barrel of wine, with a Ganymede in trunk-hose waiting beside it. A small black dog, in the foreground, appears to be watching Faust. Under this picture is the incription: —

VIVE. BIBE. OBGRÆGARE. MEMOR FAVSTI HVIVS. ET HVIVS POENÆ: ADERAT CLAVDO HÆC ASTERAT AMPLA GRADV. 1525.

Some of the German scholars read the distich thus: —

Vive, bibe, obgræcare, memor Fausti hujus et hujus
Pœnæ: aderat claudo hæc, ast erat ampla gradu.

(Live, drink, carouse, remembering Faust and his punishment: it came slowly, but was in ample measure.)

The other picture shows Faust, astride of the wine-cask, which is flying through the door. His face is turned towards the company, and he lifts one hand as a parting salutation. The landlord, servants, and students gaze at him and at each other with gestures expressive of fear and astonishment. The six lines of German doggerel at the bottom of the picture also indicate a later date, since they refer to Faust's punishment. Blackie's translation of this inscription is very good: —

"Doctor Faustus, on that tyde,
From Auerbach's cellar away did ryde,
Upon a wine-cask speedilie,
As many a mother's son did see.
By subtle crafte he did that deede,
And he received the devil's meede."

Goethe thus followed the main legend in bringing Faust to Leipzig, after the compact with Mephistopheles. There are some satirical touches in the scene, however, which show that something of his own recollections was interwoven with the tradition. The other incidents taken from the legends receive a different coloring from the circumstance that Mephistopheles is made the principal actor, Faust being a passive, and even an unwilling, spectator.

74. *A nasty song! Fie! a political song.*

When this line was written, it probably expressed no more than a covert contempt for the pretence of a "holy Roman (German) Empire," which was still kept up in the coronation at Frankfurt, and in various legal and official forms. Nevertheless, the line has been frequently quoted by Goethe's literary enemies as an evidence that he would

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exclude all political aspiration from literature. His silence during the great national movement of 1813 and 1814 has been charged to an absolute indifference to the fortunes of his country and race, and very arbitrary inferences have been drawn in regard to his own political sentiments. In a conversation with Soret, in 1830, Goethe, after confessing his hearty admiration of the political songs of Béranger, thus expresses his own views: —

"A political poem is to be considered, however, even in the most fortunate case, as the voice of a single nation, and in most cases as the voice of a certain party; but, when it succeeds, it inspires the highest enthusiasm of the nation or the party. Moreover, a political poem is also the product of a certain temporary phase of things, which, in passing away, deducts from the poem whatever value it may have derived directly from the subject."

He further said, in answer to Soret's reference to the attacks of which he had been the object, in 1814 and afterwards: "How could I have taken up arms without hate? and how could I have hated without youth? If those events had found me as a young man of twenty, I should certainly not have been the last, but I was already well over sixty years old, when they came. . . . . National hatred is quite a peculiar thing. You will always find that it is strongest and fiercest, in the lowest stages of culture. But there is also a stage where it entirely disappears, where one stands to some extent *above* the nations, and sympathizes with the weal or woe of a neighbor people as with that of one's own. This latter stage of culture suited my nature, and I had confirmed myself in it long before reaching my sixtieth year."

So little significance is given to the expression which Brander uses, that shortly afterwards, in the same scene, Mephistopheles sings a song which is nothing but the keenest political satire.

75. *Soar up, soar up, Dame Nightingale.*

The couplet which Frosch sings belongs to several of the early songs of the people. The "Message of Love," written in 1639, commences: —

"Soar up, Dame Nightingale, speed high,
And to my sweetheart's window fly!"

Another song, of the same period, has these lines: —

"Dame Nightingale, Dame Nightingale,
Many thousand times my sweetheart hail!"

The term "Dame Nightingale" was first used by the Minnesingers as early as the eleventh century, and has been perpetuated in the popular songs and ballads. The second fragment which Frosch sings, to annoy Siebel (who has been jilted and resents these strains of love), appears to be Goethe's.

76. *There was a rat in the cellar-nest.*

This song, which is entirely Goethe's own, was probably written in September, 1775, during the height of his passion for "Lili." In a letter to the Countess Augusta von Stolberg, written from Offenbach, he says: "The day

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has gone by passably, yet rather heavily: when I got up in the morning, I felt well, and wrote a scene of my Faust." Then, after describing the incidents of the day, he adds: "I felt, all the time, like a rat that has eaten poison: it scampers into all holes, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, and its entrails burn with unquenchable fire." In the song, it is not only Brander satirizing Siebel, but also Goethe satirizing himself, in order to escape the unrest of the strongest attachment of his life.

The introduction of Luther's burly figure as a comparison seems also intended to ridicule Siebel, who is afterwards described by Altmayer as "the bald-pate pot-belly," and is thus drawn by Cornelius, in his illustration of the scene. The line, nevertheless, gave great offence in certain quarters; and when *Faust* (under Tieck's direction) was prepared for representation on the stage, in Dresden, the opening quatrain of the song was changed in this wise: —

> There was a rat in the cellar-nest
> Who lived on butter and cheeses:
> He had a paunch beneath his vest,
> Like the wisest of the Chineses!

77. *Paris in miniature, how it refines its people.*

Leipzig, under the supreme rule of Gottsched, was a faint and not seldom a ridiculous reflection of Parisian taste, in art, literature, and society. Although Lessing, twenty years before Goethe, had dealt the first blow at the pedantry and affectation of the school, Gottsched was still living, and only partially shorn of his authority, when Goethe entered the University. In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* he gives a lively picture of the assumed refinements in dress, speech, and manners in Leipzig, and the annoyance which he endured from being compelled to imitate them. The rough, racy directness of the Rhine-German was prohibited to him, as being vulgar; he was told to use the same expressions in speech as in writing, and even his gestures and movements were subjected to a continual censorship.

78. *No doubt 't was late when you from Rippach started?*

Rippach is the last post-station before reaching Leipzig, on the road from Weissenfels. The remark of Frosch is a part of the "chaff" with which the older *Burschen* were accustomed to entertain the *Foxes*, or Freshmen. "Hans von Rippach" is a slang name, denoting a coarse, awkward, boorish fellow, — in fact, an equivalent for the Scotch *Sawney*, as it is used in some localities. By hinting that Faust and Mephistopheles have been supping with Hans von Rippach, Frosch takes a delicate way of saying that they are ignorant country clowns, in comparison with the refined Parisians of Leipzig.

In Wieland's correspondence, there is a letter to Merck, wherein he complains of the manner in which the world is governed by "children, dandies, night-caps, blockheads, Don Quixotes and Hans von Rippachs."

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79. *There was a king once reigning.*

The commentators are agreed that this song is the keenest and coarsest satire upon those court-favorites who make their way to place and power, provide for all the members of their family, and attack and annoy society with perfect impunity, so long as they possess the favor of the ruling prince. It is conjectured by some that Goethe had in view a particular favorite at the Court of Weimar. Falk says that the couplet at the close, repeated as chorus, expresses the freedom of the people from the restraints of the court-circles. The former are at liberty to suppress plagues and parasites whenever they become annoying.

80. *A German can't endure the French to see or hear of.*

Brander's assertion, in this line, must not be understood in a political sense. The national German sentiment, in literature, preceded by many years the political hostility, which first became general and permanent under the oppressions of Napoleon. But at the time this scene was written, there was a strong reaction, both against Gottsched and his school, and against the subserviency to French literature and taste manifested by many of the reigning princes of Germany, Frederick the Great at their head. Lessing, and Klopstock in a still greater measure, had already laid the basis of a literary *Deutschthum* (Germanism), which Goethe and his contemporaries confirmed for all time. The change of sentiment was first accepted by the younger generation, and especially by the students, of whom Brander is the shrewdest and most respectable representative present in Auerbach's Cellar.

81. *Now draw the stoppers, and drink your fill!*

Goethe took this specimen of jugglery from the legend, where, however, it is not performed by Mephistopheles but by Faust. It is related as having taken place in Erfurt: "Spake he (Faust), whether they would not like to try a foreign wine or two: answered they, Yes, whereupon he further asked, whether it should be Rephal, Malvasie, Spanish or French wine, and one of them laughing made answer, all those kinds were good. Then Faust demanded a gimlet, began to bore four holes, one after another, on the border of the leaf of the table, stuck in stoppers, even as people stick spigots in the heads of casks, called for several fresh glasses, and, when all this had been done, he drew out one stopper after another, and behold! out of each of the aforesaid holes flowed unto each one the wine he had required, even as out of four casks, from the dry leaf of the table."

By making Mephistopheles the active agent in these delusions, the scene in Auerbach's Cellar assumes a different character from that which it bears in the legend. Faust speaks but twice, once simply in greeting, and again to express his wish to leave. From this

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point, he has nothing in common with the traditional Faust.

82. *False word and form of air,*
Change place, and sense ensnare!

This last prank of Mephistopheles is also borrowed from the Faust-legend, although it appears to be derived from some older tradition. It is thus related in the work of Camerarius (1602): "Once, when he (Faust) was in company with some of his acquaintances, who had heard much of his magic arts, they begged him to give them a specimen of his powers. After refusing for a long while, he finally yielded to the tumultuous request of the not wholly sober company, and promised to give them whatever they desired. When they then unanimously asked for a vine full of ripe grapes, in the belief that he would not be able to furnish such a thing in that season (it being winter, namely), Faust promised that he would cause a vine to grow instantly forth from the table, under the condition, that, until he should allow them to cut off the grapes, they would observe the deepest silence and not stir in their seats, otherwise they would be in peril of death. When they had accepted this condition, he so deluded the eyes and senses of the carousing company that they fancied to see a very beautiful vine, with as many wonderfully great bunches of grapes on it as there were persons present. Enticed by the marvel of the thing, and thirsty from drinking, they took hold of their knives, awaiting the moment when they should be allowed to cut off the bunches. Faust left them for a considerable time in their delusion, until finally the vine and grapes disappeared as a vapor, and they perceived that they had taken the noses of each other to be the bunches, and had set their knives thereto."

The refrain, "As 't were five hundred hogs," etc., which the students sing, after drinking the various wines, has the character of certain coarse Bacchanalian measures, still common to their class. Perhaps the resemblance in sound between *sauf'* (swill!) and *sau* (sow) originally suggested the use of the latter as a vulgar slang word. Even Goethe once speaks of himself, in a letter to Merck, as being *sauwohl*.

83. *Witches' Kitchen.*

Neither this scene nor the Walpurgis-Night (Scene XXI.) has any connection with the Faust-legend. The chief motive of the Witches' Kitchen is, of course, the passional rejuvenation of Faust, as introductory to the episode of Margaret; but Goethe, with a wilful spirit, not unfrequently manifested in his life and writings, seems to have also designed burlesquing the machinery of witchcraft and its use in literature. He wrote the scene towards the close of March, 1788, in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, outside the wall of Rome, at a time when his mind was thoroughly possessed with the grace and beauty and irrecoverable symmetry of ancient art. Perhaps, therefore, the very contrast between his strong æsthetic passion and the character of his

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theme led him to give the latter the ugliest, coarsest, and absurdest expression. The scene has been a puzzle to many commentators, because in the dialogues of Mephistopheles, the Witch, and the Animals, some occult meaning is often provokingly implied. Goethe was too admirable an artist not to have intended this very effect, and not to have accomplished it by the simplest method, — that of giving the jargon of witchcraft to his own definite ideas; but, that there was no necessary coherence between those ideas, no consistent allegory intended, is evident from his own words, reported by Falk: "They have now been tormenting themselves for nearly thirty years with the broomsticks of the Blocksberg and the cat-dialogues of the Witches' Kitchen, but they have never yet rightly succeeded in interpreting and allegorizing that *dramatic-humoristic nonsense*. Really, one ought to play the joke oftener in his youth, and give them such morsels as the Brocken." [There is an untranslatable pun in the original — *solche Brocken wie den Brocken.*]

There has been a great deal of not very important discussion as to the meaning of the word *Meerkatze*. It has been translated "Monkey," "Baboon," "Cat-Ape," "Cat," and "Little Ring-tailed Monkey." I follow Mephistopheles, himself, in using the word "Ape," (*Wie glücklich würde sich der Affe schätzen!*) which will answer as well as any other for those who insist on symbolism. Goethe probably took his *Meerkatzen* from the legend of Reineke Fuchs, wherein they are introduced.

84. *Full thirty years from my existence.*

There is here an apparent contradiction between the age of Faust and that which is implied in the first scene. The deduction of thirty years, we must suppose, should leave him as a youth of twenty, to begin his new experience of life; yet we can hardly imagine the man who has been teaching for only ten years, and has barely attained his Doctor's degree, to be more than thirty-five. Düntzer thinks this is an oversight of Goethe, arising from the long interval between the composition of the two scenes.

85. *We 're cooking watery soup for beggars.*

Here we have a clew to some of the masked satire in the scene. In July, 1797, Goethe writes to Schiller concerning a volume which he sends at the same time: "Herewith goes the again murdered, or rather putrefied, Gustavus III.; it is really just such a beggars' soup as the German public likes." Falk died before the correspondence was published, or he would not have given the following explanation of the line: "An ironical reference to the coarse superstitions which extend with a thick palpable shade among all nations throughout the history of the world." There seems to be no doubt that in this expression and in the disjointed rhymes uttered by the he-ape, Goethe meant to designate certain classes of

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literary works, popular in Germany at the time.

86. *Wert thou the thief.*

The art of divination by means of a sieve (*koskinomancy*) was known to the ancients: it is mentioned in the third idyl of Theocritus. In the life of Campanella — the Dominican monk, with whose work, *De Sensu Rerum*, Goethe appears to have been acquainted — the following story occurs: "Some boys had lost a mantle, and in order to find out whither it had taken its flight, they hung up a sieve by the middle on a peg, and then uttered the words 'In the name of St. Peter and in the name of St. Paul, has not so and so stolen the mantle?' They went over a number of names in the same manner, but the sieve remained immovable, till they pronounced the name of Flavius, and then it began to wheel round about. Campanella, who saw it, was much astonished, and prayed with the boys that God would not suffer them to be blinded by the devil; and, on making the trial again, as soon as the name of Flavius was pronounced, it began to wheel round about in a circle." — *Adelung*, Blackie's translation.

87. *What do I see? What heavenly form revealed.*

Some of the commentators insist that the form which Faust sees in the magic mirror is that of Margaret, whom he meets in the following scene; others suppose it to be Helena, although when she appears in the Second Part (end of Act I.) he expressly declares that the vision in the mirror was but "a frothy phantom of such beauty." A reference to Goethe's letters from Rome is all that is needed to satisfy us that it is not an individual, but the perfect beauty of the female form, which fascinates the eyes and brain of Faust. Indeed, his exclamation, "Is it possible, then, that woman is so beautiful?" indicates this, without any further evidence.

For nearly a year Goethe occupied himself with the study of the human form, drawing from the antique and from life, modelling in clay, and striving to develop a little technical ability in Art. At the commencement of this period of study he writes: "Now at last I am possessed by the *alpha* and *omega* of all known things, the human form, and I cry: 'Lord, I will cling to thee until thou blessest me!' though I grow lame in the struggle." Eight or nine months later, just before his departure from Rome, he says: "In such a presence [that of the antique sculptures] one becomes more than one's ordinary self; one feels, that the noblest subject with which we can be occupied, is the human form." In other letters he speaks of the disinclination with which he returns to "*formless* Germany."

The image in the mirror is not a sensual but a purely æsthetic symbol, the significance of which is not further developed in the First Part of the work. The coarser element through which Mephistopheles achieves a temporary power over Faust is represented

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by the potion which the witch administers to the latter.

88. *We hear and we rhyme.*

These lines, with the preceding and following ones, have (perhaps purposely) a mixed significance. The crown which the animals bring may be that of France, which, though glued or belimed with the sweat and blood of the people, was virtually broken at the time the passage was written; yet the line quoted above certainly refers again to the dreary jingle of an inferior class of poets, who now and then, by sheer good luck, get possession of a thought. The remark of Mephistopheles, just before the appearance of the witch, must be understood in the same sense. The reader must not expect more than a half-interpretation of these passages, and that only by giving up the idea of a coherent design.

89. *It 's long been written in the Book of Fable.*

The conversation between Mephistopheles and the witch is full of ironical suggestions. It ridicules the popular idea of the Devil, with his horns, hoofs, and the attendant ravens (borrowed from Odin); it slyly refers to the denial of a personal Spirit of Evil, promulgated by Kant in his philosophy and Schleiermacher in his theology; it asserts that, although men may be rid of the Evil One, there is not therefore any the less evil in the world; and, by implication, satirizes the aristocracy through the claim of Mephistopheles to the title of Baron.

90. *This is the witch's once-one's-one!*

The common schoolboy term for the multiplication-table in Germany is *Einmaleins*, from its commencement, *Einmal eins ist eins* — once one is one! The jargon which the witch declaims from the book is nothing but a nonsensical parody of the cabalistic formula of the Middle Ages, wherein mystical properties are attributed to numbers.

In the *Paralipomena*, there is a verse which is generally attributed to the omitted Disputation, yet which seems more appropriate in this place. Mephistopheles says (apparently to Faust): —

> Now, once for all, mark this, I pray —
> A maxim weighty for thine actions!
> No mystery the numbers here convey,
> Yet there 's a great one in the fractions.

91. *A contradiction thus complete.*

The irreverent irony of Mephistopheles in this passage hardly needs explanation. Some of the commentators have shown great skill in avoiding the true interpretation. Hinrichs, for example, asserts that it refers to Hegel's system of philosophy! Düntzer says: "One should properly attribute this irony to Mephistopheles alone, and entirely absolve the poet from it." Goethe, nevertheless, used the mask of Mephistopheles whenever it suited his convenience. In 1824, when speaking to Eckermann of his early life, he said: "I believed in God, in Nature, and in

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the final triumph of Good over Evil; but that was not enough for the pious souls. I was also required to believe that Three were One, and One was Three, against which the instinct of truth in my soul revolted: moreover, I could not perceive how I should be helped thereby, in the slightest degree."

Although the witch bewilders Faust when she speaks again, she nevertheless expresses an article of Goethe's poetic creed — that the truest and deepest insight into things is not the result of conscious labor, but falls upon the mind as a free, pure, unsuspected gift. His distaste for metaphysics arose from the fact that it forced him to think about his thinking; whereas his object always was to preserve the freedom, freshness, and spontaneous activity of his mind. The lines declaimed by the witch suggest another of his aphoristic fragments: —

> Yes, that is the proper way,
> When one can't say
> What one thinks,
> If one thinks;
> But everything comes as if freely given!

92. *The noble indolence I 'll teach thee then to treasure.*

Mephistopheles understands very well that an indolent, unregulated habit of life contributes to the growth of all forms of physical appetite. He shows, throughout, such familiarity with theological matters, that we may not unreasonably suspect him of having taken a hint from Dr. Watts: —

> "For Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Perhaps Mephistopheles also recalled these lines, from Milton's *Paradise Regained:* —

> "For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
> Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
> Higher design than to enjoy his state;
> Thence to the bait of women lay exposed."

93. Margaret.

We now take leave of the original Faust-legend, which will not again be encountered until the appearance of Helena, in the Second Part. The episode of Margaret is Goethe's own creation, from beginning to end, and here, even more than in the first monologue of Faust, he "delved in his own breast" for the passion which he represents. Margaret is drawn partly from her namesake, whom Goethe, as a boy of sixteen, imagined he loved; and partly from his betrothed, Lili (Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, the daughter of a banker in Frankfurt), for whom he felt probably the strongest love of his life, at the time these scenes of his *Faust* were written.

Gretchen (Maggie), or Margaret, is one of the fairest and sweetest figures in the fifth book of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. Goethe describes how his facility in writing poems for occasions brought him accidentally into society very much below that into which he was born. Some of these chance companions were even disreputable, and his association with them was finally broken off by the legal investigations concerning a forgery which one of them committed. At a house where they

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met, Margaret first appeared to wait upon them in the place of a maid-servant. She was three or four years older than Goethe, who was then in his sixteenth year, and her quiet grace, beauty, and natural dignity made an instant and deep impression upon him. "She was for the most part," he says, "calm and quiet. Her habit was to sit with her arms crossed, leaning upon the table, a position which showed her to great advantage; and she would thus sit for a long time together, with now and then a slight motion of her head, which, however, was never made without meaning. At times she threw in a word to help on the conversation, but when she had done this, she immediately resumed her calm and quiet attitude of attention."

The account he gives of her manner suggests Faust's first interview with Margaret: "She gave no one her hand, not even me; she allowed no one to touch her: only, she often sat down beside me, especially when I wrote or read aloud, and then she placed her arm familiarly on my shoulder, looked into the book, or on my verses, but when I attempted to take the same freedom with her she immediately drew back, and did not return so soon again. Yet she often repeated this position, and, indeed, there was a great uniformity in all her gestures and motions, though they were always graceful and beautiful."

The last time Goethe saw her, just before the arrest of the forger, she kissed him on the forehead at parting; but both his love and self-love were bitterly wounded when, in the investigation which took place — and from which she came forth with a spotless character — she testified that she had looked upon him as a boy in whom she felt the interest of an elder sister, and had encouraged his innocent liking for her for the purpose of watching over and protecting him. She left Frankfurt soon afterwards, and Goethe never heard of her again.

The engagement between Goethe and Lili, to whom he wrote some of his finest brief lyrics, was broken off by the opposition of their respective families. The uncertainty and unrest of his love is reflected in that of Faust. All the scenes in which Margaret appears, up to that in the Cathedral (Scene XX.), with the exception of Faust's encounter with Valentine (Scene XIX.), were written during the spring of 1775, and Goethe's relation to Lili was not finally broken off until August of that year.

Margaret is one of the most pure and pathetic creations in literature. Ignorant, uneducated (she uses none but the simplest words and sometimes speaks ungrammatically), artlessly vain, yielding to deceit, and finally led to infamy, crime, and madness, she is both real in her words and ways and ideal in her embodiment of the pure woman-nature, and of that alone. The German critics have made her typical of many things, but she will always remain what Goethe intended her to be — simply a woman. In her language, throughout, there are

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no references except to Goethe's own early experiences of love: the reader may study her character for himself, although an indescribable bloom and freshness is lost in transferring her story to another language.

94. *How short and sharp of speech was she.*

Perhaps the word "snappish" would best express the meaning of the German phrase *kurz angebunden*. Lord Leveson Gower, deceived by the form of the idiom, fell into a very amusing blunder. He translates the couplet: —

"As with her gown held up, she fled,
That well-turned ankle well might turn one's head!"

We are less surprised that a French translator should have made the same mistake, and given the first line thus: "*Comme elle avait des courtes jupes!*" Even Blaze, whose translation in many other respects is so careful and intelligent, says: "*Quel corsage bien pris!*"

95. *Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed!*

The original, *Mein Herr Magister Lobesan*, is given in a different form by almost every translator. Goethe perhaps borrowed the expression from the title of a satirical poem by Neumeister, published in 1624 — "The Crowned M., in German, Magister Lobesan." Düntzer says it is a nickname applied to a Magister who makes a pompous display of his dignity. Inasmuch as Faust ironically assumes that Mephistopheles attempts to teach him morals, I have chosen the word "Pedagogue" as an equivalent. The following are some of the varieties of translation, and they may help the reader to a clearer comprehension of the phrase: —

BLACKIE. — Sir Knight of Pedantry.
HAYWARD. — My good Mr. Sermonizer.
BROOKS. — My worthy Master Gravity.
MARTIN. — Master Graveairs.
LEVESON GOWER. — Mr. Check-my-speed.
ANSTER. — Most Reverend.
BERESFORD. — Sir Laudable.

96. *As in Italian tales 't is taught.*

The word *welsche* (or *wälsche*) may signify either French or Italian: in the Middle Ages it was often used in the sense of "foreign." Hartung supposes that by *welsche Geschicht'* Goethe simply meant romances, of whatever country; but it seems more probable that he had in mind the amorous stories of Boccaccio, or the Heptameron.

97. *O welcome, twilight soft and sweet!*

The reader will not fail to notice the entire change in Faust, since the preceding scene, although only a few hours are supposed to have elapsed. The "atmosphere" upon which Mephistopheles has calculated in advance, exercises an influence of which he seems to be ignorant, while Faust, after his first surrender to the new impression, hardly recognizes himself. At the meeting with Margaret, it is the witch's potion which speaks through him: here, the better though obscure aspiration (*vide* the "Prologue in Heaven") repossesses him, under the new, blissful, yet disquieting form of love. Mephis-

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topheles is, naturally, incapable of understanding the transformation in Faust's feelings, because the strongest negation of his denying nature is that of love.

Goethe was not only keenly sensitive to the operation of atmospheric influences upon the mind, but he also believed in the existence of a spiritual *aura*, through which impressions, independent of the external senses, might be communicated. It is the atmosphere of peace, and order, and contentment, and chastity, which unconsciously touches Faust, in Margaret's chamber; and it is the sultry breath of evil, of impending temptation and ruin, which oppresses Margaret on her return.

98. *I know not, should I do it?*

Faust is so far redeemed by his awakening love that he hesitates to use the gift which he had commanded Mephistopheles to furnish. The latter purposely misunderstands his hesitation, and accuses him of wishing to keep the casket of jewels for himself. Nevertheless, it is he, and not Faust, who places the casket in the press.

99. *There was a King in Thule.*

According to Goethe's statement this ballad was written in July, 1774, when he repeated it to his friend Jacobi. It does not appear to have been originally intended for *Faust*, as were the songs in Auerbach's Cellar; yet it is most fitting that Margaret, in this crisis of her fate, should sing a ballad of love and death, wherein the word *Buhle* (mistress or leman) has a prophetic character. The "King of Thule" was first published in 1782 in a collection of "Songs of the People," set to music by Baron von Seckendorff, with the announcement added: "From Goethe's Dr. Faust." This was eight years before the publication of this scene, in the "Fragment."

It would seem impossible for any one to read the ballad and not be satisfied with the story it so simply tells; yet one of Goethe's commentators, Hartung, insists on the following interpretation: "It is based, like the ballad of 'The Fisher,' on a deeper meaning. For, while the dying King grants all else to his heirs, the elements, he gives only to the great ocean that which is most precious to him — his Self, his soul, which he desires shall be united to the world-soul, no matter whether it shall melt as a drop into the element of soul-ether, or, hardened into a pearl, continue its individual existence."

As I have stated in the Preface, the feminine rhymes of the first and third lines of each verse have been omitted, in order to make the translation strictly literal. I have taken this liberty (the only one I have allowed myself, in the lyrical passages of the work) the more readily, because the redundant syllable partly atones to the ear for the absence of rhyme. In this instance I have considered it especially necessary to preserve the simplicity of the original, and (if that be possible) the weird, mystic sweetness of its movement. To show how entirely these qualities

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may be lost, in a language further removed from German than ours, I quote Blaze's translation of the last two verses: —

"Puis, se levant, le vieux compère
Huma le dernier coup vital,
Et jeta le sacré métal
Dans les vagues de l'onde amère.

"Il le vit tomber, s'engloutir;
Et quand il n'eut plus aucun doute,
Sentit ses yeux s'appesantir,
Puis jamais ne but une goutte."

100. *With heavenly manna she 'll repay it.*

Margaret's mother seems to have quoted from Revelation ii. 17: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna," and the parson, in the line "Who overcometh, winneth too," remembers verses 7, 11, and 26 in the same chapter.

101. The Neighbor's House.

This scene surely requires no further explanation than that contained in the two succeeding notes. The characters of Martha, Margaret, and Mephistopheles are placed before us, in the clearest manner, by a few simple, realistic touches. I need not repeat the conjectures of critics concerning Dame Martha's age and personal appearance. Here, and in Scene XII. she is represented with such distinctness that the reader cannot mistake the part which Goethe intended her to fill. If anything further were necessary, Mephistopheles characterizes her sufficiently, in the following scene.

102. *In Padua buried, he is lying,*
Beside the good Saint Antony.

If this is anything more than a random statement of Mephistopheles, the irony is neither keen nor especially important. The Saint is not the Antony of the Desert and the temptations and the Irish ballad, but Antonio of Padua, a relative of Godfrey of Bouillon. He was born in Lisbon in 1195, preached with such fervor that even the fishes rose to the surface of the sea to listen to him, and died in Padua in 1231. The splendid basilica in which his ashes rest was not completed until two centuries later. His chapel, with its *alti rilievi* by Lombardi, Sansovino, and others, still attracts the student of art.

Interments within the walls of cathedrals and churches in Italy were not prohibited until the year 1809.

103. *I want his death in the weekly paper stated.*

There is, in Germany, an official registration of all marriages, births, and deaths, which are published at stated intervals. The laws relating to marriage require both parties to furnish testimony that there are no legal impediments to their union; hence the officially published death of Herr Schwerdtlein is necessary, before Dame Martha can properly be considered a widow and at liberty to accept a second spouse.

104. *For thou art right, especially since I must.*

Faust, in this line, admits his dependence on the aid of Mephistopheles,

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and the necessity of giving false testimony in order to procure an interview with Margaret. No change in the character of his passion is implied.

There is a passage in the *Paralipomena* which seems naturally to belong here, although some of the German commentators have given it a different place. Mephistopheles says, apparently after Faust's departure, when he has impatiently spoken the above line: —

'T is hard, indeed, the younker's ways commanding;
Yet, as his tutor, I 've no fear
I shall not rule the madcap, notwithstanding,
And nothing else concerns me here.
His own desires I let him follow slowly,
That mine, as well, may be accomplished wholly.
Much do I talk, yet always leave him free;
If what he does should quite too stupid be,
My wisdom, then, must make a revelation,
And I must drag him forth, as by the hair:
Yet, while one strives the folly to repair,
One gives for other folly fresh occasion.

105. *To think on you I have all times and places.*

These two lines are literally: "Think but a little moment's space on me; I shall have time enough to think of you." I have been obliged, by the exigency of rhyme, to express the latter phrase in different words; yet this is one of those instances where *no* English words, though they may perfectly convey the meaning, can possibly carry with them the fulness and tenderness of sentiment which we feel in the original. "*Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben*" suggests, in some mysterious way, a contrast betweeen Faust's place in life and Margaret's, between the love of man and that of woman, which the words do not seem to retain, when translated.

106. *She plucks a star-flower.*

The original, *sternblume*, may mean either a china-aster, a star-of-Bethlehem, a variety of primrose or of jonquil. Various modes of amorous divination by means of flowers were known to the ancients (one of them is mentioned by Theocritus), and the Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide, describes a very similar method of ascertaining whether a lover's affection is returned. The single daisy (*Gänseblümchen* in German) is sometimes used for the same purpose, but it is a garden-flower, of course, which Margaret plucks.

107. *It's as if nobody had nothing to fetch and carry.*

The effect of a double negative in German is precisely the same as in English, and it belongs equally to the vulgar dialect. Goethe introduces it intentionally here as well as in Scene XVI., where Margaret says, speaking of Mephistopheles: "One sees that in nothing no interest he hath." I have not felt at liberty to correct these purposed inelegances, as most translators have done. They are trifling touches, it is true, but they belong to the author's design.

108. Forest and Cavern.

Most of the German critics unite in the opinion that this scene must have

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been written during Goethe's residence in Rome, or immediately after his return to Weimar. There is a certain slight variation in tone which distinguishes it from the earlier scenes. Mr. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," says: "I do not understand the relation of this scene to the whole." But, in his sketch of the growth of *Faust*, Mr. Lewes does not seem to be aware of the publication of the "Fragment" in 1790. The "Forest and Cavern" is there given, not in its present position, but immediately after the scene "At the Fountain" (Scene XVII.), and consequently *after* Margaret's fall. Goethe's first design was, evidently, to drive Faust from Margaret's presence through the remorse following the deed, and his transfer of the scene to its present place substitutes a moral resistance in advance of the deed for the earlier motive. The character of Faust's love is not only elevated by this change, but the element of good in his nature is again actively, and not merely *reactively*, developed.

Some commentators have found a contradiction between Faust's almost inspired enjoyment of Nature in this scene, and the character of his first monologue. Yet, if we read the latter carefully, we shall find it pervaded with a longing for "the broad, free land," for release from the imprisonment of unsatisfying studies. His impatience is not with Nature, but with the inadequacy of the physical sciences, which endeavor to wrench from her "with levers, screws, and hammers," the secrets "which she doth not willingly display." Faust looks on Nature, now, with the eyes of a lover, and she is transformed to his senses. It is no longer a cold, amazed acquaintance; her bosom is open to him as that of a friend, and all living creatures become his brothers. The scoff of Mephistopheles does not move him, but he at last succumbs to the picture which the latter draws of Margaret's loneliness and sorrow.

In *Wahrheit und Dichtung* we find the original suggestion of the scene. After Goethe's separation from the Margaret of his boyhood, and the illness which followed, the paternal government was more rigidly enforced. He was furnished with a private tutor, a man of intelligence and of a kindly, sympathetic nature, who soon became a friend. Goethe, nevertheless, remained depressed and boyishly misanthropic for a time. "I drew my friend with me into the woods," he says. "Leaving the monotonous fir-trees behind me, I sought those beautiful, leafy groves, which are, indeed, of no very great extent in that region, but are nevertheless of a size sufficient to furnish concealment for a poor wounded heart. I selected, in the deepest part of the wood, a sombre spot where the ancient oaks and beeches grandly overshadowed a broad space of soil. The ground sloped upwards, which added to the effect of the massive old trunks. This clear space was surrounded with dense thickets, out of which rose the venerable forms of moss-grown rocks, and an abundant brook poured over them in a rapid cascade. . . . .

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"What I then felt, is still present to my mind; what I said, it would be impossible for me to recall."

Hartung, in his comment on this scene, says: "He (Faust) also *thanks God* that He has given to him the comrade whom he can no longer do without," etc. The reader can judge for himself whether Faust does not simply tolerate the presence of Mephistopheles, through his conviction that "nothing can be perfect unto man," and the new ecstasy he feels must therefore be balanced by the degrading fellowship.

109. *One dares not that before chaste ears declare.*

"Qui reprehendunt et irrident quod ea quæ re turpia non sint, nominibus ac verbis flagitiosa ducamus, illa autem quæ turpia sint nominibus appellemus suis: latrocinare, fraudare, adulterare re turpe est, sed dicitur non obscœne; liberis dare operam, re honestum est, nomine obscœnum." — *Cicero, Off.* I., 35.

110. *Enough of that! Thy love sits lonely yonder.*

Mephistopheles is shrewd enough to perceive that Faust is thus far insensible to his mockery. He here suddenly changes his tactics, and draws such a picture of the forsaken Margaret that Faust, even in the exclamation "Serpent! serpent!" betrays how much he is moved. In this exclamation, and the *aside* of Mephistopheles, I have omitted the rhyme of the original, which could not possibly be reproduced without losing the subtile suggestiveness of the words. Mr. Brooks nearly overcomes the difficulty by translating as follows: —

FAUST. Viper! Viper!
MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*). Ay, and the prey grows riper!

111. *"Were I a little bird!" so runs her song.*

This is an old song of the people in Germany. Herder published it in his *Volkslieder*, in 1779; but it was no doubt already familiar to Goethe in his childhood. The original melody, to which it is still sung, is as simple and sweet as the words. I cannot do better than to borrow Mr. Brooks's translation, which is very literal: —

"Were I a little bird,
Had I two wings of mine,
I 'd fly to my dear;
But that can never be,
So I stay here.

"Though I am far from thee,
Sleeping I 'm near to thee,
Talk with my dear;
When I awake again,
I am alone.

"Scarce there 's an hour in the night
When sleep does not take its flight,
And I think of thee,
How many thousand times
Thou gav'st thy heart to me."

The expression "wept beyond her tears" is *ausgeweint* (outwept) in the original. Goethe probably remembered the line of Dante (*Inferno*, Canto XXXIII.): —

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Lo pianto stesso li pianger non lascia.

"Weeping itself there does not let them weep,
And grief that finds a barrier in the eyes
Turns itself inward to increase the anguish."
Longfellow's translation.

112. *On your twin-pair, that feed among the roses.*

The Song of Solomon is one of those books of the Old Testament which Faust, in his contract with Mephistopheles, according to one form of the old legend, was permitted to read. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find the latter quoting from it, although not quite correctly.

"Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies." — iv. 5.

Mr. Hayward quotes from a private letter to himself the following singular advice which Schlegel gives in regard to this couplet: —

"Je ne vous conseille pas de traduire cela littéralement. On jeterait les hauts cris."

113. MARGARET (*at the spinning-wheel, alone*).

This and the foregoing scene may be considered as nearly identical in time. The lovers are separated: Faust struggles with all the force of his nobler instinct to resist his passion, while Margaret is wholly possessed by an intense, unreasoning yearning for his presence. In representing her as seated at the spinning-wheel, Goethe again remembers the Margaret of his boyhood. Visiting the house on one occasion, to meet, by appointment, the circle into which he had been drawn, he says: "Only one of the young people was at home. Margaret sat at the window and span; the mother went back and forth. . . . . She (Margaret) arose, left her spinning-wheel, and approaching the table where I sat gave me a severe lecture, yet with much good sense and kindness."

Although some have fancied that in the opening line, *Meine Ruh' ist hin*, the lulling sound of the spinning-wheel is indicated, the verses are meant to be a revery, not a song. They are, indeed, articulate sighs; the lines are almost as short and simple as the first speech of a child, and the least deviation from either the meaning or the melody of the original (even the change of *meine* into *my*, in the first line) takes away something of its indescribable sadness and strength of desire. In the first verse, which is twice repeated as a refrain, I have been obliged to choose between the repetition of the word *peace* in the third line and the use of a pronoun which cannot, as in the German, fix its antecedent by its gender. The reader who prefers the grammatical form to the more natural expression will at least understand that it is here impossible to give both. There are precedents for either alternative, in former translations.

114. *Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!*

When Faust says, "And as for Church and Faith, I leave to each his own," it

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is Goethe who speaks. His maxim through life was not only tolerance but a respectful recognition of all forms of religious belief. Margaret here represents a class not peculiar to Germany. She insists on a categorical explanation of Faust's views, and when, in answer to her question: "Believest thou in God?" he hints at the impossibility of comprehending the Divine Essence, she misses the familiar phrases of her creed, and immediately infers: "Then thou believest not!"

The passage which follows has been the subject of a great deal of comment, from Madame de Staël (in her *De l'Allemagne*) to the latest writer on *Faust*. There is, however, sufficient evidence that Goethe meant to state his own — imperfect, as he admitted it to be — conception of the Deity. He read Spinoza at an early age, and frequently expressed his concurrence in the views of that philosopher, concerning the "immanence" of God in all things. The sun, the stars, the earth, the human heart and all its emotions, are simply "invisible, visible" manifestations of His existence. Goethe's intention is to acknowledge Him in His Infinite aspects, not to define or describe Him.

In 1829, he said to Eckermann: "The period of doubt is past: every one, now, would as soon think of doubting his own existence as that of God. Moreover, the nature of God, immortality, the being of the soul and its connection with the body are eternal problems, wherein the philosophers are unable to give us any further knowledge."

Two years later, Eckermann gives the following report of Goethe's views. The latter was then eighty-two years old. "He is very far from supposing that he truly apprehends the Highest Being. All his oral and written utterances have inculcated the belief that God is an inscrutable Existence, whereof man has but approximate glimpses and presentiments. All Nature and we human beings are, nevertheless, so penetrated with the Divine element, that it sustains us, that in it we live, work and be; that we sorrow and rejoice through the operation of eternal laws, which we fulfil and which are fulfilled in us, whether we perceive them or not. He is firmly convinced that the Divine Power is everywhere manifested, and that the Divine Love is everywhere active."

In 1823 Goethe said to Soret: "With the people, and especially with the clergymen, who have Him daily upon their tongues, God becomes a phrase, a mere name, which they utter without any accompanying idea. But if they were penetrated with His greatness, they would rather be dumb, and for very reverence would not dare to name Him."

This passage in Faust has sometimes been designated "Goethe's creed," — an expression which he would have repelled, since he considered all creeds as attempts to express something beyond the reach of human intelligence. In 1813 he wrote to his friend Jacobi:

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"For my part, with the manifold directions in which my nature moves, I cannot be satisfied with a single mode of thought. As Poet and Artist I am a polytheist; on the other hand, as a student of Nature I am a pantheist, — and both with equal positiveness. When I need a God for my personal nature, as a moral and spiritual man, He also exists for me. The heavenly and the earthly things are such an immense realm, that it can only be grasped by the collective intelligence of all beings."

Whether Faust's explanation is pantheism, in either a spiritual or a materialistic form; whether it is an *un*doctrinal view permitted to a Christian, or, as Margaret fears, there is "no Christianity" in it, — are questions which the reader will decide for himself. The terms Pantheism, Materialism, and even Christianity, are so liable to random and partisan use, that I prefer to leave without comment a passage, of which Mr. Lewes says: "Grander, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry."

115. At the Fountain.

This is another of the scenes written in 1775. Its direct and occasionally coarse realism has been condemned by some critics, and one or two of the expressions have generally been softened in translation. The vulgarity of Lisbeth, nevertheless, has a purpose. Margaret is made to feel her own situation, and the disgrace awaiting her, through the expressions applied to the unfortunate Barbara, and the reader's sympathy is secured, with his first knowledge of her fall. I have therefore translated the scene without change, on the same principle which the Germans have adopted in translating Shakespeare.

116. *And we 'll scatter chaff before her door.*

The word *häckerling* signifies either chaff or chopped straw. The old German custom, which is still observed in some parts of the country, allowed the bridal wreath only to chaste maidens. If one of sullied reputation ventured to assume it, the wreath was torn from her head, and sometimes replaced with one of straw, while on the eve of the marriage chaff or chopped straw was scattered before her door. A widow who marries again is allowed to wear a wreath, but not the myrtle of the maiden bride.

Church-penance for unchastity was also formerly common in England. In Germany the guilty person was obliged to kneel before the altar, clad in a "sinner's shift," while the clergyman severely rated her conduct, and read her petition for pardon.

117. Donjon.

The word *Zwinger*, which Goethe uses, corresponds to our "stronghold" or "donjon keep," but is also sometimes applied to the open angular space between the wall of a town and one of the fortified gates. Goethe seems to use the word in the latter sense. The shrine of a saint was frequently placed

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in the re-entering angle, between which and the city-wall there would be a partly enclosed space. Mephistopheles represents Margaret as watching the clouds "over the old city-wall," from her window, whence her home must have been in the street nearest to it, and the shrine of the *Mater Dolorosa*, being close at hand, would become her accustomed place of prayer. I have followed all other translators in using the word *donjon*, simply because we have no English word to describe the locality.

The opening of Margaret's prayer suggests the well-known Latin hymn of Jacoponus, written towards the close of the thirteenth century: —

> Stabat mater dolorosa
> Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
> Dum pendebat filius;
> Cujus animam gementem,
> Contristatum et dolentem,
> Pertransivit gladius.

If the revery at the spinning-wheel be a sigh of longing, this is a cry for help, equally wonderful in words and metre; yet with a character equally elusive when we attempt to reproduce it in another language.

118. VALENTINE, *a soldier, Margaret's brother.*

This scene appears to have been written some time during the year 1800, and probably after the completion of the Walpurgis-Night (Scene XXI.). Goethe had been occupied, at intervals, for some time previous, with the *Helena* (Part Second, Act III.), which he finally laid aside, with the determination to fill the gaps yet remaining in the First Part, before proceeding further. In the Royal Library at Berlin, there is an autograph manuscript of the scene, dated "1800."

Düntzer insists that the unity of the plot is disturbed by the introduction of Valentine, whose death, he asserts, has no intimate connection with Margaret's fall. Goethe's design, nevertheless, may be easily conjectured, and the poets, we imagine, will take sides with him against the critic. The guilt of blood, which the action of Mephistopheles brings upon Faust, obliges the latter to fly from the town, and he is thus prevented from learning the shame and misery which swiftly come upon Margaret. Without such a motive, his flight would be a heartless desertion, at variance with the expressions of his love in the preceding and following scenes. Moreover, while the consequences of Margaret's fault succeed each other with terrible, cumulative retribution, her right to pity and sympathy increases with them. We could ill spare this picture of Valentine, the brave soldier, the honest man, whose death is another necessary link in the fatal chain of Margaret's destiny.

119. *Saw splendid lion-dollars in't.*

The remark of Faust refers, apparently, to some buried treasure which Mephistopheles has promised to raise for him. "Lion-dollars" are of Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of Louvain (in German, *Löwen* —

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lion), in Brabant, where they were first struck, and from the figure of a lion on the obverse. They are also sometimes named "Brabanters." A few specimens are still occasionally seen in Germany: their value is about eighty-five cents. Hayward is mistaken in saying that the lion-dollar is a Bohemian coin.

"It was a generally disseminated belief that the interior of the earth contains treasures, which must be raised by whoever would possess them. It was supposed that the treasure moved of itself, slowly seeking to approach the surface. At stated times, frequently once in seven years, but sometimes only once in a hundred, the treasure is above, and waits to be lifted. If this is not accomplished, because the necessary conditions are not fulfilled, it sinks back again. It is generally contained in a kettle, and its approach to the surface is indicated by a flame hovering over the spot." — *Düntzer.*

120. *What dost thou here?*

The song of Mephistopheles is directly suggested, as Goethe admitted (*vide* Note 8), by the song of Ophelia, in *Hamlet* (Act IV., Scene V.): —

"Good morrow, 't is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

"Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more."

In Schlegel's translation, St. Charity (in the third verse) is rendered *St. Kathrin*, whence Goethe probably took the name "Kathrina dear." It also seems probable that the name given to Margaret's brother, Valentine, was suggested by "your Valentine" in Ophelia's song; and all the more so, since its Latin original, *valens*, is specially appropriate to a soldier.

121. *Rat-catching piper, thou!*

Browning's poem of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is so well known that I need not give the old German legend to which Valentine's exclamation refers. Goethe's song, *Der Rattenfänger*, expresses still more clearly the meaning which he attaches to the phrase. The man who charms innocent maidens by his seductive arts, even as the piper by the notes of his magical pipe charmed the rats of Hameln, is a rat-catcher. In "Romeo and Juliet" (Act III. Scene I.) Mercutio says: —

"Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?"

122. *Out with your spit, without delay!*

Flederwisch, the slang German word for "sword," which Mephistopheles uses, means a goose's wing, such as is used by economical housewives for dusting furniture. Hayward translates "toasting-iron," borrowing the expression from Shakespeare; Mr. Brooks says "whisk," and Mr. Martin "duster," — both of which are literal; yet, in this instance, I prefer to use a cant word which is equivalent to the original.

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123. Cathedral.

This is the closing scene of "Faust: a Fragment," and the last but one in which Margaret appears. She returns to the Cathedral, before which Faust first met her in the street, as she was coming from confession, where, as even Mephistopheles admits: —

> "So innocent is she, indeed,
> That to confess she had no need."

Without this contrast, the terrible power of the scene must be felt by every reader. The short, unrhymed lines express both the hoarse whispered threats of the Evil Spirit, and the panting agony of the sinner. The line: "Upon thy threshold whose the blood?" fails in the edition of 1790, and was added on account of the foregoing scene, which was afterwards written. The confusion of Margaret's thoughts, presaging her later insanity, is indicated in the first words she utters.

124. *Dies iræ, dies illa.*

Goethe has elsewhere acknowledged the powerful impression which this old Latin chant made upon himself. Some have attributed its authorship to Gregory the Great, and others to Bernhard of Clairvaux; but the scholars seem now to be generally agreed that it is not of later origin than the thirteenth century, and that Thomas of Celano was probably its author. It was accepted by the Roman Church, as one of the *sequentia* of the requiem, before the year 1385. The original text is engraved upon a marble tablet in the church of St. Francesco in Mantua. The present form of the chant is supposed to have been given by Felix Hämmerlin (in the early part of the fifteenth century), who omitted the former opening stanzas, and added some others at the close. In this form it has appeared in the Catholic missals, since the Council of Trent. The chant has been translated upwards of seventy times into German, and fifteen times into English. One of the closest versions, of the few in which the feminine rhymes are retained, is that of Gen. John A. Dix, who thus renders the first stanza: —

> "Day of wrath, without a morrow!
> Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
> As from saint and seer we borrow."

125. *Judex ergo cum sedebit.*

We must suppose that the singing of the chant continues, and that there is a pause after the close of the first verse, before the Evil Spirit again speaks. His second address certainly points to the third verse, of which it is a paraphrase: —

> *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*
> *Per sepulchra regionum*
> *Coget omnes ante thronum.*

Goethe passes over this and the two following verses until the sixth, which is now quoted. Margaret is overpowered by the declaration contained in it that all things hidden shall be brought to light, and no guilt shall remain unpunished.

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126. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?*.

This, the seventh verse, is most appropriately chosen for the climax of the effect produced on Margaret by the grand and terrible chant. If the just shall be saved with difficulty, what plea shall be uttered by this miserable sinner? In the original, also, the threat of wrath and retribution culminates here, the remaining ten verses having the character of penitence and supplication. Düntzer censures Goethe for repeating the line: '*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*" for the reason that it is not repeated in the Catholic service, and insists that he ought to have given the first line of the following verse — "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*," instead of it. But the poet, who prefers dramatic truth to the correctness of a minute detail which is of no importance, justifies himself.

127. *Neighbor! your cordial!*

The original word, *Fläschchen*, means simply a phial; but it is evidently the neighbor's pocket-flagon of smelling-salts for which Margaret asks. In most of the English versions we find "smelling-bottle," but Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, in his "Historic Survey of German Poetry" (London, 1830), says "Your dram-bottle!"

128. Walpurgis-Night.

This scene was written in 1800, probably twenty-five years after its first conception. It is announced in the Witches' Kitchen (Scene VI.), in the words of Mephistopheles: "Thy wish be on Walpurgis-Night expressed." Goethe was accustomed to carry his poetical designs about with him for a long time, from a sense of possession and private enjoyment which he lost after they had been written. Perhaps, also, his feeling for the repose and symmetry of classic art, which was awakened during his Italian journey, and which manifests itself in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Tasso*, and even in *Hermann and Dorothea*, rendered it more difficult for him to resume a theme so purely Gothic. He once said to Eckermann: "I employed myself but once with the devil and witch material; I was then glad to have consumed my Northern inheritance, and turned again to the banquets of the Greeks." The original manuscript of the Walpurgis-Night is in the Royal Library of Berlin: it is dated November 5, 1800.

The title and character of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which

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was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken — or Blocksberg — naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few. Goethe describes such a scene in his Cantata of "The First Walpurgis-Night" (written in 1799), wherein his Druid sentinel, on the lookout for suppressive Christians, sings: —

"Mit dem Teufel, den sie fabeln,
Wollen wir sie selbst erschrecken."

[With the Devil, whom they fable,
They themselves shall now be frightened.]

Mr. Lewes is mistaken when he says: "The scene on the Blocksberg is part of the old Legend, and is to be found in many versions of the puppet play." There is no trace of it in any of the forms of the legend or play which I have examined. The carnival of the witches on the Blocksberg is a much older tradition than that of Faust, and the two were never united in the popular stories. Johann Friedrich Löwen, a native of Clausthal, in the Hartz, published in 1756 a comical epic, entitled "The Walpurgis-Night," wherein, apparently for the first time in literature, Faust appears on the Blocksberg. I quote the following lines as a specimen: —

"At Beelzebub's left hand there Doctor Faust was sitting;
He filled his glass and drank most bravely, as was fitting,
And when the nectar made their spirits warm and strong,
The spectres cried 'hurrah!' Faust sang a drinking-song."

Goethe was no doubt acquainted with this poem; but the Brocken itself, which can be seen in clear weather from the Ettersberg near Weimar, or the Kückelhahn at Ilmenau, always possessed a special attraction for him. In December, 1777, he first ascended the mountain, and thereafter wrote his celebrated poem, "Hartz-Journey in Winter." Before leaving for Italy, he again twice made the ascent, both through the region of Schierke and Elend, and on the northern side, up the valley of the Ilse.

The Hartz Mountains are an isolated group, lying between the Elbe and Weser rivers, and their central and highest peak, the Brocken, has an elevation of three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. It is a dark, wild region, with forests of fir and birch on the lower heights, traversed by foaming streams, one of which, the Bode, is shut in by perpendicular walls of trap rock, several hundred feet in height. On the loftier ridges huge masses of granite interrupt, and sometimes overtop, the forests. Climbing the Brocken in 1845, I passed the Walpurgis-

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Night in the highest inhabited house below the summit, which I reached the next morning after wandering upwards for three hours through a terrible storm. The descent in the afternoon, through Schierke and Elend, under drifting masses of black cloud and a driving scud of hail, snow, and rain, suggested, at every step, the description of the scenery in Faust. Schierke, the highest village in the Hartz, is a collection of rude, weather-beaten wooden houses, surrounded by rocks of the most fantastic shapes. Elend is two or three miles distant, and much lower. The most spirited and picturesque description of the Faust-scenery of the Hartz has been given by Heine, in his *Reisebilder* — "Pictures of Travel," which have been translated by Mr. Charles G. Leland.

A fragment of two lines in the *Paralipomena* was probably intended for the opening of this scene: —

FAUST.

The further northward one may go,
The plentier soot and witches grow.

129. *The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow.*

"The field of love, hate, hope, despair, and whatever other names may be given to the conditions and passions of the soul, is the poet's natural inheritance, and he may use it successfully. But he has no inherited instinct of how a court of justice — for instance — is held, or how a parliament or an imperial coronation is conducted; and in order not to violate truth the poet must make such subjects his own through observation or acceptance from others. Thus, in *Faust*, I was easily able to possess, by instinctive perception, the gloomy mood of weariness of life in the hero, as well as Margaret's sentiment of love; but, to say, for example: —

'How sadly rises, incomplete and ruddy,
The moon's lone disk, with its belated glow,' —

some previous observation of nature was necessary." — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1824.

The time being near midnight, the moon, then rising, would be approaching her last quarter.

I cannot give a better illustration of the efforts made by a certain class of German critics to attach a symbolical meaning to every part of *Faust*, than the assertion of Leutbecher, that the two lines: —

"The spring-time stirs within the fragrant *birches*,
And even the fir-tree (*fichte*) feels it now,"

indicate the *birching* which *Fichte* gave to Nicolai, in his paper entitled: "Friedrich Nicolai, his Singular Opinions," &c.! Unfortunately for Leutbecher, this paper was published a year after Goethe wrote the Walpurgis-Night.

130. *Hear them snoring, hear them blowing!*

Some of the huge, rocky "snouts," near the village of Schierke, have long

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been called *Die Schnarcher*, The Snorers. Near one of these rocks the magnet shows a great variation, whence the people of the neighborhood claim that it is the central-point of the world. Mephistopheles says, in the Classical Walpurgis-Night (Second Part of *Faust*) : —

> The Snorers snarl at Elend, snorting peers!
> And all is finished for a thousand years.

Shelley translates the couplet with great spirit : —

> "The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
> How they snort and how they blow!

His version of the Walpurgis-Night, although not very faithful, and containing frequent lines of his own interpolation, nevertheless admirably reproduces the hurrying movement and the weird atmosphere of the original. This is the more remarkable since he disregards, for the most part, the German metres.

131. *How raves the tempest through the air!*

The word which I have translated "tempest," is *Windsbraut* (wind's-bride) in the original. It is the word employed by Luther, in his translation of the Bible, for the italicized words in the following verse from Acts (xxvii. 14) : "But not long after there arose against it a *tempestuous wind*, called Euroclydon." A sudden and violent storm is still called *Windsbraut* by the common people, in some parts of Germany.

132. *The witches ride to the Brocken's top.*

The same general explanation which has been applied to the Witches' Kitchen (*vide* Note 83) is also valid here. In the separate voices and choruses which follow, a meaning is constantly suggested, because each is arbitrarily attached to a basis of satire or irony, without any necessary consistency between them. Most of the German commentators suppose that the crowding and pushing of the "boisterous guests" towards the summit of the Blocksberg is symbolical of the *Storm and Stress* period of German Literature ; but the argument could not be made clear to the English reader, without giving a comprehensive sketch of that period. I shall, therefore, only mention those references concerning which the critics are generally agreed.

Sir Urian is a name which was formerly used to designate an unknown person, or one whose name, even if known, it was not thought proper to mention. In this sense it was sometimes applied to the Devil. In the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the unprincipled Prince of Punturtois is called Urian.

Hayward says of the omitted words in this verse : "In Aristophanic language — the witch περδέται, the he-goat κιναβρᾶ."

133. *Alone, old Baubo's coming now.*

Baubo, in the Grecian myths, was the old nurse of Demeter, or Ceres ;

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who, when the latter was plunged in grief for the loss of Persephone, endeavored to divert her by indecent stories and actions, and thus, finally, provoked her to laughter. Goethe, therefore, makes her symbolize the gross, shameless sensuality, which, according to all popular traditions, characterized the congregations of the witches, wizards, and devils.

134. *Woman 's a thousand steps ahead.*

Riemer relates that Goethe, in the year 1807, said to him: "When a woman once deviates from the right path, she then walks blindly and regardless of consequences towards evil; and a man who walks the evil way cannot begin to keep pace with her, for he always retains a sort of conscience, while she allows nature to work unchecked."

135. *Yet we 're eternally sterile still.*

"That is, they know all the rules by which to avoid faults, but beyond this negative talent their powers do not reach, and the very care with which they wash and cleanse, hinders their productiveness. 'To be free from faults, is both the lowest and the highest degree; for it springs from either impotence or greatness.'" — *Hartung.*

"It applies to the merely critical efforts of the day, which can never attain to a creative character." — *Deycks.*

"These always washing, even bright and clean wizards, are without doubt the æsthetic art-critics, to whom nothing is ever right, but who themselves are unable to produce the slightest thing." — *Düntzer.*

"The Blocksberg is the congregation of the evil ones, the collection of the rabble who perversely follow mistaken views of knowledge, will and power." — *Rosenkranz.*

136. *Drizzle, whistling through the dark.*

Shelley gives the following translation of this verse: —

"The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark."

The last couplet here so perfectly retains the character of *Im Sausen sprübt* that I do not see how it could be otherwise rendered without loss; and I therefore prefer to borrow from Shelley rather than offer a less satisfactory translation.

137. *I 'm climbing now three hundred years.*

"This can only mean Science (more than three hundred years had elapsed since the revival of the sciences), which cannot properly advance, because it is hindered by pedantry, by the restriction of the schools (the rocky cleft)." — *Düntzer.*

"It means the cities and provinces of Germany, whereof there were many at that time, which remained behind the general development of the age." — *Deycks.*

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The "Half-Witch," who follows below, after the double chorus, is generally accepted as indicating those half-talents, which, with all their ambition, never rise above mediocrity, and are therefore bitterly jealous of the more gifted minds which easily distance them in the race.

138. *Make room! Squire Voland comes!*

"In the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we frequently meet with the word *Vâlant* as a designation of the Devil. In Berthold's Diary we find the Evil One once named as *Squire Volland* — in the play of Frau Jutta as the *Evil Volland*. The word means either 'seducer' or 'the Wicked One.'" — *Düntzer*.

139. MEPHISTOPHELES (*who all at once appears very old*).

Whether the four characters who have just been introduced are so many individual satires (Deycks, for instance, asserts that the *Author* represents the Romantic school, headed by Tieck and the Schlegels), is a point concerning which the critics are not agreed. But that the episode is a general satire on the conventional, and therefore reactionary, element in politics and literature is very evident. The words of Mephistopheles and his assumption of age must be accepted as a burlesque imitation of the tone of the four speakers: he simply takes up the strain and exaggerates it to the point of absurdity. One of the German commentators, nevertheless, considers that Mephistopheles gravely expresses his own views. His explanation is: "And because the contradictions of life and thought have reached their highest pitch, but at the same time have found their end and solution, does Mephistopheles convince himself that he has ascended the Blocksberg for the last time."

The remaining fragments (*Paralipomena*) which belong to the Walpurgis-Night may properly be given here: —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though but a bagpipe, give us music! Haste!
We have, like many noble fellows,
Much appetite and little taste.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The piper famous
Of Hameln, also mine old friend,
The dear rat-catcher who can tame us,
How goes —

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

I 'm very well indeed, I thank you;
I am a hale and well-fed man,
Of twelve Philanthropines the patron,
And therewithal [*a charlatan*].

The Rat-catcher, here, is certainly Basedow, one of Goethe's early friends. He was a native of Hamburg, born in 1723, and was noted as a teacher, even before his adoption and advocacy of Rousseau's system of education gave him a wider and more important reputation. In 1774 he established a model school, under the name of *The Philanthropin*, at Dessau. After four years, he left the place, and until his death in 1790 was engaged in trying to establish similar institutions in other cities.

The word in brackets is Hartung's

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suggestion for the completion of the line. Düntzer thinks it should be *Grobian* — "boor."

140. *No dagger 's here, that set not blood to flowing.*

Some commentators suppose that the "Huckster-Witch" (literally, a seller of all kinds of old rubbish) was intended for the famous Nuremburg antiquarian, Von Murr; others that the eccentric Hofrath Beireis, who had a remarkable collection of curiosities at Helmstädt, was the original. This is not a matter of much importance: the English reader will be more interested in the resemblance between the catalogue of the witch's wares, and that given by Burns in "Tam O'Shanter." Goethe was probably acquainted with the poems of Burns at the time the Walpurgis-Night was written, ten years after the publication of "Tam O'Shanter." In a conversation with Soret, in 1827, he spoke with great admiration of the Scottish poet, and gave evidence of an intimate knowledge of his songs. For the sake of comparison, I quote the passage from "Tam O'Shanter": —

"Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light, —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbit airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft."

Hayward is incorrect in stating that Goethe's poem of "The Dance of Death" clearly preceded "Tam O' Shanter." The correspondence with Knebel shows that the former poem was written in October, 1813. Its character, moreover, is quite distinct and original: not a line in it suggests either Burns or the Walpurgis-Night.

141. *Adam's first wife is she.*

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says: "The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils."

The name, from the Hebrew root *Lil*, darkness, signifies *the Nocturnal.* The word occurs in Isaiah (xxxiv. 14); in the Vulgate it is translated *Lamia*, in Luther's Bible *Kobold*, and in our English version, *screech-owl.* According to the Rabbinical writings, Lilith was created at the same time with Adam, in such a manner that he and she were joined together by the back, as it is written, "male and female created He them and called their name Adam." In this condition they did not agree at all, but quarrelled and tore each other continually. Then the Lord repented that He had made them so, and separated them into two independent bodies; but even thus they would not live in peace, and when Lilith devoted herself to witchcraft and

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courted the society of Devils, Adam left her altogether. A new wife, Eve, was afterwards created, to compensate him for his domestic misfortune.

Lilith is described as having beautiful hair, in the meshes of which lurk a multitude of evil spirits. She has such power over infants — for eight days after birth for boys, and twenty days for girls — that she is able to cause their death. It was therefore the custom to hang an amulet, inscribed with the names of the angels Senoi, Sansenoi and Sanmangeloph, around the child's neck at birth; and from the Latin exorcism *Lilla abi!* sung by the mother, some have derived our word *Lullaby*, although it has also a more obvious derivation. Lilith was equally a seductress of young men, using her golden hair as a lure to captivate them; but the youth who loved her always died, and after his death a single hair from her head was found twisted around his heart. Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti has embodied this tradition in a fine sonnet.

142. *A lovely dream once came to me.*

Byron, who read Shelley's translation of the Walpurgis-Night in manuscript, seems to have remembered the dance of Faust and the young witch, in writing the sixth canto of "Don Juan."

In the two verses given to Mephistopheles and the old witch, the omitted words are thus omitted in the original. The manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin contains the completed lines as written by Goethe. They are neither better nor worse than many passages in Shakespeare, having the coarseness, without the wit, of Rabelais; hence the reader gains rather than loses by the omission.

143. PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

In Goethe's original manuscript and in the first edition of *Faust* this name is given as "Broktophantasmist," as in Shelley's English and Stapfer's French version. The mistake was therefore Goethe's and not theirs, as later translators have charged. The word (from πρωκτός, the buttocks) points so directly to Friedrich Nicolai, the Berlin author and publisher, that there is no difficulty in interpreting Goethe's satire.

Nicolai, the son of a bookseller, was born in Berlin in 1733, and succeeded to his father's business at the age of twenty-five, after having already commenced his career as an author. He was the literary associate of Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, in the "Letters concerning Recent German Literature" and the "Universal German Library," published between 1759 and 1792. He shared the hostility of the former to the romantic school, especially in its "Storm and Stress" period, and soon after the appearance of Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther" published a malicious and rather stupid parody entitled "The Joys of Werther." After the death of his two great friends he seems to have considered himself their literary successor, and his pretensions to be recognized as a critical authority were so arrogantly and impudently displayed, that he soon

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brought upon himself the enmity, not of Goethe alone, but also of Herder, Schiller, Kant, Fichte, and many other distinguished men. His "Account of a Journey through Germany and Switzerland," (1781) in twelve volumes, gives, perhaps, the completest expression of his cold, restricted, yet dictatorial nature. He has been called the *Erz-Philister* — the arch-representative of the commonplace, conventional element in German literature.

Carlyle says: "To the very last Nicolai could never persuade himself that there was anything in heaven or earth that was not dreamt of in *his* philosophy. He was animated with a fierce zeal against Jesuits; in this, most people thought him partly right; but when he wrote against Kant's philosophy without comprehending it, and judged of poetry as he judged of Brunswick *mumme*,* by its *utility*, many people thought him wrong."

Goethe, perhaps, might have forgiven the parody of "Werther," but Nicolai's declaration that he would "soon finish Goethe," at a time when he still retained considerable influence with the public, while Göschen's edition of Goethe's works was neglected or assailed, was a more serious offence. Goethe was provoked into using the only weapon which he considered fitting — ridicule, and he was assisted by Nicolai's own indiscretion. The latter, whose literary materialism was his prominent quality, — who fought the spiritual element as Luther fought the Devil, — was visited, in 1791, with an avenging malady. He was troubled by apparitions of persons living and dead, who filled his room, and for several weeks continued to haunt and torment him although he knew them to be phantasms. He was finally relieved by the application of leeches about the end of the spine, whence Goethe's term *Proktophantasmist*, which may be delicately translated as "Rump-visionary." Nicolai published a very minute account of his affliction and the manner of cure, and thus furnished his antagonists with an effective source of ridicule. He died in 1811, after having seen himself pilloried in the Walpurgis-Night. His services, nevertheless, must not be wholly measured by the place which he here occupies. He was evidently honest, although vain and narrow-minded. For several years, his authority in Berlin was fully equal to that of Gottsched in Leipzig, a generation before; and his friendship with Lessing and Mendelssohn is an evidence both of his culture and character. But when, not recognizing the later giants, he attempted to stand in their way, he was crushed.

* A thick, sweet beer, peculiar to Brunswick.

144. *We are so wise, and yet is Tegel haunted.*

Nicolai's arrogant manner is parodied in this passage. Since *he* does not believe in the spirits, it is incredible that they will not vanish. His annoyance at their appearance in Tegel — a small castle, a few miles northwest of Berlin,

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originally built as a hunting-lodge by the Elector of Brandenburg, and more recently known as the home and burial place of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt, — is explained by the circumstance that in 1797 apparitions were declared to have visited the castle. So much excitement was created by the report, that an official visit to Tegel was made by the authorities, and attempts were instituted, but without success, to discover the cause of the ghostly sights and sounds.

In Varnhagen von Ense's *Tagebuch*, published since his death, I find the following curious statement: —

"Tegel is haunted, as is known: this winter the Minister (Wilhelm) von Humboldt is said to have seen his double there. The servant entered, terrified to find him sitting at his writing-desk, and confessed, in his confusion, that he had just left him lying in bed. The Minister followed the servant into his bedchamber, also saw himself lying in bed, observed the thing for a while, did not approach nearer, however, but went quietly away again. After half an hour the apparition had disappeared."

145. *Yet something from a tour I always save.*

This is an allusion to Nicolai's interminable narrative of his journey through Germany and Switzerland. The parody of his manner is continued in his repetition of the same idea, as in one of the *Xenien* which Goethe and Schiller wrote in partnership in 1796: —

"What he thinks of his age he says; he gives his opinion,
Says it again aloud, says he has said it, and goes."

The allusion of Mephistopheles to the leeches needs no further explanation.

146. *A red mouse from her mouth.*

Goethe here refers to an old superstition concerning one of the many forms of diabolical possession. Perhaps he also remembered the following story, quoted by Hayward from the *Deutsche Sagen*: —

"The following incident occurred at a nobleman's seat, in Thüringia, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The servants were paring fruit in the room, when a girl, becoming sleepy, left the others and laid herself down on a bench, at a little distance from the others. After she had lain still a short time a little red mouse crept out of her mouth, which was open. Most of the people saw it and showed it to one another. The mouse ran hastily to the open window, crept through, and remained a short space without. A forward waiting-maid, whose curiosity was excited by what she saw, in spite of the remonstrances of the rest went up to the inanimate maiden, shook her, moved her to another place a little further off, and then left her. Shortly afterwards the mouse returned, ran to the former familiar spot where it had crept out of the maiden's mouth, ran up and down as if it could not find its way, and was at a loss what to do, and

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then disappeared. The maiden, however, was dead and remained dead. The forward waiting-maid repented of what she had done, but in vain. In the same establishment a lad had before then been often tormented by the sorceress, and could have no peace; this ceased on the maiden's death."

Goethe probably intended the mouse as a symbol of the bestial element in the Witches' Sabbath, by which Faust is disgusted and repelled. The apparition of Margaret, which has also a prophetic character, is the external eidolon of his own love and longing.

147. *The Prater shows no livelier stir.*

The Prater (from the Latin *pratum*, a meadow) is the famous public park of Vienna, which the Emperor Joseph II. dedicated "To the Human Race." It is an island enclosed by arms of the Danube, covered with a fine forest which is intersected in all directions by magnificent drives and walks. On holidays, Sunday afternoons, and pleasant summer evenings half the population of Vienna may be found in the Prater, which is one of the liveliest and cheerfullest places of recreation in Europe.

148. Servibilis.

This term corresponds to the "supernumerary" of our theatres. In 1799, Goethe wrote an article upon "Dilettantism" in literature, of which the words spoken by the Servibilis are an echo. Düntzer says, referring to this passage: "The Dilettanti, to whom we are now introduced, love an immensity of material, for which reason they continually produce new pieces, and by scores together."

149. Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding.

This *Intermezzo* had no place in the original plan of *Faust*, and Schiller is chiefly responsible for its insertion. In the summer of 1796, Goethe, who had been reading the *Xenia* of Martial, wrote a few imitations in German directed against his literary antagonists. Schiller caught the idea at once; they met and worked together, sometimes independently, while sometimes one furnished the conception and another the words. The distiches grew so fast that they proposed writing a thousand; but the number published in the *Musen-almanach* of the following winter was four hundred and thirteen. (They are all given in the *Nachträge zu Goethe's Werken*, by Eduard Boas: Berlin, 1859.) The effect was like disturbing a hornet's nest: the air of Germany was filled with sounds of pain, rage, and malicious laughter. Mr. Lewes says: "The sensation produced by Pope's 'Dunciad,' and Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' was mild compared with the sensation produced by the *Xenien*, although the wit and sarcasm of the latter is like milk and water compared with the vitriol of the 'Dunciad' and the 'English Bards.'" Mr. Lewes, however, hardly appreciates the peculiar sting of the *Xenien*, which do not satirize the au-

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thors as individuals, so much as their intellectual peculiarities.

During the following summer, Goethe wrote "Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding" — not in its present form — and sent it to Schiller for the *Musen-almanach* of 1798, as a continuation of the aggressive movement. Schiller, writing to him on the 2d of October, says: "You will not find 'Oberon's Golden Wedding' in the collection; I have omitted it, for two reasons. First, I thought it might be well to absolutely leave out of this number of the *Almanach* all stings, and assume a harmless air; and then I was not willing that the Golden Wedding, for the amplification of which there is so much material, should be limited to so few verses. It remains to us for next year, as a treasure which may be greatly increased."

There is no reply to this in Goethe's letters until the 20th of December, when he writes to Schiller from Weimar, after his return from Switzerland: "You have most considerately omitted Oberon's Golden Wedding. In the mean time it has increased to double the number of verses; and I am inclined to think that the best place for it would be in *Faust*." There were probably many changes, made by addition or omission, before it appeared as an *Intermezzo* in the edition of 1808. The "Walpurgis-Night's Dream" is a suggestion from Shakespeare. Most of the allusions may still be detected; yet something has undoubtedly been lost, through the transitory character of the reputations thus satirized.

Considered in its relation to *Faust*, the piece can only be regarded as an excrescence. At the time it was added, however, Goethe designed following it with another scene of the Walpurgis-Night, the outline of which is given in Note 170. Eckermann relates that, in like manner, Goethe inserted a number of aphoristic passages and one or two poems, for which there was no special place elsewhere, in the concluding part of *Wilhelm Meister*, where their appearance was a puzzle to both critics and readers.

150. *Sons of Mieding, rest to-day.*

Mieding was a theatre-decorator at Weimar, and a great favorite of Goethe and the Ducal Court. After his death, in 1782, Goethe celebrated him in the poem, "Mieding's Death."

151. Puck.

Some commentators suppose that the Herald's announcement of the Golden Wedding refers to the final reconciliation of the conflicting elements in German literature. In that case, Oberon and Titania must be accepted as representing the Classic and Romantic Schools, or perhaps Reason and Imagination; their quarrel, in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," may have suggested to Goethe their use as "properties" for the representation of his satirical fancies.

Puck appears to stand for the whimsical, perverse element which frequently appears to control the tastes of the multitude, rather than for an individual.

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The name (from the same root as the Swedish *poika*, a boy) and the tricksy nature of the imp in Shakespeare, harmonize with this interpretation.

152. Ariel.

Ariel is called from the "Tempest" to join his fellow-elves. Here he evidently represents Poetry, — the pure element, above and untouched by the fashions of the day.

153. Orchestra.

Perhaps Goethe had in his memory the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. The Orchestra must either be the crowd of literary aspirants, who, like insects, keep up a continual piping and humming, which annoys the ear; or it represents the chorus of followers surrounding the various literary celebrities of the time, and repeating their several views with a shrill, persistent iteration.

154. Solo.

Some pompous bagpipe-droner is here indicated, but nobody seems to know whom. Goethe invented the word *Schnecke-schnicke-schnack* to describe the long-drawn, nasal snarl of the instrument.

155. Spirit, just growing into Form.

The name might also be translated *Embryo-Spirit*. "Goethe undoubtedly herewith designates those botching poetasters, who, without the slightest idea that every living poem must flow spontaneously from within as an organic whole, miserably tack and stitch rhymes together, and thus produce malformations which they attempt to pass off as creations of beauty." — *Düntzer.*

The following distich from the *Xenien* has a certain resemblance to the above: —

"Everything in this poem is perfect, thought and expression,
Rhythm: but one thing it lacks: 't is not a poem at all."

156. A Little Couple.

Hartung thinks the Counts Stolberg are the couple; but this is improbable, since they are afterwards introduced as the Weathercock. Düntzer asserts that the verse represents the union of bad music and commonplace poetry.

157. Inquisitive Traveller.

This is Nicolai, in another mask. The meaning of his reference to Oberon is not very clear, unless the latter represents the classic school. When he speaks the second time in this *Intermezzo* the Inquisitive Traveller describes himself much more distinctly.

158. Orthodox.

Here speaks the class of bigots who persecuted Lessing, assailed Klopstock and Goethe, and declared Schiller's splendid poem, "The Gods of Greece," to be "a combination of the most outrageous idolatry and the dreariest atheism." This phrase is from Count Friedrich Stolberg, who became one of the mouth-pieces of the sect. His attack is thus answered in the *Xenien*: —

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"When thou the Gods of Greece blasphemed,
then cast thee Apollo
Down from Parnassus; and now goest thou
to Heaven instead."

159. Northern Artist.

Some suppose this to be the Danish artist Carstens, who died in Rome, in 1798; others select Fernow, a writer on art, who spent some years in Rome with Carstens; others again insist that it is Goethe himself. Inasmuch as the point made in the verse has become very obscure, and was probably not originally brilliant, the reader may take his choice of these conjectures.

160. Weathercock.

Undoubtedly the Counts Stolberg. Goethe made a tour through Switzerland with them, in 1775, when they were ardent neophytes of "Storm and Stress," defying conventionalities, and adoring "Nature" to such an extent that they attempted to bathe in public in the villages. Twenty years later they were narrowly orthodox, reactionary, and absurdly prudish, — a transformation by no means uncommon with semi-talents, and which may be studied in the United States as well as in Germany. Turned on one side, the Weathercock is enchanted with the nude witches, and looks upon them as lovely brides; on the other side, it expects the earth to open and swallow them all.

The "Purist" of the fourth preceding verse is said to be the philologist Campe, who is called in the *Xenien* a "fearful washerwoman," cleansing the German language with lye and sand.

161. Xenies.

The word signifies gifts, presented to a visitor. After their publication in the *Musenalmanach*, the storm which arose against them became so furious that they were denounced in some quarters as having been directly inspired by the Devil. Hence the allusion to "Papa Satan."

162. Hennings.

The Danish Chamberlain Friedrich von Hennings, in his literary journal, the "Genius of the Age," attacked Goethe and Schiller in these words: "They are faithless to their high calling; they have disgraced the Muse by their virulence, their coarseness, their dulness, their personal rancor, their poverty of ideas and their malignant delight in injury." Probably on account of this abuse he is introduced by name, first; then in the following verse as "Leader of the Muses" (from the *Musaget*, another journal which he conducted); and a third time as the "*Cidevant* Genius of the Age," — his journal having died a natural death in 1803.

The first verse parodies his abuse of Goethe and Schiller; the second hints that he would be more at home among Blocksberg witches than as a leader of the Muses; and the third satirizes his practice of giving a place on the German Parnassus to such authors as flattered him by an obsequious respect for his critical views.

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163. Crane.

"Lavater was a thoroughly good man, but he was subjected to powerful illusions, and the severe and total truth was not his concern: he deceived himself and others. . . . . His gait was like that of a crane, for which reason he appears as the Crane on the Blocksberg." — *Goethe to Eckermann*, 1829.

164. Worldling.

Weltkind, literally "world-child," a term which Goethe applies to himself in his epigrammatic poem, "Dinner at Coblenz," where he sat between Lavater and Basedow: —

"Prophete rechts, Prophete links
Das Weltkind in der Mitten."

[Prophets right, and Prophets left,
The World-child in the middle.]

He here speaks in his own person, satirizing Lavater and his followers.

The Dancers, who follow, are the philosophers, the sound of whose approaching drums turns out to be only the bitterns booming their single monotonous note among the reeds.

165. Good Fellow.

Hayward and most other English translators convert this name into "Fiddler," either supposing that where there is dancing there must be fiddling, or mistaking *Fideler* for *Fiedler*. This verse and the foregoing (the "Dancing Master") were first inserted in the last complete edition of Goethe's works, which appeared just before his death. The Good Fellow is apparently introduced solely for the purpose of commenting on the hate and mutual pugnacity of the philosophic sects.

The Dogmatist, who, if he is a particular individual, cannot easily be identified, suggests a passage in one of Goethe's letters to Schiller: "The Copenhagen clique and all the refined dwellers along the Baltic shore will derive from the *Xenien* a new argument for the actual and incontrovertible existence of the Devil; and we have therefore, after all, done them an important service."

166. Idealist.

It is generally admitted that this is Fichte, who, to borrow the words of a German commentator, "comprehended the Not-Me itself as a product of the self-determined Me, and not as something existing externally to the Me." When Goethe heard that a company of riotous students had collected before Fichte's house and smashed his windows in with stones, he remarked that Fichte might now convince himself, in the most disagreeable way, that it was possible "for a Not-Me to exist, externally to the Me."

167. Sceptic.

This verse, like the preceding, represents a class. The Sceptic compares the Supernaturalists to treasure-seekers, who follow the appearance of flame and believe that they will soon grasp the reality of gold. Since Doubt (*Zweifel*) is the only rhyme — and, moreover, an imperfect one — for Devil

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(*Teufel*), in German, the Sceptic finds himself at home on the Blocksberg.

168. The Adroit.

Here the verses take a political turn, and the reader must bear in mind the general break-up of the old order of things in Europe, at the beginning of this century. The Adroit are those who shift themselves according to political changes, and walk on their heads or on their feet, as circumstances may exact.

The following verse represents the opposite class, who managed to sponge their way very well under the former *régime*, but cannot adapt themselves to the new order. They are the parasites of a system, and with any change their occupation is gone.

169. Will-o'-the-Wisps.

This and the next verse again indicate two exactly opposite classes. The former are the political *parvenus* who are thrown to the surface by a revolution, and, in spite of their obscure origin, rank at once with the highest; while the Shooting Star represents the titles and celebrities cast down from their high places by the same political movement, and looking for any form of help which may again set them upon their feet.

In the second following verse, — the "Heavy Ones," — some commentators see the ignorant, brutal, revolutionary masses; others the writers of the Romantic school and their exaggerated manner. In Goethe's dithyrambic, "German Parnassus," he thus describes the crush and onset of the masses of rude literary aspirants: —

> "Ah, the bushes down are trodden!
> Ah, the blossoms crushed and sodden
> 'Neath the footsteps of the brood:
> Who shall brave their angry mood?"

The latter interpretation is the more probable, since Ariel, who is Poetry, addresses them in words appropriate to literary, not political masses.

When Puck speaks of himself as "the stout one," Goethe seems to have remembered the words of the Fairy in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," in taking leave of Puck: —

> "Farewell, thou lob of spirits! I 'll be gone."

170. *And all is dissipated.*

The transition from this *Intermezzo* to the succeeding scene of *Faust* is too violent, and we cannot help wishing that the course of the drama had not been thus interrupted. Goethe, however, not only projected but partly wrote an additional scene, devoted exclusively to the pure diabolism of the mediæval traditions. While we must admit that a correct instinct led him to withhold it, we still must feel that an intermediate scene is necessary. The gap which we recognize was felt by the author, whose work was produced at long intervals of time, and in fragments the character of which was determined by his moods of mind. But he always preferred an abrupt chasm to an unsatisfactory bridge.

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The projected scene is generally styled "The Brocken Scene" by the German commentators, although Hartung takes the liberty of calling it "The Court of Satan." I translate it (with the exception of one short passage) precisely as it is given in the *Paralipomena*, with its rapid short-hand outlines, its incomplete dialogues and omitted lines, and leave all comment to the reader: —

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

A Higher Region.

After the Intermezzo: Solitude, Desert, blasts of trumpets. Lightning, thunder from above. Columns of fire, stifling smoke. Rock, projecting therefrom: 't is Satan. Much people around: delay: means of pressing through: injury: cries. Chant: they stand in the inner circle: the heat almost insupportable. Who stands next in the circle. Satan's address: presentations: investitures. Sinking of the apparition. Volcano. Disorderly dissolution, breaking and storming away.

Summit of the Brocken.

Satan *on his Throne. A Crowd of People around.* Faust *and* Mephistopheles *in the nearest circle.*

Satan (*speaking from the throne*).

The goats to the left hand,
The bucks to the right!
The goats, they have scented
The bucks with delight:
And though in their nostrils
The sense were increased,
The goats would endure it,
Nor shrink in the least.

Chorus.

Fall down on your faces,
Your Master adore!
He teaches the people,
With pleasure, his lore.
To his oracles hearken:
He 'll show you the clews
To the endless existence
That Nature renews!

Satan (*turning to the right*).

Two things are before you,
Both splendid and grand:
The glittering gold

— — — —

The one is purveyor,
The other devours;
Then blest, who possesses
Together their powers!

A Voice.

What says then the Master?
Remote from his station,
I catch not so clearly
The precious oration.
I cannot detect them,
The beautiful clews,
Nor see the existence
That Nature renews!

Satan (*turning to the left*).

Two things are before you
Of brilliancy clear:
The glittering gold

— — — —

Then learn, all ye women,
Through gold to enjoy

— — — —

Chorus.

Fall down on your faces,
Adoringly stirred!
O blest, who is nearest
And heareth the word!

A Voice.

I stand at a distance
And listen so steady,
Yet many a word has

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Escaped me already.
Who 'll clearly repeat them?
Who 'll show me the clews
To the endless existence
That Nature renews?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to a young witch*).

Why weep'st thou, lovely little dear?
'T is not the place to shed a tear.
Hast thou been in the crowd too rudely pushed
and penned?

MAIDEN.

Ah, no! The Master speaks so singular
— — — — — —
And all are so delighted, it appears;
Perhaps the great ones, only, comprehend?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But sweetheart, come now, dry thy tears!
So that the Devil's meaning reach thine ears,
— — —

SATAN.

Ye young ones, before us
To stand ye are bidden;
I see that on broomsticks
Ye hither have ridden:
— — — —

SEPARATE AUDIENCES.

X.

Let me attain to that —
The power whereto thou knowest me aspirant,
Then gratefully, though born a Democrat,
I 'll kiss thy hoofs no less, O Tyrant!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

The hoofs! but once may that befall:
Thou must make up thy mind to go still further.

X.

What, then, requires the ritual?

. . . . .

SATAN.

Vassal, thou tested art!
Now o'er a million souls thy freehold reaches:
He who can praise like thee the Devil's — —
Shall never lack in sycophantic speeches.

ANOTHER PART OF THE BROCKEN.

LOWER REGION.

Vision of Judgment. Crowd. They climb a tree. Remarks of the people. On burning soil. The Idol naked. The hands bound on the back.

CHANT.

Where hot and fresh flows human blood,
For magic spells the reek is good.
The brotherhood, both black and gray,
Wins power for works that shun the day.
What hints of blood, we most require;
What spills it, answers our desire.
Round fire and blood a measure tread!
For now in fire shall blood be shed.

The wench she points, we know the sign;
The toper drinks, 't is blood, not wine.
The look, the drink, end what 's begun;
The dagger 's bare, the deed is done.
Flows ne'er alone a fount of blood,
But other streamlets join the flood:
From place to place they gush and glide,
And gather more to swell the tide.

The head falls off: the blood leaps and extinguishes the fire. Night. Tumult. Chattering of Devils' changelings. Thereby Faust learns.

Some of the German commentators suppose that the "black and gray brotherhood" of this concluding chant are the Franciscan and Dominican monastic orders, and therefore that the fragment refers directly to the Inquisition. Düntzer asserts that the heading "An-

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other Part of the Brocken" indicates that this is a separate outline for the whole scene, intended as a substitute for the foregoing fragments, not as a continuation of them.

171. Dreary Day.

Riemer states that Goethe dictated the whole of this scene to him, as it stands, without a pause. This must have occurred between 1803, when he first entered Goethe's service, and 1808, when the First Part was published. It does not therefore follow that the scene was then composed, as most of the critics seem to take for granted. The style of the original at once suggests the *Werther* period, and I cannot resist the impression that it was then first written, nearly in its present form. There are evidences in Goethe's correspondence that more than one scene of *Faust* existed in prose, many years before the time of which Riemer speaks; and it is quite possible that other plans for bridging over the gap between the Walpurgis-Night and the Prison Scene have been lost. It would be consistent with Goethe's habits as an author, to return to his first conception after the failure of later ones, and, inasmuch as the metrical form of his poetry depended on temporary moods, or varieties of inspiration, — that is, it was never mechanically planned in advance, — it is not stretching conjecture too far to assume that, becoming weary of so many fruitless attempts, he finally dictated the scene from memory, as originally written.

Another proof that this or a very similar scene was in existence before 1790, is the surprise expressed by Wieland to Böttiger that the *Faust* "Fragment" of that year did not contain the passage wherein Faust becomes so furious that even Mephistopheles is almost terrified at his violence. At this time, ten years had elapsed since Goethe read the manuscript scenes before the Court circle of Weimar.

M. Stapfer insists that this scene was given in prose "in order that it might not be said that any possible form of expression was wanting to *Faust*." The whole question of employing metre or prose for dramatic subjects had been thoroughly discussed by Schiller and Goethe, and the emphatic expression of the latter, "Everything poetical in character must be rhythmically treated," is sufficient evidence that he was here guided by necessity rather than choice.

The remaining passages of the *Paralipomena* belonging to the First Part may now be appropriately given.

It would appear from the following verse that Goethe at one time intended taking Faust to Rome, as in the legend: —

Mephistopheles.

> From soot and witch away to speed
> The pennon southward now must lead;
> Yet there, instead, the Fates compel
> With priests and scorpions to dwell.

The next quatrain was evidently intended for the mouth of Faust, on his southward journey: —

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Warmer breezes, hither blow,
On our foreheads playing!
Ye were wont to cheer us so
In our youthful straying.

Then follows the commencement of a scene, which may have been designed as a substitute for that which succeeds: —

HIGHWAY.

A cross by the roadside; to the right an old castle on the hill; in the distance a peasant's hut.

FAUST.

What is 't, Mephisto? Why such hurry?
Why at the cross cast down thine eyes?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm well aware it is a prejudice;
But, never mind, I find the thing a worry.

The last fragment contains nothing from which its destination may be guessed: —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let none in earnest ask, or cavil;
I 'm of my race ashamed, of late:
They fancy, when they say The Devil,
They 've uttered something great.

172. OPEN FIELD.

This brief, uncanny scene seems to have been inserted as a transition between the different keys of those which precede and follow. The "Ravenstone" is the old German word for a place of execution. Byron probably remembered the expression, from Shelley's oral translation, when he wrote, in a rejected chorus of the "Deformed Transformed": —

"The raven sits
On the raven-stone."

173. *My mother, the harlot.*

The last line of Faust's soliloquy at the door: "*Fort! Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran!*" is one of those paradoxical sentences, the meaning of which it is more easy to feel than to reproduce. *Zögern*, like its English equivalent, is an intransitive verb; but Goethe's forcible use of it seems more natural than Hayward's use of the English verb, — "On! Thy irresolution *lingers* death hitherwards!" This is strictly literal; yet Mr. Brooks's translation — "On! Thy shrinking slowly hastens the blow!" is preferable.

The song which Margaret sings is a variation of one in the Low German dialect, in a story called the *Machandel-Boom* (The Juniper-Tree: the English translator, mistaking *Machandel* for *Mandel*, renders it "almond tree"), included by the brothers Grimm in their well-known collection of popular fairy lore. I borrow Hayward's abbreviation of the story: —

"The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little boy, as white as snow and as red as blood, is born; the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him, and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made

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the innocent assistant in her mother's villany, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song: —

'Min Moder de mi slacht't,
Min Vader de mi att,
Min Swester de Marleenken
Söcht alle mine Beeniken,
Un bindt sie in een syden Dook,
Legts unner den Machandelboom;
Kywitt! Kywitt! ach watt en schön Vagel bin ich!'"

174. *My wedding-day it was to be!*

One of the commentators asserts that this line must be literally accepted, — that the day dawning was actually that fixed upon by Faust for his marriage with Margaret!

The details of the execution, which Margaret describes, belong to the past centuries. The tolling of the bell; the breaking of a white wand by the judge after the reading of the sentence of death, as a symbol that the culprit's life is thus broken; the binding to the seat, and the flash of the executioner's sword, are all features which accompanied the act.

175. *Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me!*

Wilhelm Meister gives evidence that Goethe made a careful study of "Hamlet," and the following lines, on the appearance of the Ghost in the Queen's chamber (Act III. Scene 4), may have lingered in his memory: —

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heavenly guards!"

176. *She is judged!*

Goethe here employs, in a different sense, a phrase from the puppet-play. When the end of Faust's twenty-four years of enjoyment draws nigh, a voice calls from above: *Præpara te ad mortem!* Soon after, interrupted by Faust's prayers and words of remorse, the exclamation follows: *Accusatus es!* — then *Judicatus es!* and finally: *In æternam damnatus es!* — whereupon Faust disappears from the eyes of the spectators.

Some, forgetting that the terms of the compact have not yet been fulfilled, interpret the words of Mephistopheles "Hither to me!" as implying that he thenceforth takes full possession of Faust. The voice from above announces that Margaret is saved, and the scene instantly closes, as if the mist and vapor out of which the forms arose had again rolled over them. Goethe so concealed his plan for the Second Part of Faust that we must first become familiar with it before we can return and trace in the First Part the threads which connect the two.

The "little world" of individual passion, emotion, and aspiration here comes suddenly to an end; but beyond it still lies the "great world," where the interests and passions which shape Society, Government, and the development of the human race are set in motion to solve the problem of Faust's destiny.

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX I.

THE FAUST-LEGEND.

SO many references have been made, in the foregoing Notes, to the various forms of the old Faust-legend, that a brief account of its origin and the changes in its character introduced by successive narrators is all that need now be added. The reader who is specially interested in the subject will find no difficulty in prosecuting his researches further: * no legend of the Middle Ages has been so assiduously unearthed, dissected and expounded.

The slow revival of science in Germany, France and Italy, furnished the ignorant multitude with many new names which passed with them for those of sorcerers, and gradually displaced the traditions of Virgilius, Merlin, and others who had figured in their lore for many centuries. Raymond Lully, Roger Bacon, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, the Abbot Tritheim (Trithemius), and many other sincere though confused workers, were believed by the people to be in league with evil spirits, and their names became nuclei, around which gathered all manner of floating traditions. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the movements in human thought which they brought forth, were naturally rich in such stories, for even the most advanced minds still retained a half-belief in occult spiritual forces. Melancthon, himself, is our chief evidence in relation to the person and character of the Faust of the legend.

It is possible that there was another person of this name, and of some local reputation, in the fifteenth century. George Sabellicus, a noted charlatan, of whom the Abbot Tritheim writes in 1509, called himself *Faustus minor*. The name (signifying fortunate, of good omen) was not unusual: it was the baptismal name of the younger Socinus, who taught his Unitarian doctrines in Poland and Transylvania, and whom some have very absurdly attempted to connect with the legend; for he was not born until 1539. The Johann Faust of the popular stories was undoubtedly an individual of that name, born towards the close of the fifteenth century, in the little town of Knittlingen, near Maulbronn, in Würtemberg. His parents were poor, but he was enabled by the bequest of a

* The collection of narratives given by Scheible in his *Kloster*, and the accounts in Düntzer's and Leutbecher's Commentaries on *Faust*, may still be easily procured.

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rich uncle to study medicine. He attended the University of Cracow (where he probably received his Doctor's degree), studied magic, which was there taught as an accepted branch of knowledge, and appears to have afterwards travelled for many years through Europe. Manlius, the disciple of Melancthon, quotes the latter as having said: "This fellow Faust escaped from our town of Wittenberg, after our Duke John had given the order to have him imprisoned. He also escaped from Nuremberg, under the like circumstances. This sorcerer Faust, an abominable beast, a common sewer (*cloaca*) of many devils, boasted that he, by his magic arts, had enabled the Imperial armies to win their victories in Italy." It was probably the famous battle of Pavia (1525) of which Faust spoke, as the time of his visit to Wittenberg appears to have been about the year 1530.

Another evidence of Faust is found in the *Index Sanitatis* of the physician, Philip Begardi, which was published at Worms in 1539. He therein says: "Since several years he has gone through all regions, provinces and kingdoms, made his name known to everybody, and is highly renowned for his great skill, not alone in medicine, but also in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, visions in crystal, and the like other arts. And also not only renowned, but written down and known as an experienced master. Himself admitted, nor denied that it was so, and that his name was Faustus, and called himself *philosophum philosophorum*. But how many have complained to me that they were deceived by him — verily a great number!"

The third witness is the theologian, Johann Gast, who in his *Sermones Conviviales* describes a dinner given by Faust at Basle, at which he was present. After mentioning the two devils who attended Faust in the form of a dog and a horse, he says: "The wretch came to an end in a terrible manner; for the Devil strangled him. His dead body lay constantly on its face on the bier, although it had been five times turned upwards." Gast probably makes this last statement on the strength of some popular rumor. Faust seems to have gradually passed out of notice, and we have no particulars of his death which possess the least authenticity. Melancthon, in his discourses as Professor at Wittenberg, Luther in his "table-talk," and the other Protestant theologians of that period, almost without exception, expressed their belief in a personal, visible Devil, then specially active in their part of the world. Luther even describes the annoyances to which the Devil subjects him, with a candor which cannot now be imitated; and the same belief naturally took grosser and more positive forms among the common people. The wandering life of Johann Faust, as physician and necromancer, must have made his name well known throughout Germany; his visit to Wittenberg and the reference to him in the three works already quoted, would distinguish him above others of his class, and every

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floating rumor of diabolical compact, power, and final punishment would thenceforth gather around his name as iron filings around a magnet.

The various books of magic entitled *Faust's Höllenzwang* (Infernal Influences) were all published with false early dates, after Faust's name became generally known, and are therefore of no value as evidence. The attempt, also, to connect him with Fust, Guttenberg's associate in printing, has no foundation whatever.

The original form of the legend is the book published by Spiess, in Frankfurt, in 1587. Its title runs thus: "History of Dr. Joh. Faust, the notorious sorcerer and black-artist: How he bound himself to the Devil for a certain time: What singular adventures befell him therein, what he did and carried on until finally he received his well-deserved pay. Mostly from his own posthumous writings; for all presumptuous, rash and godless men, as a terrible example, abominable instance and well-meant warning, collected and put in print. James, IIII., Submit yourselves therefore to God: resist the Devil, and he will flee from you." The book must have been instantly and widely popular, for a second edition was published in 1588; a Low-German version in Lübeck and an English ballad on the subject, the same year; an English translation in 1590, two Dutch translations in 1592, and one French in 1598. From the first of these Marlowe obtained the material for his tragedy of "Dr. Faustus," which appears to have been first acted in London in 1593, the year of his death. It was published in 1604, and no doubt formed part of the repertory of the companies of English strolling-players who were accustomed to visit Germany.

In the Dutch translation dates are given, apparently for the purpose of making the story more credible. The year 1491 is mentioned as that of Faust's birth; his first compact with the Devil, for seventeen years, was made on the 23d of October, 1514; his second, for seven years, on the 3d of August, 1531; and he was finally carried off by the Devil at midnight, on the 23d of October, 1538. The term of twenty-four years, which is not a mystical number, is thus obtained by adding the two mystical terms, 17 and 7. In the English translation the village of Kindling, in Silesia, is given as Faust's birthplace; another tradition, adopted in the original Frankfurt work, says Roda, near Weimar.

This oldest book repeats Melancthon's statement of Faust's studies at Cracow, and his fame as a physician and sorcerer. It then describes the manner of his summoning the Devil at night, in a forest near Wittenberg. Afterwards the evil spirit visits him in his dwelling, and three several "disputations" take place, at the third of which the spirit gives his name as *Mephostophiles*. The compact for the term of twenty-four years is thereupon concluded. When Faust pierces his hand with the point of a knife in order to sign the compact, the blood flows into the form of the

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words *O Homo Fuge!* signifying: "O man, fly from him!" Mephostophiles first serves him in the form of a monk, supplying him with food and wine from the cellars of the Bishop of Salzburg and other prelates, and with rich garments from Augsburg and Frankfurt, so that Faust and his Famulus, Christopher Wagner, are enabled to live in the utmost luxury. It was not long, however, before Faust desired to marry, but this was in no wise permitted, Mephostophiles saying that marriage was pleasing to God, and therefore a violation of the compact. This feature of the legend grew directly from the questions of the Reformation; and there was a special meaning in giving the evil spirit the form of a monk. Wagner, moreover, is said to have been the son of a Catholic priest, picked up by Faust as a boy of fifteen, and by him educated.

Then follow many chapters wherein Faust questions Mephostophiles in regard to the creation of the world, the seasons, the planets, Hell and the infernal hierarchy, and is himself taken to the latter place in a chariot drawn by dragons. Afterwards, he wishes to visit the different parts of the earth: Mephostophiles changes himself into a horse, "but with wings like a dromedary," and flies with him through the air. They travel to all parts of Europe and finally come to Rome, where Faust lives three days in the Vatican, invisible. As often as the Pope makes the sign of the cross, he blows in his face: he also eats off the Pope's table and drinks the wine from his goblets, until His Holiness commands all the bells of Rome to be rung, to dispel the evil magic. Faust then goes to Constantinople, where he appears in the Sultan's palace in the form of Mahomet, and lives in state. He next traverses Egypt, then Morocco, the Orkney Islands, Scythia, Arabia, and Persia, and finally, "from the highest peak of the Island of Caucasus" has a distant view of the Garden of Eden. After his return to Germany he visits the Court of the Emperor Charles V. at Innsbruck, and at the desire of the latter calls up before him the shades of Alexander the Great and his wife. Many pranks are also related, which he plays upon the knights attending the Emperor.

The remaining part of the book is principally taken up with an account of the tricks and magical illusions with which Faust diverted himself in Leipzig, Erfurt, Gotha, and other parts of Northern Germany. He here resembles Till Eulenspiegel much more than the ambitious student of Cracow, who "took to himself the wings of an eagle, and would explore all the secrets of heaven and earth." He swallows a span of horses and a load of hay; he cuts off heads and replaces them; makes flowers bloom at Christmas, draws wine from a table, calls Helen of Troy from the shades at the request of a company of students; and shows himself everywhere as a gay, jovial companion, full of pranks, but exercising his supernatural power quite as often

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for good as for evil purposes. Finally, in the twenty-third year of his compact, Mephostophiles brings the Grecian Helena to him; he becomes infatuated with her beauty, lives with her, and by her has a son whom he names Justus Faustus. On the night when his term of years expires, we find him in company with some students in a tavern of the village of Rimlich, near Wittenberg. He is overcome with melancholy, and makes the students an address wherein he expresses his great penitence, and his willingness that the Devil should have his body, provided his soul may receive pardon. At midnight a fearful storm arose: the next morning the walls and floor of the room were sprinkled with the bloody fragments of Faust, who had been so torn to pieces that no member was left whole. Helena and her child had disappeared. Wagner, by Faust's will, became heir to his property, part of which was a dwelling in the town of Wittenberg.

The great popularity of the legend in this form led to the preparation of Widmann's larger and more ambitious work, which was published at Hamburg, in 1599. Its title is: "The Veritable History of the hideous and abominable sins and vices, also of many wonderful and strange adventures, which D. Johannes Faustus, a notorious black-artist and arch-sorcerer, by means of his black art, committed even until his terrible ending. Fitted out and expounded with necessary reminders and admirable instances, for manifold instruction and warning." The story is substantially the same as in Spiess's book, but many additional anecdotes are inserted, and all the details are amplified. Instead of three "disputations" between Faust and Mephostophiles, there are *ten*, and each is followed — as, in fact, every chapter in the work — by a long-winded theological discourse, called a Reminder (*Erinnerung*). These Reminders are pedantic and fiercely Protestant in character: no opportunity is let slip to illustrate the vices of Faust by references to the Roman Church and its Popes. The name of the Famulus is changed to Johann Wayger, and two or three stories, taken from Luther's table-talk, are arbitrarily applied to Faust; whence the work is not considered by scholars to be so fair a representation of the popular traditions as that of Spiess.

A new edition of Widmann's book, revised but not improved by Dr. Pfitzer, was published in Nuremberg in 1674, and revived the somewhat faded popularity of the legend. The references to Faust in the *Centuriæ* of Camerarius (1602) and in Neumann's *Disquisitio Historica*, were known only to the scholars, and Pfitzer's reprint of Widmann was therefore welcomed by the people, several editions having been called for in a few years. By this time it was also represented as a puppet-play, and the knowledge of Faust and his history thus became universal in Germany.

The only other work which requires notice is an abbreviation of the legend,

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with some variations, written in a lively narrative style, and published at Frankfurt and Leipzig in the year 1728. The title is as follows: "The Compact concluded by the Devil with Dr. Johann Faust, notorious through the whole world as a sorcerer and arch-professor of the Black Art, together with his adventurous course of life and its terrifying end, all most minutely described. Now again newly revised, compressed into an agreeable brevity, and furnished in print as a hearty admonition and warning to all wilful sinners, by One with Christian Intentions." This quaint and curious narrative was certainly known to Goethe, as well as Widmann's work. It is the last appearance of the legend in a popular form: thenceforth, through many channels, the latter found its way into literature.

The original book of Spiess was followed in 1594 by an account of the life of Christopher Wagner, whom the Devil accompanied in the form of an ape, under the name of *Auerhahn* (moor-cock). It is an evident imitation of the story of Faust; there is a similar compact, there are magical tricks, adventures, and airy travels, with a like tragical conclusion. This book was translated into English the same year, and immediately afterwards into Dutch; but there appears to have been no further German edition until 1712, when the original, with some additions, was reprinted in Berlin. In 1742, a play entitled "The Vicious Life and Terrible End of Joh. Christoph Wagner," was acted in the Frankfurt theatre.

The stamp of the sixteenth century — of its beliefs, its superstitions, its struggles and its antagonisms — is unmistakably impressed on the legend. The singular individual, half genius, half impostor, who bore the name of Faust, must have typified then, as now, the activity of blind, formless, unresting forces in the nature of the people; and through all the coarseness and absurdity of the stories which they have gathered around him, there are constant suggestions of the general craving for some withheld knowledge or right. In spite of Widmann's "Reminders" and the "One with Christian Intentions," it is very doubtful whether the moral of Faust's ending overcame the sympathy of the people with his courage or their admiration of his power. There are elements in the legend, the value of which even a purblind poet could not help seeing, yet which the loftiest genius may admit to be almost beyond his grasp. It is not the least of Goethe's deserts, that, although in his youth "a new *Faust* was announced in every quarter of Germany," he took up the theme already hackneyed by small talents, and made it his own solely and forever.

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APPENDIX II.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF FAUST.

FAUST is the only great work in the literature of any language which requires a biography. The first child of Goethe's brain and the last which knew the touch of his hand, its growth runs parallel with his life and reflects all forms of his manifold study and experience. While, therefore, its plan is simple, grand, and consistent from beginning to end, the performance embraces so many varieties of style and such a multitude of not always homogeneous elements, that a chronological arrangement of the parts becomes necessary as a guide to the reader.

During the illness which lasted for nearly a year after Goethe's return from Leipzig in 1768, while he was discussing religious questions with Fräulein von Klettenberg, reading cabalistic works and making experiments in alchemy, the subject of *Faust*, which was already familiar to him as a child, through the puppet-plays, took powerful and permanent hold on his imagination.* He carried it about with him in Strasburg, concealing it from Herder during their intercourse in the winter of 1770–71, and postponing it to write his first great work, *Götz von Berlichingen*. He passed the summer

* The premonitions of the "Storm and Stress" period, which were by this time felt throughout Germany, directed the attention of many authors towards Faust, as a subject for dramatic poetry. Lessing was the first to take hold of it, but only fragments of three or four scenes of his tragedy have been preserved. The work was completed before his journey to Italy in 1775, and despatched from Dresden to Leipzig in a box which was lost, and never afterwards came to light. Captain von Blankenburg, in 1784, gave the following testimony concerning the tragedy, the manuscript of which he had read: "He undertook his work at a time *when in every quarter of Germany* Fausts *were announced as forthcoming*; and I know that he completed it. I have been positively informed that he only delayed its publication, in order that the other *Fausts* might first appear."

Of these other *Fausts* one was published at Munich in 1775, another at Mannheim in 1776, that of the painter Müller, Goethe's friend, in 1778, a fragment by Lenz in 1777, and a fifth in Salzburg, in 1782. Between the publication of Goethe's "Fragment" in 1790 and that of the completed First Part in 1808, *nine* additional *Fausts*, by various authors, made their appearance; and between the latter date and the publication of the Second Part, in 1832, *fourteen* more! Therefore, including the work of Lessing, the material of the Faust-legend was employed by *twenty-nine* different authors, during the period which Goethe devoted to the elaboration of his own original design!

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of 1772 at Wetzlar, but did not begin the composition of *Werther*, which was the direct result of his residence there, until the following year. "*Faust*," he says to Eckermann, "originated (in manuscript?) at the same time as *Werther*." Thus the conception which he had grasped at the age of twenty had been shaping itself in his brain for four years, before any part of it was put into words. Gotter, whose acquaintance he had made in Wetzlar, sends him in the summer of 1773 a poetical letter, in which he says: "Send me, in return, thy Doctor Faust, *as soon as he has stormed out of thy head.*"

It is not probable that more than the opening monologue was written in 1773. Perhaps one or two of the first scenes with Margaret were added the following year; for when Klopstock visited Frankfurt in September, 1774, Goethe read to him "some scenes" of *Faust*, which the older poet then heartily praised, though he spoke slightingly of the same scenes after they were published. In January, 1775, Goethe read all that he had completed up to that time to his friend Jacobi, who wrote to him in 1791, alluding to the published "Fragment": "I knew nearly the whole of *Faust* already, and precisely for that reason I was doubly and trebly impressed by it. I have the same feeling now, as I had sixteen years ago." Except the "Cathedral" and "Dungeon" scenes, nearly all the parts in which Margaret is introduced, as well as "Auerbach's Cellar," and the conversation of Mephistopheles with the Student, were written in the spring of 1775. It is very evident that Merck was also allowed to see the manuscript, and that Goethe's design was freely discussed among his friends. The publisher Mylius, in Berlin, writes to Merck towards the end of 1774, that he will take the manuscript of Goethe's *Stella* for twenty thalers (!), although he fears that the author may expect "fifty thalers for his next work, and perhaps a hundred louis d'or for his *Doctor Faust!*"

Goethe says: "I brought the work with me to Weimar in 1775. I had written it on foolscap, without any erasures; for I was very careful not to write down a line which was not good and might not be allowed to stand." In this form he read it to the Court circle, which at that time included Wieland, Knebel, and Musæus. As nearly as can be ascertained, the manuscript comprised the first half of Scene I., the latter half of Scene IV., and the following series of scenes to XVIII., with the exception of VI. and XIV. In addition to these, there were probably several scenes which were afterwards omitted before the publication of the work, and one (Scene XXIII., in prose) which was restored, many years later. It is also evident that the plan of the whole work was at least roughly outlined by this time. Its development, however, — except through that secret, unconscious growth which kept it alive under the production of so many other works, — was now arrested for a long

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while. The conceptions of a young poet are always in advance of his power; but there is a good attendant genius who thwarts and delays the performance until the auspicious season.

In 1780, after the completion of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and while his mind was still bathed in the Grecian atmosphere, Goethe wrote portions of the *Helena*, for the Second Part of *Faust*. There seems to be no doubt that the manuscript was read to the Duke, Karl August, his mother, the Duchess Amalia, to Herder and Knebel; but the scenes must have been afterwards suppressed, for the existing *Helena* is certainly of a later origin. This is, nevertheless, the only positive evidence that anything was added to the work between 1775 and 1788.

Goethe's journey to Italy was not only the realization of an early desire, but it was also a necessary escape from the irksome duties of his position at Weimar. He broke away forcibly from affairs of state in order to recuperate himself for poetry, and his eagerness and anxiety may be guessed from the circumstance that he kept his plan secret from every one except the Duke, fearing that he would never succeed if his intention should become known. It was the old superstition of keeping silence while lifting a buried treasure. The only manuscript he took with him was that of *Faust*, which he had brought from Frankfurt, and which was now so yellow and worn and frayed, that he says it might almost have passed for an ancient *codex*. Nevertheless, he did not succeed in returning to the work until the spring of 1788, just before his final departure from Rome. He writes in March: "It is a different thing, of course, to complete the work now, instead of fifteen years ago; but I think nothing is lost, since I feel sure of having regained the thread. In so far as regards the tone of the whole, also, I am comforted: I have already finished a new scene, and if the paper were only smoked, I think no one could pick it out from the old ones." This new scene is the "Witches' Kitchen." It is doubtful whether the "Cathedral" and "Forest and Cavern" were also added in Rome, or after his return to Weimar.

Finally, in 1790, in Göschen's Leipzig edition of Goethe's works, *Faust* appeared as "A Fragment." I have already mentioned, in the Notes, the scenes which it contains, from I. to XX. with the exception of a gap from the middle of Scene I. to the middle of Scene IV., and XIX. (Night: Valentine's Death). The impression which the publication produced was not encouraging: the fragment was not generally understood, and the power exhibited in the separate scenes was only partially appreciated.* Goethe, occu-

* Heyne, in Göttingen, wrote: "There are fine passages in it, but with them there are such things as only he could give to the world, who takes all other men to be blockheads." Wieland expressed his regret that it was such a patchwork of earlier and later labors. Schiller was then unsatisfied with the impression it produced, and only Körner and August Schlegel seem to have had some presentiment of Goethe's design and the grandeur of his fragmentary performance.

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pied with *Wilhelm Meister* and *Hermann und Dorothea*, banished it for a time from his thoughts; and the first instigation which led him to resume the work came from Schiller, who thus wrote to him on the 29th of November, 1794: "But I have no less desire to read those fragments of your *Faust* which are not yet printed; for I confess that what I have already read seems to me the torso of Hercules. In these scenes there is a power and fulness of genius which clearly reveals the highest master-hand, and I wish to follow as far as possible the bold and lofty nature which breathes through them." Goethe wrote in answer: "I can at present communicate nothing of Faust; I do not dare to untie the package in which he is imprisoned. I could not copy without continuing the work, and I have no courage for that, now. If anything can restore it to me in the future, it is surely your sympathy."

It seems, however, that during the following winter Goethe took the manuscript to Jena, and discussed the plan of the work with Schiller, for in the summer of 1795 Wilhelm von Humboldt writes to the latter, thanking him for his information concerning *Faust*. "The plan," he says, "is gigantic: what a pity, therefore, that it will never be anything else than a plan!" If Frau von Kalb's memory is to be trusted, Goethe wrote about this time the interview between Mephistopheles and the Baccalaureus (Part Second, Act II.), which has generally been referred to a much later date.

There is no evidence that the First Part of *Faust* was resumed before 1797, when the "Dedication" and the "Prologue in Heaven" were probably written, together with the *Intermezzo* (Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding), which was afterwards inserted by accident rather than design. In 1798 the "Prelude on the Stage" and perhaps the conclusion of Scene I., together with Scene II. and III., appear to have been written. It is probable that the concluding scene of the First Part (the "Dungeon") was either produced or rewritten at this time. Goethe writes to Schiller that he is favored by "the lyrical mood of Spring," and in several letters announces the progress he is making in the work. During the year 1799 little, if anything, was accomplished; but in 1800 Goethe commenced the composition of the *Helena*, which is frequently mentioned in his correspondence with Schiller during that year. He writes on one occasion: "During these eight days, I have fortunately been able to hold fast the conception of the situations, of which you already know, and my Helena has actually entered on the stage. But now the beauty in the *rôle* of my heroine attracts me so much, that I shall be disconsolate if I must at last (since the whole can only be represented as a spectral appearance) transform her into a grinning mask." Schiller answers, apparently referring to former conversations: "It is a very important advantage, that you consciously advance from the (artistically) pure to the impure, instead of

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seeking a method of soaring from the impure to the pure, as is the case with the rest of us barbarians. In *Faust*, therefore, you must everywhere assert your right of force" (*Faustrecht*, an untranslatable pun).

In the autumn of 1800, Goethe laid the *Helena* aside, and devoted himself seriously to the completion of the First Part. He wrote the Walpurgis-Night and the scene of Valentine's death, and then endeavored to fill the gap remaining between the *Intermezzo* and the "Dungeon' scene. In this he was unsuccessful, and all his remaining labor from that time until the publication of the First Part, complete, in 1808, was probably merely that of adjustment and revision. The depression which weighed upon him after Schiller's death in 1805 affected his interest in *Faust* more than in any other of his literary plans.

When the First Part finally appeared, the following portions of the Second Part appear to have been already in existence: Scene I., and possibly a part of Scene II., of Act I.; Scene I. of Act II.; nearly the first half of Act III. (*Helena*); and some fragments of Act V. There is no doubt that Goethe knew, as he wrote to Zelter nearly twenty years afterwards, "*what* was still necessary to be written, but was not yet decided in regard to the *how*." It is not necessary to recapitulate here all the interruptions, the varying literary and scientific interests, which came between the plan and its fulfilment. Goethe was fifty-nine years old when the First Part was published, and the years passed by in other labors until he was seventy-five, before the impulse to complete the Second Part returned to him.

In 1824 he gave to Eckermann a programme which he had prepared for the completion of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. It contained a prose outline of the continuation of *Faust*, and Eckermann wrote in reply: "Whether this plan of *Faust* should be communicated or held in reserve, is a doubt which can only be solved after the fragments already in existence have been carefully examined, and it is clear whether the hope of completing the work must be given up or not." This hint seems to have aroused Goethe: the plan was withheld, and the work was commenced, certainly in the following year. The *Helena*, to which he felt most strongly attracted, received a new interest for him through the idea of representing Byron in the child Euphorion, and the Act was finished in 1826. It was published in 1827, in the fourth volume of "Goethe's Works, with the Author's Final Revisions," under the title of "Helena: a Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria," and at once excited the greatest interest and curiosity. From Edinburgh to Moscow the European critics seem to have been both delighted and puzzled by it. Carlyle wrote an admirable paper upon it, in which he shows great shrewdness in unriddling its symbolism. The encouragement which such a reception of the single act gave to Goethe, stimulated him

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anew to complete the work, and for four years longer it became the leading motive of his life.

In the beginning of 1828 the first three scenes of the First Act — Faust's Awakening, the Emperor's Court, and the Carnival Masquerade — were published in the twelfth volume of his works, and were received with an enthusiasm equal to that which the *Helena* called forth. Goethe, now nearly eighty years old, worked slowly and with a laggard power of invention; but he held to his conceptions with the same tenacity as in his earliest literary youth, and suffered no favorable mood of body or mind to pass without adding some lines. The portions already completed were fastened together, with blank sheets of a different color between, indicating the gaps yet to be filled; and he rejoiced from month to month as the unwritten gave place to the written color. During 1829 and 1830 the First Act was completed, and the whole of the Second Act, including the Classical Walpurgis-Night, was written; so that, at the beginning of 1831, there only remained the Fourth Act and the opening scenes of the Fifth. This was the most laborious part of the task, and has left upon it palpable traces of labor; but by the end of July the work was done, and on his *eighty-second* birthday, August 28, 1831, Goethe sealed up the complete manuscript of the Second Part, to be opened and published after his death. "From this time on," he said to Eckermann, "I look upon my life as a perfect gift, and it is really indifferent what I may further do, or whether I shall do anything." Seven months afterwards, he was dead.

Faust is, in the most comprehensive sense, a drama of the Life of Man. The course of its moral and intellectual plot, as first designed by the author, is now and then delayed by the material added to it during the different phases of his own development, but was never changed. This plot is chiefly unfolded to the reader through the medium of two elements, which, from first to last, are combined in it, yet may easily be separated. The difficulties in the way of its comprehension have been caused by the introduction of a third, accidental, and unnecessary element, which is so interwoven with the others (especially in the Second Part), that the reader is often led away from the true path before he is aware of it.

The first of the elements, and the one which gives individual coloring and reality to the characters, Goethe drew from his own experience. All the earlier scenes, he declares, were *subjectively* written: Mephistopheles and Faust were the opposite poles of his own nature. His own ambition, disappointment, love, unrest, are all reflected throughout the First Part; and the poise of his riper nature, his æsthetic passion and his religious feeling, in the opening of the First Act, the *Helena*, and the Fifth Act of the Second Part. The second element, drawn from his objective study of men and his observation of the world, is blended with the former, but especially manifests itself

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in the aphoristic character of much of the Second Part, and in the symbolism which he so constantly employs for the sake of more compressed expression. I have endeavored to indicate, in the Notes, all that can be traced to his own personal experience, and thereby to furnish a guide which may direct the reader to that more intimate and satisfactory knowledge which will follow his own studies.

What I have called the accidental element is illustrated by the *Intermezzo*, which was wilfully inserted; by the literary satire in the Witches' Kitchen and the Walpurgis-Night; and in the Second Part by the paper-money scene in the First Act, the controversy of the Neptunists and Plutonists in the Second and the Fourth, and the introduction of Byron in the Third. All these features must be eliminated from the moral and intellectual course of the action, with which they have not the slightest connection. Indeed, the whole of the Classical Walpurgis-Night, admirable and wonderful as it is, in parts, forms a a very roundabout mode of transition from the Emperor's Court to the allegory of Helena. Only by holding fast to the leading idea can we safely follow its labyrinthine windings.

What Goethe himself said of *Faust* in his eightieth year, in speaking of Stapfer's French translation, may be quoted in conclusion, as an estimate equally modest and just: "The commendation which the work has received, far and near, may perhaps be owing to this quality — that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul, which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that which it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions: the world, likewise, has to some extent other struggles to undergo: nevertheless, the state of men, in joy and sorrow, remains very much the same; and the latest-born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him, in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him."

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APPENDIX III.

MARLOWE'S "DR. FAUSTUS."

MR. DYCE'S recent edition of Marlowe renders it unnecessary that I should add an account of the manner in which the latter has treated the legend. His material, as I have already stated, was the English translation of Spiess's book, published in London in 1590. I quote the first scene, because it offers both a resemblance and a contrast to the first scene of Goethe: —

ENTER CHORUS.

Not marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthigen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud, audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;
At riper years to Wittenburg he went;
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till, swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach;
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow;
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST. — SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his study.*

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin,
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet analytics, 't is thou hast ravished me.
Bene disserere est fines logicis.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attained that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure;
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas;
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been cured?
Yet thou art still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,

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Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditari filium non potest pater nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that 's hard.
Si peccâsse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas:
If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? *Che sera, sera:*
What will be, shall be; divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly!
Lines, circles, letters, characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh! what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet pole
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretches as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

(*Enter* WAGNER.)

THE END.

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